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# HEROES OF MODERN INDIA

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THE HIGHLANDERS' CHARGE AT THE BATTLE OF FUTTEHPORE

The column had halted for breakfast when a scout came galloping up with a round shot bowling along close behind him. Drums beat, the men seized their rifles and fell into line. As Havelock rode down the ranks he shouted, "Highlanders, I promised you a field-day in Persia, but the Persians ran away. Highlanders, we will have that field-day to-day, and let yonder fellows see what you are made of!" A ringing cheer was the reply.

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# PREFACE

A BOOK which recalls the lives and work of England's greatest servants in India needs no apology. For we too soon forget what others have done for the Empire. That service has not been all by warfare and strength of will and might. President Roosevelt has eulogized our rule in India in a recent speech. "It is a greater feat than was performed under the Roman Empire . . . indeed, if English control were now withdrawn from India, the whole peninsula would become a chaos of bloodshed and violence; all the weaker peoples, the most industrious and law-abiding, would be plundered and forced to submit to indescribable wrong and oppression. . . . I have seen many American missionaries who have come from India, and I cannot overstate the terms of admiration in which they speak of the English rule in India, and of the benefits it has conferred, and is conferring, upon the natives."

Lord Curzon, speaking before the Royal Asiatic Society of the problems of administration which India offered, stated that they were "the most complex, the most delicate, and the most responsible that were anywhere devolving upon the shoulders of the English race." Any young Indian Civil Servant who went there, he said, would be doing some-



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thing definite and practical, and of positive value to large masses of human beings at a time of life when, in any other country, he could only be occupying a secondary and irresponsible place.

The thanks of the author are due to Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co., and to Mrs. Bosworth Smith, for permission to use *The Life of Lord Lawrence*, and *The Life of Sir James Outram*, by Sir F. Goldsmid ; also to Messrs. Sands and Co., for some part of the information in Chapter I, which is taken from Mr. W. S. Lilly's *India and its Problems*.

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# HEROES OF MODERN INDIA

## CHAPTER I

## INDIA AND ITS PEOPLES

IN these days of rapid travel, when many of us have friends passing in the space of three weeks or less from London to Bombay, our knowledge of India and the Indian Empire is quickened by personal interest. But before recounting the story of some of our heroes, it were well to touch lightly upon some of the differences that separate and distinguish that enormous continent from our own little island home. The first Europeans who went to India after Alexander the Great entered that country as peaceful traders: the goods of Northern India found their way to Europe by way of Kabul, Samarkand and the shores of the Caspian and Euxine Seas. Another way was through Persia, by Damascus and Alexandria, and a monopoly of this trade was in the hands of the prince-merchants of Genoa and Venice.

The Portuguese were looking eagerly towards the south, if perchance they might find a way round the southern corner of Africa. So they sent Vasco da Gama, who named the Cape of Good Hope and Natal, and found himself in 1498 at Calicut, where he did a little trading.

In 1502 the Portuguese sent another expedition, not only to trade, but to exclude the Muhammadans or any other from the Indian Ocean. Gama fell in with a ship full of



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pilgrims going to Mecca: he reserved the children for slaves; the rest, some 300, he battened down in the hold and set the ship on fire: they were not Christians!

After some years of fighting and scrambling for monopoly of trade, the Portuguese made Goa, south of Bombay, their capital. For some years they sacked and burnt numberless towns and villages along the coast. Then they came into collision with the kings of the Deccan, or South: but in 1597 they intercepted two Dutch ships. The Dutch did not like this, and sent out stronger fleets and brought back rich cargoes.

The English won their first victory over the Portuguese in 1612. Before that we had met the Dutch in friendly rivalry at Bantam and in Java. Some cloves purchased from a Java junk for £3,000 fetched £37,000 in England. Captain Hawkins in the *Hector* was the first to reach India. As he found the Portuguese would not let him trade freely, he carried a letter from James I to the Great Mogul, who wished to treat him kindly, but the interference of Portuguese missionaries drove him away; and it was not until 1634 that permission to trade in Bengal was obtained from the Mogul at Delhi. Five years later Fort St. George was founded close to what is now Madras. In 1661 Bombay was ceded by Portugal to the British Crown as part of the dowry of Catherine of Braganza, and was afterwards made over by Charles II to the East India Company.

India is so enormous in size compared to Great Britain that we shall not be surprised to find that it contains many nations and many languages. Its extreme length and breadth are nearly equal, being 1,900 miles from north to south, and 1,500 miles from east to west.

The map we use will possibly be on the scale of 150 miles to the inch, whereas in England we are used to consult one on the scale of from two to ten miles. In the north are the giant Himalayas, south of these the great river plains;



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east and west, sloping southwards, are the tablelands and the two chains of ghats.

The Himalayas, or Abode of Snow, are twice as high as the Alps; they are not so beautiful, because much of that mountainous country is sterile and rugged, deficient in those green beauty spots which refresh the eye in Switzerland: there is a lack of lakes and waterfalls, though in many of the lower valleys we find great cedars, pines and sycamores, the finest in the world, and rhododendrons growing like forest trees with trailing orchids. When we travel through Hindustan proper, the Punjab on the north-west, Sind, Oudh, Bengal, Assam, etc., we see much of it is highly cultivated; we find fertile plains yielding two crops each year; wheat and tea-plant grow in the north, rice and sugar-cane, cotton and tobacco, indigo and precious spices. We see melons and yellow pumpkins spreading over the low, thatched roofs; festooning the jungle there are flowering creepers of gorgeous colours, while every tank, or irrigation lake, bears on its bosom the lotus and water-lily. The whole of Southern India was once covered with vast forests and its hilly regions are still wooded with noble timber.

When we consider the races that inhabit this great continent we may well wonder how it is possible to govern so motley a world. The Aryans, akin to the white races of Europe, seem to have entered India 3,000 years B.C. They settled in the Punjab for some 1,500 years, and then began to move east towards the Ganges valley, driving a Mongolian race into the Himalayas. About 1,000 A.D. the Muhammadan invasions began and lasted until the middle of the sixteenth century. There are some 90,000 Parsees, few but select, mostly refugees from Persia, eminent for wealth and intelligence. The British element consists of only 135,000; and Eurasians, the descendants of white fathers and native mothers, are about the same in number. The original inhabitants of India, such as the Bheels and



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Khonds, are found mostly in the hill country of the north and south, black in colour, with woolly hair, thick lips and broad noses.

The earliest history of India is very uncertain after the first glimpses given us by the Greeks; but sometimes a sportsman pushing his way through the thick jungle will come suddenly upon the ruins of a marble city, "twice as old as Time." There is one ruined city in the Madras Presidency which fell before five Muhammadan princes, whose walls were twenty-four miles in circumference. The greatest of the Muhammadan rulers, Akbar, excelled both in mental and bodily qualities. It is said of him that he could spring upon the back of an elephant who had killed his keeper and force the beast to obey him. He ruled wisely and lies buried at Agra in a beautiful mausoleum. Another great Muhammadan was Aurangzeb, after whose death Southern India began to be broken up into independent states and left a loophole for conquest by French and English. When the English had overpowered the Marathas and established peace—a peace which had not existed for 1,000 years—at first the benefit was felt, but of late years there have been signs of general discontent. It is very difficult for us to get to know the real feelings and desires of the Indians: the system of caste and the seclusion of the ladies are the chief impediments to this. For 2,000 years the Brahmans have been at the head of Hindu society, by force of tradition and intellectual eminence. They have been the priests, philosophers, poets and legislators of their race. The second caste were the warriors, the third the food producers, and the fourth the Sudras, or slaves.

The caste into which a man is born represents the divine judgment on the previous lives through which he has passed: therefore to break caste is to break God's law, not merely man's.

The chief rules of caste are these: (1) Individuals may



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not marry who do not belong to the same caste; (2) A man may not sit down to eat with another who is not of his own caste; (3) His meals may only be cooked by persons of his own caste, or by a Brahman; (4) Cow's flesh, pork, fowls, etc., may not be eaten; (5) The sea may not be crossed, nor India left by land; (6) No widow may be married. When a Hindu has done one of these things and has been excluded from caste his relations and friends will not visit him or ask him to their houses: he cannot obtain brides or bridegrooms for his children; his fellow castemen refuse to serve him or help him in any way.

The Hindus strongly resent any interference with this social organization, and it of course makes social intercourse with Europeans strained and difficult. Go into an Indian village and you will find you have entered a little republic. The village has its headman to represent it in its external relations: then there are several hereditary officers, such as the barber, the accountant, the money-changer, the potter, carpenter, shoemaker, astrologer and others. The astrologer is a very important personage, who fixes the hour for weddings, feasts, etc.; he can avert evil influences, bless houses and wells, consecrate new idols and pray for boy babies! But greater than the astrologer is the guru, the holy teacher, who only comes round at intervals, but is welcomed even in rich men's palaces with awe. "The Lord has come!" Every one falls prostrate before him: a bath is prepared for him, and the choicest food is set before him. His head and face are shaven, leaving only a tuft of hair at the top: this and a bead necklace mark him as a Brahman: to offend such a man would imperil your salvation, for he can bless or curse a whole household.

As you pass through the village you will notice the tiny huts of only one room without any window: the walls are only straw mats hung on a framework of bamboos, or rows of straw and reeds plastered with mud. Floor and walls



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are strewn with cowdung, to keep off flies. If you call upon a wealthy Hindu you must not sit too near him on the carpet, or he will have to change his clothes when you have gone, or bathe perhaps in the cleansing water of the Ganges. You will see no furniture in the room, but a rug or two and a few round pillows. There will be gold and silver vessels for eating and drinking. But the polish of the ivory-white walls will strike you as beautiful, also the bright fresco and quaint niches in the walls, and the carving of doors and pillars. You will not see the ladies; they are hidden behind the purdah, or curtain.

The condition of women in India remains much as it was. The old laws of Manu declare, "For women there are no separate holy rites, fasts or ceremonies: all she has to do is to worship her husband, and thus will she become famous in heaven. In her childhood she must be in subjection to her parents, in her youth to her husband, in her old age to her children." A Hindu woman must not eat with her husband, but must sit at a respectful distance from him. She must walk behind him and not speak to him in the presence of others. The poor, uneducated creature lives out of sight, knowing nothing of what goes on in the world, except by the gossip of her slave girls. She remains secluded in the zenana, and only on rare occasions she is invited out to the houses of relatives, to which she is carried in a close *palki*, deeply veiled. If she becomes a widow, she must dress in mourning all her life, wear no jewels, appear at no feasts. She no longer is allowed to be burnt on the funeral pile of her husband, but for that capital sentence has been substituted what amounts to imprisonment for life. The ceremony of purification for a lady after the birth of a child is thus described by Miss Leslie in *The Dawn of Light*. "Her nails were cut, her hair tied up: she was put in a palanquin, the bedding having been taken out, and carried to the river, a distance



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of six miles. The bearers waded into the stream with their burden as far as they could go, and the sacred waters gush in, around and upon her, shut up there in her dark box. She was then carried back all those six miles in her wet clothes; such was the efficacy of the bath, that from that time she was reckoned ceremoniously clean. The neighbours were feasted with sweetmeats and worship was offered to the goddess Sasthi."

Such wives, untaught and ignorant of the world, can be no companions to their husbands: their only subject of conversation is dress and cooking, and the wife's highest powers are brought out in trying to check the bills that are brought to her: most of them begin by being dolls, and end by becoming household drudges. The Zenana Mission has tried to combat many of the old traditions and introduce some little education, but owing to strong prejudice it cannot yet achieve much. There is one department of life in which the Indian naturally surpasses the European: that is in artistic spirit. The architecture of their old temples is magnificent and full of lovely detail: but the artistic spirit seems to pervade all classes; for delicate woven fabrics, blending of colours, working of metals and precious stones they are unrivalled. Sir George Birdwood writes: "Every house in India is a nursery of the beautiful. In the meanest village hut the mother of the family will be found with her daughters engaged in spinning or weaving: and in the proudest native houses of the great cities, the mistress, with her maid-servants, may be seen at all hours of the day embroidering cloth in coloured silks, and silver and gold thread, reminding the visitor of similar scenes in ancient Rome."

Again, speaking of the village potter, Sir George says: "Near his wheel is a heap of clay, and before it rise two or three stacks of pots and pans, while the verandah of his hut is filled with the smaller ware and painted images of



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the gods and epic heroes of the old poems. He has to supply the whole village with pitchers and cooking-pans and jars for storing grain and spices and salt. Altogether he earns from £10 to £12 a year and is passing rich with it. He is, in truth, one of the most useful and respected members of the community, and in the happy organization of Hindu village life there is no man happier than the hereditary potter." He draws a pretty picture of the handicraft of the native and contrasts it with the mechanical drudgery of the mills and factories which are being introduced.

" Outside the entrance of the single village street, on an exposed rise of ground, the hereditary potter sits by his wheel, moulding the swift-revolving clay by the natural curves of his hands. At the back of the houses, which form the low irregular street, there are two or three looms at work in blue and scarlet and gold, the frames hanging between the acacia trees, the yellow flowers of which drop fast on the webs as they are being woven. In the street, the brass and copper smiths are hammering away at their pots and pans, and further down, in the verandah of the rich man s house, is the jeweller working rupees and gold mohrs into fair jewelry, gold and silver earrings, nose-rings and tinkling ornaments for the feet. . . . At four in the afternoon the whole street is lighted up by the moving robes of the women going down to draw water from the tank, each with two or three water-jars on her head. . . . Later, the men drive in the mild grey kine from the moaning plain, the looms are folded up, the coppersmiths are silent, the elders gather in the gate, feasting and music are heard on every side, and songs are sung late into the night. This is the daily life going on all over Western India in the village communities of the Deccan, among a people happy in their simple manners and frugal way of life."

It is a pleasing picture. We are glad to think that the British rule has put a stop to the internal wars that used



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for 1,000 years to call the men from their villages and sometimes devastated their fields and filled their tiny homes with corpses.

The Mussulman conquests, which began when Alla ud Deen crossed the mountains in 1293, sacked a province and carried the Rajah Ram Deo prisoner to Delhi, first introduced the unhappy Indians to war on a large scale. Before that, their villages had been burnt and their fields ravaged by petty princes, who were from ambition or jealousy trying to rise to higher things. But with the advent of the conquering Muhammadan army in 1310 war became more cruel, because it was mixed up with religious fanaticism.

In the short period between 1295 and 1326, the empire of Delhi experienced four Mogul invasions. Every capture of a village or city was a scene of ruthless bloodshed and excess: revolutions were incessant after the conquerors had partially withdrawn; revolutions had to be put down—more cruel bloodshed! And these wars for gold or conquest, these uprisings of Hindu natives went on alternately through the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, until the land reeked with blood, and the people sighed for a strong tyrant who could put down the lesser tyrants, and give them a little sense of security and some days of quiet and peace. Mill gives us a picture of what usually went on in these invasions of the eighteenth century. Delhi had opened its gates to the invaders and smiled upon them as they entered: but a brawl arose in the evening between the troops and the citizens. With the first light of the morning the invading leader issued forth, and dispersing bands of soldiers in every direction, ordered them to slaughter the inhabitants, without regard to age or sex, in every street or avenue in which the body of a murdered Persian could be found. From sunrise to midday the sabre raged; and by that time not less than 8,000 were numbered with the



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dead. During the massacre and pillage the city was set on fire in several places. The Afghan invasions were even more brutal; one gang of 25,000 Afghan horsemen swooped down upon the sacred city of Muttra while a festival was being held and when peaceful Hindu pilgrims thronged the streets. They burned the houses, together with their inmates, slaughtering others with the sword and the lance, hauling off into captivity maidens and youths, men and women. In a moment the pleasant family life was swept away and in its stead was substituted a cruel bondage under savage taskmasters of another race and language and religion.

But if we have made such wars a thing of the past, there remain two evils which we can only partially put down—the plague and the famine. In India, except in the irrigated tracts, famine is chronic, and has always been so, as we read in the histories written by Muhammadans. During the first eighty years of the nineteenth century, 18,000,000 people died of famine. You may ride at such a time along a sun-baked plain, and see crowds of wandering folk, like skeletons, children forsaken by their mothers, mere rods of gristle and sinew, and everywhere unburied bodies, half eaten by dogs and vultures. In May 1900 it was spread over an area of 417,000 square miles and affected a population of 40,000,000 persons. The chief cause of these famines is the failure of the crops when the periodical rains do not fall. Another cause of the poverty of the cultivator is his being always in debt to the usurer, who lends him money to pay for lavish outlay at marriages and funerals. A third cause is the insane love of going to law which most of them possess. We have tried by extensive irrigation to check the first and great cause of famine, though earlier rulers of India had done very much in this direction. For instance, there were left us 60,000 large tanks with about 35,000 miles of embankment in the Madras Presidency.



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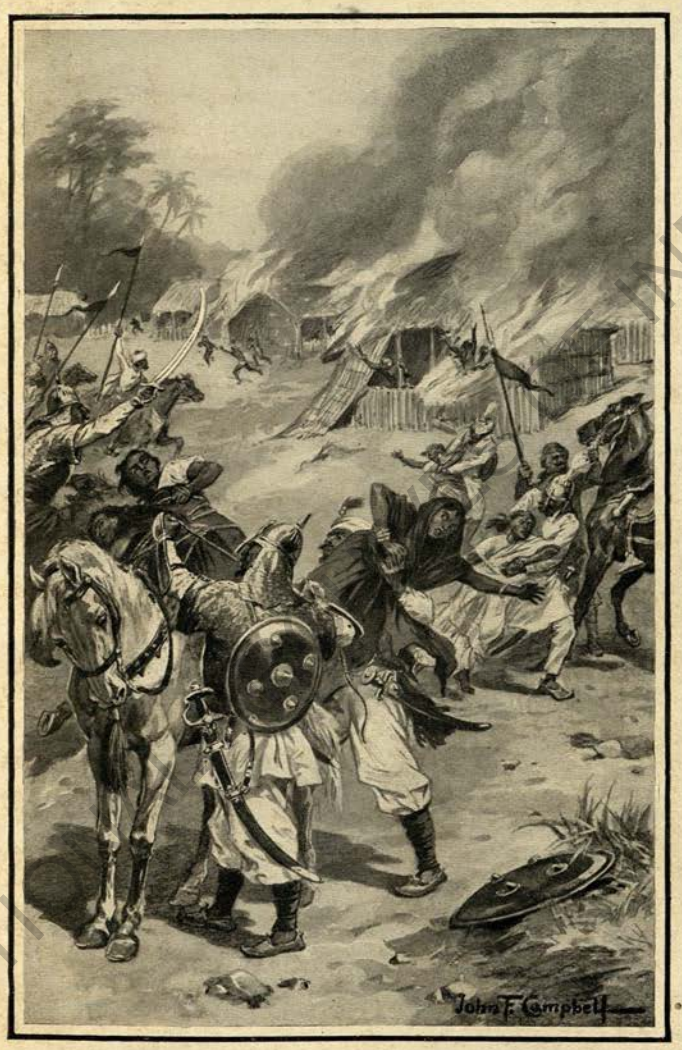


A Raid by Pindaris

The Pindaris would sally forth after the rains, several thousand strong, mounted and armed with long bamboo spears and some with matchlocks. They moved with great rapidity, and stayed only a short time in any one place. They used the utmost despatch in looting a town or village, and employed incredible tortures to discover hidden hoards.

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One river, the Vaigai, had been so admirably managed that scarcely a drop of water reached the sea; the water was all utilized for irrigating the fields.

Relief works are of course started and grain given to the starving ryots or cultivators; but it is strange how difficult it is to do good without doing harm.

The writer was told by an English Engineer officer that one day he was riding on the outskirts of a famine district when he met a large caravan of whole families who were journeying towards the famine-stricken country. He pulled rein and shouted, "Stop! you must not go that way: it will lead you to a land where hunger and death will seize you." "We know that, sahib," they replied, "but we hear that the English are feeding them, so we go yonder to be fed." They were in no need in their own villages, but thought it a capital plan to hurry to the famine district and get their share of the good things!

Then the plague is another evil which we have not yet learnt how to check: in the years 1885, 1896, 1898, 1904, 1905 we have had experience of its ravages, chiefly in parts of the North-West Provinces and in the Bombay Presidency.

In the years 1896 to 1899 52,549 died in the city and province of Bombay. Doctors tell us that it does not always come from dirt, as a house of correction at Byculla, which was kept spotlessly clean, suffered very severely from the plague. It seems to begin in the autumn and die away during the summer, for sunlight kills the bacillus. The sufferer has inflamed glands and wears a dazed look of stupor, as if partially drunk: pains begin in the groin and under the arm, where the glands are resisting the attack of the bacillus. Many animals and insects suffer from the plague—dogs, cats, rats, mice, fleas, etc., rats being the most susceptible. Clothes are not always infectious, but insanitary habits and dark,



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sunless alleys promote its growth. Many streets and wynds in Bombay have been razed to the ground, but the suspicions and superstitions of the natives render such measures difficult. The plague died out of Western Europe some years ago and only thrived when Europeans lived in windowless houses and lay on filthy straw. The crusade against rats has not been so successful in its results as had been hoped. The rats are evidently not the original cause of plague. In the days of old they called it "the visitation of God": the ancients built an altar to "Pestis." It is better to build a hospital and ascribe its origin to the neglect of the laws of God.

The rivers of India may be described as somewhat wayward: many of them dry up in the hot season, after being allowed to waste valuable floods in the rainy season. Near the hills they are liable to sudden spates, which are apt to astonish the unwary. For instance, you may have walked across a stony river-bed to visit a friend, and enjoyed a game of tennis in the evening. You find on your return to the river that it is running deep with murmur of many pebbles and quite impassable. An officer of the Royal Engineers had just completed a beautiful bridge and had ordered a special engine and carriage to take him and a friend for the last examination of the work: the little train pulled up some yards before reaching the bridge, and our Colonel put his head out of the window and shouted to the driver, "Go on, stupid; go on over the bridge."

"I can't go further, sir: I don't see no bridge."

"No bridge, fool! it is quite safe to use: go on at once."

The Colonel settled himself angrily into his corner: the engine moved a few yards and then stopped again. "The bridge is gone, Colonel!"

"Gone!" In a moment the Colonel and his friend were out on the track. There yawned the gap, and there smoothly flowed the smiling flood. Some wreckage near



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the broken girders explained the little error. "Who would have thought it?" muttered the Colonel. "I had allowed an ample margin for the biggest flood ever known: but I had not allowed for an Indian village riding and tossing upon the surface of the waters."

As the East India Company figures so much in the history of our earlier dealings with India, it may not be out of place to give a short summary of its history. It began as a small trading company with a subscribed capital of £30,000 in 1599. Queen Elizabeth granted them a charter in 1600 for fifteen years, in which the Company is styled "The Governor and Company of the merchants of London trading into the East Indies." The old East India House was in Leadenhall Street, the front being highly decorated with deep-waisted ships riding across a troubled sea. In 1609 James I renewed the charter and made it perpetual, giving them the power to seize and confiscate any ships of contraband traders. In 1629 the Dutch massacred the leading members of the English factory at Amboyna: the outrage long remained unredressed; and, as the Dutch impeded their trade in every way, the Company were often in great straits. In 1698, owing to the misconduct of the Company, the House of Commons voted the formation of a new Company, but the two were amalgamated in 1708. In 1784 the Company had to submit all political papers to a Board consisting of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and four Privy Councillors. In 1834 all their property was to be held in trust for the Crown, and their dividend was guaranteed out of the revenues of India. After the Indian Mutiny, 1857–8, the entire administration was transferred to the Crown, the Governor-General held the new title of Viceroy, and the naval and military forces of the Company were united with the regular forces of the Queen. The Company was finally extinguished in 1873.



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## CHAPTER II

# CLIVE, THE FOUNDER OF THE INDIAN EMPIRE

THERE are few instances on record of such success in life as was won by Robert Clive, who began the world without a shilling in his purse, and at the age of thirty-four returned to England with a fortune that brought him an income of some £50,000 a year. But that was nothing to what he had achieved for our Indian Empire ! as he had saved a province, conquered a kingdom and substituted order for misrule, justice for violence and wrong. One would have thought that such success would have made life fairly comfortable and happy for him ; but he had done some indefensible things in India and his political opponents attacked him in Parliament with such bitterness, and so humiliated his proud spirit that he " with a bare bodkin " escaped haughtily from an ungrateful world.

Robert Clive was the eldest son of Richard Clive, an attorney, who had succeeded to his brother's small estate near Market Drayton. At the age of three Robert was sent to live with his mother's sister, Mrs. Bayley, at Hope Hall, near Manchester. Mr. Bayley, writing in 1732, when Robert was seven years old, says, " I am satisfied that his fighting, to which he is out of measure addicted, gives his temper a fierceness and imperiousness, that he flies out upon every trifling occasion : for this reason I do what I can to suppress the young hero." Like General Charles



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Gordon of Khartum fame, this young fellow could be like flint and make himself to be obeyed. No meditative dreamer was here, but an iron will that was to move the mountains of misrule and Oriental sloth and untruth.

Clive's education did not make rapid progress, possibly because in their impatience his guardians kept removing him from school to school, a proceeding which is not unlike that of the youthful gardener who pulls up his plants once a week to see how the roots are getting on. He was removed from Lostock in Cheshire before he had completed his eleventh year; next he was sent to Market Drayton, thence he went to Merchant Taylors' school in London: but even in this safe harbourage he did not stay long before he was again removed to a private academy in Hemel Hempstead. It is possible that some of these removals may have been made at the suggestion of the pained authorities; for even in boyhood he established a reputation for daring and leading other spirits into revolt.

It is told of him that when he was at Market Drayton he one day ascended to the top of the church tower, and was seen by a horrified and increasing crowd of upturned faces to be letting himself down over the parapet wall, some three feet below. Was he attempting to save a life? I regret to say that the boy was putting his life in peril in order to retrieve a smooth stone he had thrown up, which had stuck in the water-spout. He was not wise always, either then or afterwards.

As an organizer he showed his mettle full early; for the boy put himself at the head of all the young rascals in the neighbourhood, drilled them and appointed to each section a quarter of the town, where they made life so intensely disagreeable to the shopkeepers that when Clive went round and offered to stop all this nonsense if they would pay him so much a week, they readily and thankfully closed with his offer. One obnoxious dealer refused



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to pay blackmail, and to punish him Clive ordered his boys to throw up a barrage, or mound of turf and soil, across a dirty water-course, so that when the next rain came the shop of the recalcitrant dealer should be flooded.

When the rain did come the barrage was seen to tremble, and it seemed as if all their labours would be wasted; but Robert Clive shouted for more turf, more soil. Meanwhile he flung himself down behind the barrier across the dirty gutter, and so filled the breach until his comrades had strengthened the little wall, and the flood at length poured merrily in at the shop door. We see that even at the age of thirteen this child was brave and resolute and thorough.

One of his masters, Dr. Eaton, prophesied great things of his naughty scholar. "If he lives to be a man, and opportunity for the exertion of his talents be afforded, he will win for himself a name second to few in history." Dr. Eaton was no ordinary gerund-grinder! Clive's own relations used to shake their heads when they talked of the idle dunce, the headstrong leader of rebels. "Poor Bob will never come to any good—he'll die in a ditch, you'll see," muttered his father. Ah! Mr. Richard Clive, you sang quite another tune when "poor Bob" came back from India only fourteen years later and paid your £9,000 of debt! However the father could not foresee such magic prosperity as this, and grumbled rarely because Bob said he did not wish to enter the lawyer's office; he liked open-air pursuits.

"Then, dash it, sir, I will get you a writership in the East India Company." The threat was acted upon. Robert received his nomination in the spring of 1743, and embarked soon afterwards for Madras; he was then in the eighteenth year of his age and, in spite of his hot temper, had won many hearts by his strong natural affections and generosity.

In our days you can go from England to India in about



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three weeks; 150 years ago, if you were lucky, you might do it in nine months, going the only way, round by the Cape—Clive was not so lucky as this: his ship put in at Brazil where it was detained nine months, and again at the Cape of Good Hope some delay occurred. However our good-for-nothing Bob did not waste all his time, for he set himself to learn Portuguese in Brazil, which in after life came in useful to him. But he was no born linguist, and never could learn to converse with the natives of India in their own language.

It was the autumn of 1744 before the ship arrived at Madras; the expenses of the long voyage had eaten into his little store of money, and the gentleman to whom he was bearing a letter of introduction had already quitted India before Clive's arrival, so that he found himself on landing the possessor of only a few pounds which he had borrowed at an exorbitant rate from his ship's captain, and he was not to live the nice open-air life he was dreaming of. He was only the clerk of a trading corporation which possessed a few square miles round its factory, rented from native governments, and an ill-constructed fort manned by a handful of troops. The native portion of this force bore both sword and shield, some only bows and arrows. His duty was to sit at a desk in his shirt-sleeves, take stock, make notes of advances to weavers and shipments of cargo; his pay was miserably insufficient, and the lower clerks could barely keep out of debt. He found that senior clerks could make money by private trading, which they did to the detriment of the Company, and often returned home as wealthy nabobs.

The town of Madras had risen rapidly near Fort St. George, which was built on a barren spot beaten by a stormy sea. The richer agents of the Company lived in white villas surrounded by little gardens in the shaded suburbs, where every luxury was supplied them. But Clive in his



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stuffy rooms in Writers' Buildings nursed his shy pride and refused to enter into such society as the place afforded. He loathed his daily duties, pined for home and grew morose and melancholy. "I have not enjoyed," he wrote home, "one happy day since I left my native country." But the Governor possessed a good library and permitted Clive to have access to it. It was at this time of his life that he acquired nearly all the knowledge of books that he ever possessed. One day he quarrelled with one of his superiors and gave such offence that the Governor ordered him to apologize. Clive did not dare to disobey lest he should lose his post, but his apology was somewhat curt. Some days after the same functionary invited him to dinner. Clive replied, "No, sir, the Governor desired me to apologize, and I have done so, but he did not command me to dine with you."

Besides this irritable temper Clive suffered at times from fits of low spirits which overpowered his will. One very hot day a companion knocked at his door in Writers' Buildings; on entering he found Clive seated in a corner with a small table near him on which lay a pistol.

"Take that pistol and fire it out of the window," said Clive sullenly.

His friend did so, and no sooner was the loud report heard than Clive in great excitement sprang from his seat, exclaiming—

"My God! I twice snapped that pistol at my own head and it would not go off. I feel that I am reserved for some purpose or another."

But political events gave a different shape to Clive's future: the war of the Austrian succession, in which England and France took opposite sides, reached even to India, where the French had large possessions. Labourdonnais, the French Governor of Mauritius, resolved to do something for France, and he compelled the English fleet to



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abandon the east coast, landed with an army and put Madras in a state of siege. Madras was soon given up to him, the Company's warehouses were looted, and the English were constituted prisoners of war upon parole.

But Dupleix, the French governor of Pondicherry, hearing what Labourdonnais had done, refused to ratify the capitulation, and threatened to blow up St. George; he then had the English Governor, with some of the chief members of the factory, conveyed under a guard to Pondicherry, and marched them, like captives in a Roman procession, through his town.

Clive and some of his friends thought that this conduct absolved them from their parole, and they fled in the disguise of Mussulmans and took shelter at St. David's. Here, as he had no duties to perform, he fell into the habit of frequenting the gaming-table—anything to escape his morbid feelings of dejection and melancholy. But as he played he noticed that two officers were winning by unfair means; Clive refused to pay his losses and called them cheats. On this one of the officers challenged him to a duel. They met without seconds, and Clive having the first fire shot widely, and stood at the mercy of his adversary, who walked up and, presenting his pistol at Clive's head, said, "Now ask me for your life!"

"All right; I have no wish to be shot," said Clive.

"Beg my pardon for saying I was a cheat, sir!"

"That will I never do: I saw you cheat more than once."

"Then I will shoot you," exclaimed the bully excitedly.

"Shoot away—and be hanged!" replied Clive unconcernedly.

"You are a madman!" shouted the officer, but something in the steady gaze of Clive's eyes cowed him. "Simply a madman," he muttered and turned away.

Clive refused to bring the matter before the authorities, and even refrained from referring to it in society. "No,"



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he said, "I will not do him an injury on any account; I will never pay what he unfairly won, but he has given me my life, and from me he shall take no hurt." Clive's cool courage soon got bruited about, for this officer had been the military bully of Fort St. David.

But the irascible temper of the "fighting Bob" of Market Drayton had not yet learnt self-control, for shortly after this Clive sought and obtained an ensigncy in the Company's army and on several occasions showed he possessed judgment and prompt decision as well as intrepidity. On one occasion Clive had command of a battery before Pondicherry, and as the ammunition was nearly expended he in his eagerness ran to the rear to order a fresh supply. It was unusual for an officer to do this, and later some sarcastic comments were made by a brother officer. Clive at once challenged him to a duel, but his superiors stopped it. An inquiry was held and a public apology to Clive was ordered to be made, and was made. But Clive was not content with this and still urged his opponent to fight.

"I will not; I have made my apology, that is enough."

"You are a coward, sir, and I have a good mind to cane you," replied Clive, shaking his cane over the offender's head.

These stories show that the unbridled insolence of the idle boy had not yet been exchanged for the sagacity and wisdom of the leader of men. Clive took part in other expeditions and was promoted to the rank of lieutenant, and then returned for a time to his desk.

But political storms were brewing which were to call forth the soldier-clerk from his counting-house. The great Mogul empire, whose seat was at Delhi in the north, was beginning to totter during the forty years that succeeded the death of Aurangzeb. A Persian conqueror entered Delhi and bore away such treasures as the Peacock Throne and the Mountain of Light. Then the Afghan burst in, and



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the Sikhs arose, and—worst of all—there came from the highlands near the western sea-coast a still more formidable race—the Marathas, who plundered and subdued many a fertile province. "Wherever their kettledrums were heard," as Macaulay writes, "the peasant threw his bag of rice on his shoulder, hid his small savings in his girdle and fled with wife and children to the mountains or the jungles, to the milder neighbourhood of the hyaena and the tiger. Many provinces redeemed their harvests by the payment of an annual ransom. The camp-fires of one rapacious leader were seen from the walls of the Palace of Delhi. Another, at the head of his innumerable cavalry, descended year after year on the rice-fields of Bengal. Even the European factors trembled for their magazines. Less than a hundred years ago it was thought necessary to fortify Calcutta against the horsemen of Berar, and the name of the Maratha ditch still preserves the memory of the danger."

It was Dupleix who first saw that it was possible to found an European empire on the ruins of the Mogul monarchy; he dreamed of utilizing the numerous hosts of India disciplined under French officers, and it was a touch and go then as to whether France or England should be the lord of India. Dupleix allied himself with a political party in the Carnatic and, sending 400 French soldiers and 2,000 Sepoys, fought and conquered and won the Carnatic. Dupleix had suddenly become rich and powerful, the Governor of South India. The English began to fear for their own existence; only Trichinopoly remained to their friend Mahommed Ali, and this city was invested by the French. It was a young clerk of twenty-five years who thought out and enacted the means of security. Clive was made captain to the troops, and he was not too modest to go and have a straight talk with Mr. Saunders, the new Governor of St. David's; he pressed upon him the assault on



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Arcot, the capital of the Carnatic, as being the only way to relieve the pressure on Trichinopoly.

The heads of the English settlement were in a panic, but they sent Clive with 200 English soldiers and 300 Sepoys armed with English muskets. Four of the eight officers who accompanied him were clerks in the Company whom Clive had persuaded to offer their services. Arcot, placed on the left bank of the river Palar, consists of a town of some 100,000 inhabitants and of a citadel; the latter was surrounded by houses and narrow streets, the walls were loose and crumbling and the ditch was choked. Chunda Sahib, who claimed to be Nabob of the Carnatic and was an ally of the French, had a garrison of some 1,100 men in the citadel. On August 26, 1751, Clive marched from Madras with three light field-pieces and his little army. After meeting with a furious thunder-storm he halted within ten miles of Arcot, but spies had already carried the news that the English were coming through the lightning and the rain, and the citadel was at once evacuated, and Clive took possession.

Then came the tug of war, for Clive knew that Chunda Sahib would try to win the city back by force, so he lost no time in arming the towers and storing provisions. He found nearly 4,000 inhabitants living in the citadel; these he treated with the utmost kindness and they all preserved a strict neutrality and even helped to repair the walls.

The garrison which had fled at Clive's approach had soon been reinforced to the number of 3,000 men and were encamped close to the town. So at dead of night Clive marched out of the citadel, surprised their camp, slew many and scattered the rest, returning to his quarters without having lost a single man.

Chunda Sahib, hearing this news, sent 10,000 men from Trichinopoly to Arcot under the command of his son with orders to retake Arcot.



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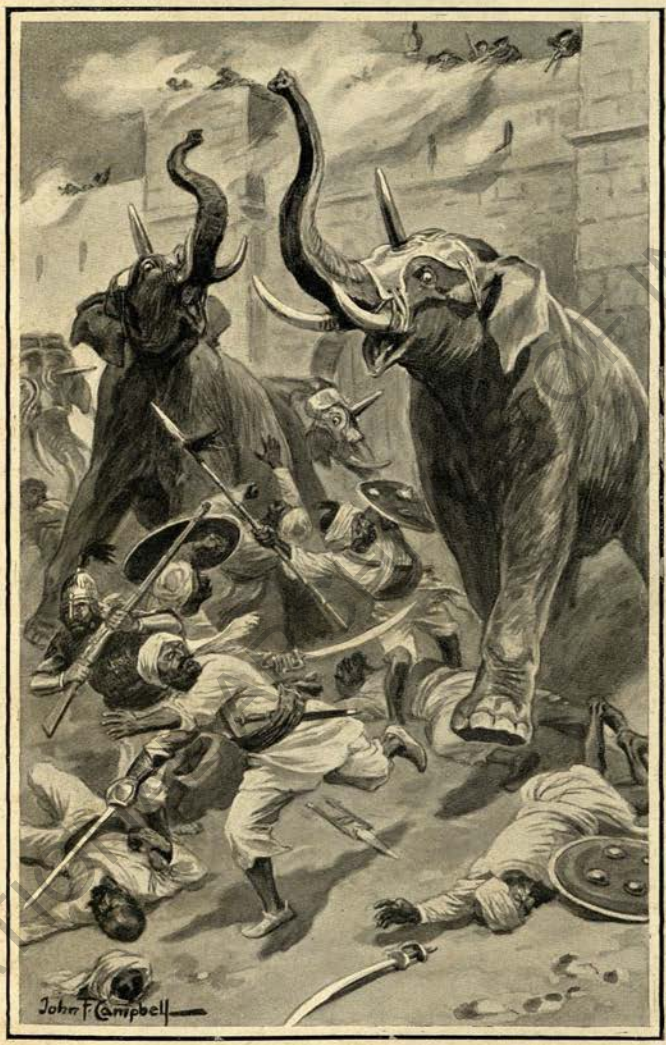


A STAMPEDE OF ELEPHANTS AT ARCOT

Clive having seized the citadel which Chunda Sahib had evacuated, Rajah Sahab endeavoured to retake it. Elephants, whose foreheads were armed with iron plates, were driven against the gates; but rendered furious by the galling fire from the walls, they turned round on their own people and trampled them down on all sides.

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The little garrison now consisted of only 120 Europeans and 200 Sepoys and four officers, with scanty stock of food.

The siege was kept up for fifty days, and hunger began to make itself felt. One day the Sepoys came to Clive and besought him to give them no more rice; "the white men," they said, "need it most; give us the water in which the grain has been boiled: that do for us, Captain Sahib."

The same touching act of generosity occurred years afterwards at the siege of Jellalabad. When the native has learnt to respect and love the white man he is capable of great self-devotion and heroic generosity. They admired and loved Clive and were ready to die for him.

The enemies' general tried to bribe Clive to surrender, but he spurned the offer and refused to negotiate. A Maratha chief who had been hired to fight against the English, admiring this strange bravery, proposed to Clive to bring 6,000 men to his assistance. Thereupon Rajah Sahib fixed on a holy day, November 14, for his final assault. At early dawn four columns advanced to the attack at various points. Elephants, whose foreheads were protected by iron plates, were driven against the wooden gates, but, galled by the fire of the garrison the sagacious beasts turned and trampled on their own people, as Hannibal's elephants had done in Italy. Clive himself directed a field-piece and swept the foe from a raft that was crossing the ditch, and everywhere the assailants were beaten off, leaving 400 dead in the ditch. Next morning the enemy had cleared out of the town, leaving a valuable booty behind.

The effect produced on the natives by Clive's great resistance was marvellous; many who had declared for Chunda Sahib now joined Clive, and in proportion as our prestige rose, that of the French sank. When Clive, in marching back to Fort St. David, destroyed a town which Dupleix had called after his own name as well as a monumental



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column describing his victories, then it was seen that the tide had begun to turn; the foundations of our great Indian empire were then laid when the admiring natives first learnt what English prowess and daring could accomplish.

Just as the Government of Madras had resolved to send Clive to reinforce the garrison of Trichinopoly, Major Lawrence arrived from England to assume the chief command. The question was, would Clive take the lower place? Yes, Lawrence had formerly treated Clive with kindness, and this was a thing he never forgot in any one. He cheerfully placed himself under the orders of his old friend; and Lawrence recognized his captain's ability, for he wrote of Clive as "a man of undaunted resolution, of a cool temper, and of a presence of mind which never left him in the greatest danger—born a soldier, for without a military education of any sort, from his own judgment and good sense, he led on an army like an experienced officer with a prudence that certainly warranted success."

The English triumph was complete: the besiegers of Trichinopoly were besieged in their turn: Chunda Sahib fell into the hands of the Marathas and was put to death. Yet Dupleix did not give in, though France sent him no help, and his only troops were the sweeping of the galleys. He went on trying to defeat the English by intrigue, by lavishing his private fortune and procuring decrees from the Emperor at Delhi. He deserved to win, but if your own country will not back you up, what can one man do? He returned a broken man and a beggar, the scorn and derision of the politicians of the cafés. Clive had one more work entrusted to him before he visited England: there were two forts, Covelong and Chingleput, held by French garrisons. These he was instructed to take with 200 recruits just arrived from the lowest purlieus of London and Portsmouth. These Clive had to train to face fire; when they heard the first gun they all fled, and could with



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difficulty be rallied. But by degrees he animated them with some of his own spirit and by reckless daring shamed them into a sort of bravery, so that they actually took Covelong, and by laying an ambuscade in the jungle destroyed the detachment that was marching to relieve Chingleput, which then capitulated.

On his return to Madras he married Miss Maskelyne, sister of the Astronomer Royal, a handsome and accomplished girl, to whom he was always greatly attached. Then, feeling rather worn by his exertions, he embarked for England ; he was still but twenty-seven, but already was known at the India House by the honourable nickname of General Clive, and on his arrival in London was feasted by the East India Company and offered a sword set with diamonds. This he declined unless a similar gift were made to his friend and commander, Lawrence. Then he took his bride to see the old home, where his father had for some time ceased to grumble at poor good-for-nothing Bob, as the strange news of his exploits came from time to time ; nay, he had even got beyond saying, " Humph ! there's some stuff in the booby after all ! " But when a dashing young officer drove up one day with a wonderful four-in-hand and Indian servants sparkling like princes, and when that same young officer said in the quiet of the study, " Father, have you any little debts I can wipe off for you ? " that father's pride in his son knew no bounds. Fortunately Robert Clive had a sensible and discreet mother who did all she could to prevent Robert's head from being turned by the flattery of his countrymen. But in spite of her good counsel Clive rushed into reckless extravagance, living splendidly in London, with carriages and thoroughbreds to ride, so that he incurred jealousy and envy and wasted his small fortune. The crowning point of his excess was reached when he got elected to Parliament and had to fight a petition against his return. He



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found himself ejected from Parliament and vastly impoverished, so that when the Company offered him the post of Governor of Fort St. David he gladly accepted it. The King, who had been following his career with admiration, gave him the commission of a lieutenant-colonel in the British Army, and in 1755 he again set sail for India.

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## CHAPTER III

# LORD CLIVE, THE REFORMER OF ABUSES

CLIVE landed at Bombay and at once, in conjunction with Admiral Watson, captured the fortress of a renowned pirate named Angria; a booty of £150,000 was divided among the conquerors.

Clive then went on to Fort St. David, but had not been there two months before news from Bengal called him forth into the arena of conflict. In Bengal the French had a commercial settlement at Chandernagar, on the Hoogley. Nearer to the sea the English had built Fort William. A row of spacious houses lined the bank of the river and a native town was springing up near. For the land the English paid rent to the native Government. The great province of Bengal was governed by a Viceroy of the Mogul Emperor, who had become virtually independent. A youth of twenty, named Surajah Dowlah, was now Viceroy, a boy of feeble intellect and vicious disposition. From a child he had hated the English, and as a rich native, whom he longed to plunder, had taken refuge at Calcutta, Surajah Dowlah marched with an army against Fort William.

The traders in Bengal, unlike those in Madras, were unused to the alarms of war and fled on board ship. The fort was taken and many English were taken prisoners. One hundred and forty-six were forced by their gaolers into a cell only twenty feet square. They laughed at the



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idea of all going into so small a space. It was summer time and the Nabob was asleep and could not be disturbed. They were forced in at the point of the spear. In vain they cried for mercy and strove to burst the door or bribe their gaolers. No, the Nabob was asleep! Some went mad; they trampled one another down for places at the tiny windows. The gaolers held lights to the bars and laughed loud at the rare frenzy of the suffocating whites. Next morning only twenty-three were found alive, and could barely stagger out. Surajah Dowlah awoke from his drunken sleep and showed no concern for that horrible cruelty; indeed, he sent some of the survivors up country in irons.

It was this ghastly tale which reached Clive at Madras. The whole settlement cried out for vengeance, and Clive was ordered to go with an expedition to the Hoogley. Nine hundred English infantry and 1,500 Sepoys were to meet the Nabob's tens of thousands. They reached Bengal in December, and at once Clive set to work, routed the garrison of Fort William, recovered Calcutta and sacked the town of Hoogley. The Nabob was enjoying himself at Murshidabad in all security. Why, he said, there are not 10,000 men in all Europe; what was there to fear?

But when he heard the grim news he turned pale, and felt a little sorry for what he had done. So he offered to restore the factory and compensate those who had lost money. Clive consented to treat with the monster, as he had heard that war with France had begun again. Hitherto, as a soldier he had acted with ability and honour; now there opened out a new chapter in his life, in which he pitted himself against the lying diplomacy of the East, and, unfortunately for his fame, he deigned to counter fraud with fraud and deceit with deceit. He seemed to think that nothing was unfair when dealing with the wily tricksters of Asia.



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First, however, he captured the French settlement at Chandernagar; then he played fast and loose with Surajah Dowlah, and while pretending to support him was intriguing with Mir Jaffier, who was plotting to depose him.

Clive did not scruple even to forge Admiral Watson's signature to a fictitious treaty. But once more he was to serve his country with honour. Surajah Dowlah had assembled his whole force a few miles from Plassey: it was twenty times as numerous as Clive's, and his 40,000 infantry were armed with firelocks, pikes, swords and bows: they had fifty pieces of cannon, drawn by white oxen and pushed by elephants: his cavalry were 15,000, mostly drawn from the vigorous races of the northern highlands. Clive with his poor 3,000 well-trained men paused at the bank of a river, and called a council of war. Shall we cross the river and give battle? The majority voted no: to fight so many were rank madness.

An hour later Clive was thinking hard under some shady trees: not to fight, he resolved, would be the greater madness: he returned to camp and gave orders that all should be made ready for passing the river on the morrow.

On the morrow they crossed the water and marched all day till, long after sunset, all in the dark they silently encamped in a grove of mango trees near Plassey. Clive could not sleep that night: the booming of drums and cymbals from the vast camp of the Nabob mingled with his anxious thoughts. Nor did Surajah Dowlah feel so certain of victory as his numbers might have warranted: he dreaded assassination, desertion and the avenging furies of those who died in the "black hole of Calcutta!"

To-morrow would decide the fate of India! Richard Clive's "poor booby" was going to make a great effort to change the history of the world. But he too felt nervous, for he had marked how much stronger were the cavalry than any he had met before; both men and horses were of



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superior race and breed. At daybreak the army of the Nabob began to stream towards the bank round the grove: a cannonade ushered in the fight, the Nabob's pieces making more noise than ruin. Many of Surajah Dowlah's officers fell and the Nabob was distinctly uneasy, so that when some one suggested a retirement he snatched at it and ordered his army to fall back. But Clive at that moment ordered an advance, and the mob of ill-disciplined Indians fell back in great disorder; some French troops alone disputed the ground with the English. In an hour the Nabob's army was dispersed: only 500 were killed, but their camp, guns, baggage and cattle were captured. The Nabob on a swift camel fled to Murshidabad, called a council and resolved to fight once more: but in the night he changed his mind, put on disguise and, with a casket of jewels in his hand, let himself down from a window in the palace. He was taken a few days later and brought before Mir Jaffier: when he flung himself on the ground in an agony of fear, and implored mercy. He was led into a secret chamber and put to death. So perished the young tyrant who had done so many cruel acts. Clive spoilt his great victory by his fraudulent treatment of Omichund, a wealthy native, who had been expecting a great reward for his services. When told that the treaty he had signed was a false one and that he was to have nothing, he fell back insensible, languished a few months, and then died. As we should say now, it was not playing the game; it was not English to deceive so grossly, and Clive's fair fame was stained for ever. A sum of £800,000 in coined silver was sent down the river to Fort William. Clive walked between heaps of gold and silver, crowned with rubies and diamonds, and was at liberty to help himself. He accepted between £200,000 and £300,000.

The excuse for Clive taking so much is that the Company had authorized its agents to enrich themselves through the



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THE FLIGHT AFTER THE BATTLE OF PLASSEY

The fire from the English guns made Surajah Dowlah distinctly nervous, and he readily adopted the suggestion that they should retire. At this moment Clive had ordered an advance, and in an hour the retirement had become a headlong flight, Surajah Dowlah being mounted on a swift camel.

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liberality of the native princes. The directors, on receiving news in London of Clive's brilliant victory, appointed him Governor of their settlement in Bengal. Mir Jaffier, whom Clive had set up in the Nabob's room, regarded him with slavish fear.

Once, when scolding one of his officers for not keeping better order, he said, "Are you yet to learn who that Colonel Clive is, and in what station God has placed him?" The officer replied with grim humour: "I affront the Colonel! I, who never get up in the morning without making three low bows to his jackass!" In fact, Clive had them all at his feet now, natives and Europeans alike. There were other military measures taken with his usual success before Clive again sailed for England.

This time he was raised to the Irish peerage: George III, who had just ascended the throne, received him with honour, and Pitt, who had described Clive in Parliament as a heaven-born General, said he had displayed a military genius which might excite the admiration of the King of Prussia. Clive's income now was close upon £50,000, a huge fortune at that time for one who started without friends or favour and who was only thirty-four years old.

As soon as the battle of Plassey had enriched him, Clive sent £10,000 to his sisters, helped munificently many poor friends, ordered his agent to pay £800 a year to his parents and settled £500 a year on his old commander Lawrence. There was no meanness in Clive's character: but ostentation there was, no doubt.

"I must trouble you," he wrote to his agent, "to provide me two hundred shirts—the best and finest you can get; sixty pairs of the finest stockings and a box-full of full-bottom wigs." He might dress himself better than others, but God had given him a face somewhat plain and coarse: he used to bet at cards and in the cock-pit, as other gentle-



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men did, but he never became a slave to such amusements: he loved handsome horses and splendid equipages, but after all these things came second to his great ambition for power.

He was greatly flattered when the Queen proposed to stand godmother for one of his children, and when he was assured that a statue would be raised to him in the India House, and a medal struck to commemorate Plassey.

But of course all this ostentation of wealth raised up numerous enemies, even amongst the shareholders of the East India Company.

Clive had been in England nearly five years when he was again called to India; for alarming news had come with every ship of the greed and misgovernment of the Anglo-Indians. The servants of the Company were getting for their own private gain a monopoly of the internal trade: they were making enormous fortunes at the expense of the poor natives, who had found in the rule of the Company a tyrant more exacting than Surajah Dowlah. A Mussulman historian writes, "If the English knew how to join the arts of government, if they exerted as much ingenuity and solicitude in relieving the people of God as they do in whatever concerns their military affairs, no nation in the world would be preferable to them, or worthier of command. But the people under their dominion groan everywhere and are reduced to poverty and distress. O! God! come to the assistance of thine afflicted servants and deliver them from the oppressions which they suffer."

The spirit of greed and rapacity spread even to the army, and the Sepoys had to be kept in order by military executions.

At last the Court of Proprietors clamoured for Clive once more. When things went wrong they cried for Clive to go out: when he returned, they began to backbite and whisper evil of him. But Clive rose in the Court-room and said he would never undertake the government of Bengal while his



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enemy Sullivan was chairman of the Company. Then came a sudden silence, followed by a tumult of angry voices, some raised for Clive and some against him: the former easily prevailed, because the most part were frightened for their dividends. So Clive was nominated Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the British possessions in Bengal, and Sullivan had to resign the chair.

In May 1765 Clive reached Calcutta and found that the nine most powerful servants of the Company had divided amongst them £140,000 sterling, as a bribe for the placing a native child on the throne of his father. Clive wrote to a friend, "I declare, by that great Being who is the searcher of all hearts, that I am determined to destroy these great and growing evils, or perish in the attempt." Macaulay says in his essay, "Clive redeemed his pledge. He remained in India about a year and a half, and in that short time effected one of the most extensive, difficult and salutary reforms that ever was accomplished by any statesman. This was the part of his life on which he afterwards looked back with most pride. He had it in his power to triple his already splendid fortune, to connive at abuses while pretending to remove them. He knew that if he applied himself in earnest to the work of reformation he would raise every bad passion in arms against him. He knew how unscrupulous, how implacable, would be the hatred of those ravenous adventurers who, having counted on accumulating in a few months fortunes sufficient to support peerages, should find all their hopes frustrated. But he had chosen the good part: he called up all the force of his mind for a battle far harder than that of Plassey." His iron will and dauntless courage prevailed in the end, though he had to send for some civil servants from Madras to take the places of those whom he was compelled to turn out of their offices.

But Clive also saw the other side of the question: he acknowledged that the Company had been paying its ser-



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vants miserable wages on which they could not live in comfort, far less make provision for old age. It is the same now with the civil servants of Spain and Turkey; they are so inadequately paid that they are almost compelled to take bribes, and the nation suffers. In India the pay of a Member of Council was then only £300 a year: and his style of living cost him between £2,000 and £3,000.

The servants of the Company had been mere counting-house clerks a few years before: in Clive's time they had become pro-consuls with immense power. Clive knew that the Directors were unwilling to sanction any increase in the salaries out of their own treasury, therefore he appropriated to the support of the Company's servants the monopoly of salt. This reform was bitterly criticised at home, but it stopped the need of private trading and of receiving bribes. "Such is the injustice of mankind," says Macaulay, "that none of those acts which are the real stains of his life have drawn upon him so much obloquy as this measure, which was in truth a reform necessary to the success of all his other reforms."

Clive had broken the resistance of the civil servants, but next he had to face a revolt of the English officers. Their pay, never too high, had been retrenched by the Directors: 200 English officers determined to resign their commissions on the same day, fully believing that Clive must grant their demands or have no army at all. But, like Caesar in a similar difficulty, he faced the danger boldly, and sent for more officers from Fort St. George, and gave commissions to traders and their agents. The conspirators were undone: the troops were steady and faithful to Clive: the Sepoys stood by him loyally, for they looked upon him with reverent and affectionate admiration. The leaders in the plot were arrested, tried and cashiered: the younger were treated leniently, the ringleaders were sent home. The army had found that it was better to trust to their



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General's just and generous spirit than to attempt to force his hand.

The arrival of Clive had put a stop to the dangers arising from foreign intervention : the Nabob of Oudh, the Afghans and the Marathas, who had been forming a coalition against the British, now implored peace in the humblest terms : the Great Mogul issued a warrant empowering the Company to collect and administer the revenues of Bengal, Orissa and Behar. It would have been easy for Clive to have doubled his private fortune. The Rajah of Benares offered him diamonds, the Nabob of Oudh begged him to accept a large sum of money. Clive courteously refused all presents, a fact which only became known after his death ; the princely gift which Mir Jaffier left him by will he devoted to the service of a fund for helping officers and soldiers invalided in India.

In September 1765 Clive writes thus to his father : " I have been 700 miles up the country and have been very conversant with His Majesty, the Great Mogul. He has made me one of the first omrahs, or nobles, of his empire. I have concluded a peace for the Company which I hope will last, and have obtained from the King a grant of a revenue of £2,000,000 sterling per annum for them for ever. . . . With regard to myself I have not benefited or added to my fortune one farthing, nor shall I, though I might, by this time, have received £500,000 sterling. This ship, sent express, will bring the Company the most important news they ever received : and, if they are not satisfied, I will pronounce there is not one grain of honour or integrity remaining in England. The reformation I am making, in both the civil and military branches, will render the acquisition of fortunes not so sudden or certain as formerly."

We can get a glimpse of Clive's anxious state of mind by the letter he wrote to the Governor of Madras. " Do you think that history can furnish another instance of a



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man, with £40,000 per annum, a wife and family, brothers and sisters, abandoning his native country, and all the blessings of life, to take charge of a Government so corrupt, so headstrong, so lost to all sense of principle and honour as this ? "

Clive reached England in July 1767, and was admitted at once to private audiences by the King and Queen, while the Court of Directors showed him every mark of respect. But his enemies had multiplied : all those pilferers and disaffected officers whom he had sent home combined with their relatives and friends to work against him. Newspapers were hired to run him down. Exaggerated stories of his cruelty and rapacity were spread abroad. " Their malevolence aimed at nothing less than the utter ruin of his fame and fortune : they wished to see him expelled from Parliament, to see his spurs chopped off and his estate confiscated." Then in the summer of 1770 the rains failed in Bengal, the tanks were empty, the rivers dried up, famine stalked, lean and loathsome, over the Valley of the Ganges. The Hoogley rolled down myriads of corpses over whose bodies hovered kites and vultures. " Tender and delicate women, whose veils had never been lifted before the public gaze, came forth from the inner chambers in which Eastern jealousy had kept watch over their beauty, threw themselves on the earth before the passers by, and with loud wailings implored a handful of rice for their children." This terrible report added to the excitement in England : some said that the Company's servants had created or fostered the famine. The result was that Clive became still more unpopular, though he had been living quietly at home for three years. " He had to bear the double odium of his bad and of his good actions, of every Indian abuse and of every Indian reform." But Clive was not one to stand meekly on the defensive : he rose in the House and vindicated himself vigorously from the accusations which men were bringing against



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him. Lord Chatham declared that he had never heard a finer speech. Then a Committee was chosen to inquire into the affairs of India, in which Clive was subjected to the most ruthless cross-examination. He afterwards complained that he, the Baron of Plassey, had been treated like a sheep-stealer. He was questioned not merely in regard to what he had done, but as to the motives which swayed him; and all his policy was by insinuation resolved into a scheme for aggrandizing his own family. But the King was still his friend and Clive was in June installed as a Knight of the Bath, and in October he was appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Salop. Yet still the proceedings in committee went on with increasing bitterness: Clive was accused of falsifying accounts and selling justice to the highest bidder. But after an eloquent defence, in which he briefly touched upon the services he had rendered to his country, he burst out into the following apostrophe, electrifying the House by his burning words:

"After such certificates as these, Sir, am I to be brought here like a criminal, and the very best parts of my conduct construed into crimes against the State? Is this the reward that is now held out to persons who have performed such important services to their country? If it is, Sir, the future consequences that will attend the execution of any important trust will be fatal indeed. Sir, I cannot say that I either sit or rest easy when I find that, by the extensive resolution before the House, all I have in the world is confiscated, and that no one will take my security for a shilling. I have not anything left that I can call my own, except my paternal fortune of £500 per annum, which has been in the family for ages past. *Frangas, non flectes*: you may break, you shall not bend me. My enemies may take from me what I have: they may, as they think, make me poor, but I will be happy! . . . before I sit down I have one request to make to the House—that when they come to



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decide upon my honour, they will not forget their own." The debate was adjourned, and in May it was decided by a majority of 155 to 95, that, " admitting all to be true which was stated in regard to the moneys acquired, Robert Lord Clive did at the same time render great and meritorious services to his country."

If we may consider that Clive was not treated with generosity, after his life of strenuous endeavour in an enervating climate, after winning an empire by his pluck and genius for war, what shall we say of the Government of Louis XV ? For that ungrateful country had done to death almost every Frenchman who had served his country nobly in the East. " Labourdonnais was flung into the Bastile, and, after years of suffering, left it only to die. Dupleix, stripped of his immense fortune, and broken-hearted by humiliating attendance in ante-chambers, sank into an obscure grave. Lally was dragged to the common place of execution with a gag between his lips." It is strange to reflect that if Clive had not been in India, or if France had backed up her pro-consuls with all her power, the Indian Empire would in all probability be now administered from Paris. It wanted only a little turning of the scale to determine the future of India this way or that. Those who lived so close to the critical events were unable to judge of their historical importance : the use of trickery in dealing with Oriental tricksters, the early greed for wealth, the ostentation, the irritability, the self-will of a tyrant who would brook no other tyrant in his vicinity—all these faults caught the eye of the moralists at home : they prevented them from considering what had been this man's temptations, what were the effects of a deficient education, and how much was sickness of body, caused by climate and worry and the sense of responsibility.

What was it to them that he was brave and firm and self-reliant ! He had come home with a fortune squeezed from



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the poor Indians. He annoyed the old families by his upstart magnificence: and then, when he had secured his own prosperity, he had made it difficult for others to do likewise. He was not handsome or prepossessing in appearance: his face wore an air of vulgarity, redeemed in part by an expression of keen intelligence. The boy who would lie across the gutter rather than see his plans fail had developed into the man who would forge a signature to a treaty, and flood the Court of Directors with the creatures of his own pocket. He was generous to those who had served him well, but he had few real friends. And at the last, when he retired from Parliament after his partial censure, he tried hard to be happy; but pain came and disease, and pain had to be soothed by laudanum: laudanum weakened his moral fibre and left him a prey to his old foe, melancholy. So that he took to heart and brooded over every insult in the press or in Parliament. He had no religious consolation, no higher solace to lean upon when these dark thoughts intruded. He had played for this world's happiness, and found it lacking in interest; but more than all this, his great soul shuddered at all the wrong things he had done to serve a country which repaid him, as he thought, with black ingratitude.

About noon on November 22, 1774, a lady who was visiting at his house came into his library and said, "Lord Clive, I cannot find a good pen: will you be so good as to make me one?" "To be sure," he replied, and taking a pen-knife from his waistcoat pocket he went towards one of the windows and mended the pen. The lady then left the room.

Shortly afterwards a servant entered the library and found Lord Clive lying in his chair—dead. By his side lay the little knife which had mended a pen and opened a vein. So the indignant soldier refused to stretch himself any longer on the rack of this rough world. We may say with Shelley:



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## LORD CLIVE

He has outsoared the shadow of our night:
Envy and calumny and hate and pain
And that unrest which men will call delight,
Can touch him not, and torture not again.

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## CHAPTER IV

# WARREN HASTINGS, FIRST GOVERNOR-GENERAL

WARREN HASTINGS was descended, they say, from the Danish sea-king who threatened our Saxon Alfred so long. In later years the family received from the Tudors the earldom of Huntingdon. The Manor of Daylesford in the south-east of Worcestershire had long been in their possession, but during the Civil War the loyalty of the Hastings of that day induced him to raise money on his lands, send his plate to Oxford, and join the army of King Charles. Then when Cromwell won the day he was fain to ransom his life by making over some of his remaining estate to Speaker Lenthal. The next generation, living at Daylesford in great need, could do no better than sell the home estate and house to Mr. Jacob Knight, a London merchant. But before leaving, the squire presented his second son to the rectory of the parish. His son, Pynaston, married early and died, leaving his little son, Warren, to the care of his grandfather. Warren attended the neighbouring village school at Churchill and learnt to read side by side with the labourers' sons, being dressed very little better than they were. Warren was a bright, intelligent little boy and soon went ahead of his companions; he loved to play along the banks of a rivulet which flowed through the ancestral domain, and often he pondered on the old times and wondered —he dared hardly hope it—if he might some day regain



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the lands of Daylesford. He once told a friend many years later, "To lie beside the margin of that stream and muse was one of my favourite recreations, and there, one bright summer's day, when I was scarcely seven years old, I well remember that I first formed the determination to purchase back Daylesford. I was then literally dependent upon those whose condition scarcely raised them above the pressure of absolute want, yet somehow or another the child's dream, as it did not appear unreasonable at the moment, so in after years it never faded away. . . . And though perhaps few public men have had more right than I to complain of the world's usage, I can never express sufficient gratitude to the kind Providence which permits me to pass the evening of a long and, I trust, not a useless life amid scenes that are endeared to me by so many personal as well as traditional associations." When he was eight years old his Uncle Howard removed him to a preparatory school at Newington Butts near London, where he stayed two years; at the age of ten he was entered at Westminster School, where here mained six years. Dr. Nichols was then the Headmaster, and Vincent Bourne, a delightful wit and poet, was the most popular of its young masters. Of him Cowper, the poet, wrote, "I love the memory of Vinny Bourne. I think him a better Latin poet than Tibullus, Propertius, Ausonius or any of the writers in *his* way, except Ovid, and not at all inferior to him."

But Warren Hastings, used as he was to rough fare, must have gone through some tough experiences, for of all schools in England Westminster is the most conservative of old customs, and old customs usually led to the survival of the fittest. Founded by Queen Eizabeth, or rather, like Harrow School, refounded—for the Benedictine monks of Westminster had a school in the cloister long before Tudor times—the boys were bestowed in the old monastic buildings; forty King's scholars were to receive a free education



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and, exclusive of the choristers, the numbers were not to exceed 120. Shortly before Hastings entered the school the granary of the old monks, which had been used since 1560 as the school dormitory, was pulled down and a new long room built of two stories.

The great schoolroom remains now as it was in Hastings' time, except that the apse at the north end—which has given the name of "shell" to the middle forms of so many schools—is now removed. The college dining hall, once the refectory of the monks, had been furnished with long and massive oaken tables, made from the timbers of wrecked warships of the Spanish Armada. What strange scenes were these to stir the imagination of an able boy! How he must have marvelled to see one of the King's scholars stand in the schoolyard, uncovered, with hood doffed, as they used to say, all the time he was speaking to a master. Reverence for age and learning is still taught to the sons of the English gentry; there, too, he first marvelled at, and then took part in the "Pancake Grease," when the Abbey verger with silver mace solemnly precedes the college cook and the frying-pan, by order of the Dean: or he went to the school steps on Thames bank and learnt how to pull an oar and how to swim. Then came the challenges, when competitors for vacancies in the list of King's scholars challenged each other to answer hard questions in grammar and logic: they "wrangled" for the post of honour and emolument. On May 27, 1747, the list was read out by the Headmaster, and the first name was Warren Hastings! Did the eager boy dream that night he was going to re-purchase the family estates? He had taken the first step to fame and fortune, and could talk on equal terms—he and Elijah Impey, who came fourth on the list—with his comrades in "College." There were names, too, on the school list of boarders which are not unknown even now; poets, such as Charles Churchill and William Cowper; noblemen's sons, such as Lord



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Shelburne and George Hobart, third Earl of Buckinghamshire, Hamilton Boyle, Earl of Cork ; hosts of future canons and archdeacons and one dramatist, George Colman. With the gentle, dreamy Cowper Hastings formed a friendship which neither lapse of time nor the malice of lying enemies could dissolve.

Hastings worked well and played well, and would naturally have gone to Christ Church, Oxford, with a scholarship, or studentship as the title is, but his Uncle Howard died, leaving Warren to the care of a distant relative, Mr. Chiswick, a Director of the East India Company. Warren was sixteen when he received a letter from his guardian saying he was to leave school. Hastings in a fragment of autobiography says, " When I waited upon Dr. Nichols to inform him of that purpose of my guardian he, in the most delicate manner, remonstrated against it, adding that, if the necessity of my circumstances was the only cause requiring my removal, and I should continue at school, he would undertake that it should be no expense to me."

Mr. Chiswick, as a business man, thought it safer to send young Warren, the elegant scholar of Westminster, to the writing master of Christ's Hospital for private coaching in caligraphy and keeping of accounts. The boy was then made to write a humble petition to the Court of Directors that they would appoint him a writer in their Honourable Company, as he had been bred up to writing and accounts. So Warren left the school of George Herbert and Cowley, of Busby and Dryden, Atterbury and Locke, Prior and Wren and of his own gentle and faithful friend William Cowper ; perhaps it was with some misgivings that this refined dreamer in January 1750 set foot on the ship which was to take him so far away to a station which he had promised " to discharge with the greatest diligence and fidelity."

On reaching Calcutta he was at once set to work at a



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desk and occupied for two years on bills of lading. All business was over by noon, when they dined in the common hall, later they took the air in palankeens or native buses. In October 1753 he was sent up country to Cossimbazar, a little town on the Hoogley famed for its trade in silk. While he was thus occupied in the Company's factory, learning native languages and living a quiet literary life, Surajah Dowlah declared war on the English, seized Cossimbazar and sent Hastings and other prisoners to Murshidabad. Through the kind intervention of the Dutch Company Hastings was allowed a certain measure of freedom, so that when the Nabob took Calcutta and murdered those who were left behind in the "Black Hole" the Governor, Roger Drake, who had taken refuge at the mouth of the Hoogley, sent secret messages to Hastings, desiring the clerk to furnish him with information as to the doings of the Nabob. It was dangerous work, but Hastings made himself a valuable and able diplomatist. Already treason against Surajah Dowlah was in progress and Hastings at last had to flee to Fulda, where the Governor was in hiding. Soon after this, in December 1756, Clive came from Madras, sailing up the Hoogley with his little force of revenge. Hastings, full of admiration for Clive, determined to serve under him in the ranks and carried a musket. Clive soon noticed his intelligent face and promoted him; after the battle of Plassey Hastings was appointed to reside at the court of the new prince, as agent for the Company. There he remained till 1761, when he was made a member of the Council and so obliged to reside at Calcutta. It was the time between Clive's first and second administration, when the Governor, Mr. Vansittart, failed to keep order amongst the English clerks and traders who were busy trying to wring out of the natives all they possibly could, so that they might return home rich men. Hastings, however, continued poor, and his bitterest enemies never were able to fasten



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any stain upon his honour at this period. Warren Hastings probably despised the crowd of greedy, grasping money-lovers; his education and friends at Westminster had ill fitted him to play the part of a bullying robber. In 1764 he returned to England, leaving behind him at interest most of the moderate savings which he had effected. He behaved liberally to his relations and occupied four years in the society of men of letters and linguists. Amongst other things he had taken a strong liking for Persian literature, and was agitating for an endowment of Oriental teaching at Oxford. It was with reference to this that Hastings called on Dr. Johnson, who seemed impressed by his visitor and wrote to him with great respect when he was the ruler of British India. However, as the need of more money began to make itself felt, Hastings had again to seek employment in India. He was obliged to borrow money for his outfit; but this "robber," as Edmund Burke afterwards described him, did not in his extremity seek to withdraw any of the relief which he had given to his poorer relations.

When residing at Cossimbazar Hastings had married the widow of Captain Campbell, who bore him two children, both of whom died young; their mother also died at Cossimbazar.

On his second voyage to India Hastings first met the Baroness Imhoff, who was afterwards to be his second wife. Macaulay says, "she had an agreeable person, a cultivated mind and manners in the highest degree engaging. Her maiden name had been Marie Anne von Chapuset; her family was of a Huguenot ancestry, but had been ennobled in Germany since the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. She and her husband, Baron Imhoff, did not agree well together, and he sued for a divorce in Franconia which he obtained after proceedings lasting for six years. Hastings then married her."



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## FIRST GOVERNOR-GENERAL

Landing at Madras Hastings found the trade of the Company in a very unsatisfactory state. He applied his mind to the business and in a few months had effected an important reform. The Directors at home were so pleased with him that they resolved to place him at the head of the Government of Bengal. There he found the same system which Clive had left, the English having supreme power, but holding their territories as vassals of the King of Delhi. The Nabob of Bengal lived at Murshidabad, surrounded with the magnificence of a royal court, but having no real power or influence in the government. In the time of Hastings the Governor had only one vote in Council, so that if he had a disaffected Council he might have no direction of affairs at all. There was a native minister who was responsible to the British Government for the collection of the revenue, the administration of justice and the maintenance of order. His stipend was £100,000 a year, and such a post was naturally much sought after. There were two candidates most prominent, one a Muhammadan, Reza Khan, of Persian birth, able, active and religious; the other a Hindu Brahman, the Maharajah Nuncomar, who had played a part in all the intrigues and revolutions since the fall of Surajah Dowlah. He was, in short, the prince of rogues. In the words of Macaulay, "What the Italian is to the Englishman, what the Hindu is to the Italian, what the Bengali is to other Hindus, that was Nuncomar to other Bengalis." The people of Bengal are feeble in body, languid and effeminate. Courage and truthfulness they know not, but they defend themselves by lying promises, smooth excuses, perjury, fraud and the softness of a purring cat. As money-lenders and lawyers they are the cleverest in the world, and if they dare not resist the striker yet they often display wonderful firmness in bearing torture and death.

Nuncomar had repeatedly been detected in criminal intrigues and in conspiracies against the English, while



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pretending to be our best friend. For these practices he had long been kept in confinement, but his talents had at last procured his release. However Clive had decided in favour of Reza Khan, who, when Hastings came as Governor, had held power seven years.

The revenues of Bengal had been yielding less than the Directors in Leadenhall Street had liked; Nuncomar, who had agents in London, suggested that it was owing to the mismanagement of Reza Khan. Soon after Hastings reached Calcutta he received a letter addressed by the Court to himself in particular, bidding him to remove Reza Khan and institute an inquiry into the administration of the province, availing himself of the help of Nuncomar. Hastings offered Nuncomar's son a post, thereby hoping to evade the ignoble necessity of promoting Nuncomar himself. Reza Khan was brought to trial, and after a year's examination was acquitted.

Then the police of Calcutta were remodelled, for gangs of dacoits, or members of a robber caste, were plundering and killing all over the country.

Nuncomar had hoped to step into the shoes of Reza Khan, and when Hastings did not appoint him, but abolished the office of Minister, thereby getting rid of the dual government of Bengal, the disappointed Brahman nursed an intense hatred to him and only bided his time for revenge.

Meanwhile the Directors at home were clamouring for larger dividends, though Hastings had an empty treasury, an unpaid army, his own salary often in arrear, with famine and plague decimating the villages. Hastings had to find money somehow to please his masters; he bethought him of reducing the allowance of the Nabob of Bengal from £320,000 a year to half that amount. He also sent word to the Emperor of Delhi that he should occupy the provinces of Allahabad and Corah, as the Mogul had not observed his part of the bargain. But as those provinces would have



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been a white elephant to the British, Hastings sold them to his neighbour and ally, the Nabob of Oudh, for more than half a million sterling. But there were in the neighbourhood of Oudh a fair-skinned, warlike people, the Rohillas, who having come down from the mountains of Afghanistan, loved liberty and misrule.

Hastings says he had long considered the power of the Rohillas as dangerous to Oudh. But Surajah Dowlah, the Nabob of Oudh, shrank from tackling so dangerous a foe, though he coveted their lands. Yet he suggested to Hastings to lend him English soldiers for a small consideration of £400,000 sterling, and the maintenance of the troops on service.

Macaulay says, "The object of the Rohilla War was this, to deprive a large population, who had never done us the least harm, of a good government, and to place them, against their will, under an execrably bad one."

It looks as if Hastings had sold the lives of innocent people for a sum of money. But recent discoveries have shown that this brave mountain-folk had been intriguing with Sindhia and Holkar, and had planned a raid across the Ganges into the Cawnpore district. They were not the quiet, innocent folk depicted later by Burke, but cruel taskmasters who made the Hindu peasants very miserable. The peasants' view of the war is shown by the way in which a million Hindu cultivators remained behind when their Pathan over-lords with 18,000 followers were driven away; they remained because they preferred English rule to Pathan misrule. Colonel Champion then was sent to join the forces of Surajah Dowlah; a great battle was fought, the Rohillas charged splendidly, but the well-served guns broke them time after time; at last the brave warriors could face our disciplined troops no more, but fled. Surajah and his men did not happen to be present at the fighting, but when they saw the field was won, they rushed in to



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loot the camp. No wonder many British soldiers exclaimed, "We have had all the fighting, and these rogues are to have all the profit." Then there ensued much slaughter and pillage, which, however discreditable it might be, could not have been stopped by Hastings. Yet he is described as "folding his arms and looking on while the villages were burning and the children were being butchered."

In the end 18,000 of the Rohillas were permitted to migrate across the Ganges to Meerut. Champion no doubt did what he could to mitigate the horrors of war: Hastings in his letters to Middleton, the political agent, bids him remonstrate with the Nabob against all wanton acts of cruelty, but those who were for hounding down Hastings saw only the evil he did, not the evil which he prevented.

The million Hindu husbandmen might have told a different tale; after the brave Rohillas had been driven away they tilled their soil in peace. Hastings had added about £450,000 to the annual income of the Company, besides procuring about a million in ready money. He had also relieved the finances of Bengal by getting the Nabob of Oudh to spend upon our soldiers nearly a quarter of a million a year.

In 1773 Lord North's Regulating Act was passed in Parliament; the Governor of Bengal was transformed into a Governor-General, his Council was reduced to four members, and Madras and Bombay were placed under their control. A chief-justice and three judges were to administer law for all British subjects. Hastings was made the first Governor-General. Only one old member of the Council remained, Richard Barwell: the other three, General Clavering, Colonel Monson and Philip Francis, were selected in England by Lord North's Government; thus the Act settled the right of Parliament to control the political management of the Company's affairs.

Philip Francis, the leading spirit, had been chief clerk



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in the War Office. Macaulay says of him: "He must have been a man in the highest degree arrogant and insolent, a man prone to malevolence, and prone to the error of mistaking his malevolence for public virtue. . . . No man is so merciless as he who, under a strong delusion, confounds his antipathies with his duties."

Hastings wrote friendly letters to each of the new councillors on their arrival at Madras; to Sir Elijah Impey, an old school friend, he wrote most cordially. But the new councillors had come with a strong prejudice against Hastings, and from the very first, without pausing to make themselves acquainted with the facts, they opposed their chief.

Monson called upon Hastings to produce all the letters which had passed between him and Middleton, his agent at Lucknow. Hastings replied that no power on earth should compel him to give up letters written in the strictest confidence. The councillors, being in the majority, voted the recall of Middleton, and withdrew Colonel Champion from Rohilkhand. In vain Hastings, speaking with local knowledge, protested against these acts, only Barwell supported his arguments. Hastings had to put up with insult after insult from these ignorant and self-opinionated men. "We three are King," said Francis, and he attacked and found fault with everything that Hastings had done. When the language of the Council-chamber grew unbearable, Hastings and Barwell would retire to another room.

Meanwhile Hastings was writing home to his friends in this strain. "There have been many gentlemen in England who have been eye-witnesses of my conduct. For God's sake, call upon them to draw my true portrait, for the devil is not so black as these fellows have painted me."

In a short time the three bitter opponents had stripped Hastings of all his power, even of his patronage, leaving him little better than a clerk. And yet he had all the secrets



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of government at his fingers' ends, and they knew nothing except what the malice or mendacity of informers might lay before them to swallow undigested.

Every one in Calcutta saw that the Governor-General was deserted by his Council, and many natives were busy raking up out of the refuse of scandal choice bits for the triumvirate, that they might foul his good name.

"An Indian Government," says Macaulay, "has only to let it be understood that it wishes a particular man to be ruined, and in twenty-four hours it will be furnished with grave charges, supported by depositions so full and circumstantial that any person unaccustomed to Asiatic mendacity would regard them as decisive. It is well if the signature of the destined victim is not counterfeited at the foot of some illegal compact and if some treasonable paper is not slipped into a hiding-place in his house."

Philip Francis, who, in all probability, was the author of the Letters of Junius, in which he held up many worthy and eminent statesmen to undeserved scorn, had some selfish interest to serve in blackening the character of Hastings. For we read in a letter of his to a friend in London, "I am now, I think, on the road to the Government of Bengal, which I believe is the first situation in the world attainable by a subject. I will not baulk my future." His hatred of Hastings extended to the Governor-General's friends. Francis even accused Sir Eyre Coote of "settling the most infamous and atrocious measures together with Hastings and Barwell—upon my soul I never heard of so abandoned a scoundrel. It is a character to which your English ideas of dirt and meanness do not reach." This of Sir Eyre Coote! an officer whom every one else respected and admired.

Francis was a great card player; "I have won a fortune," he writes, "and I intend to keep it. Your tenderness for the loser is admirable. If money be his blood, I feel no



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kind of remorse in opening his veins." On one day in 1776 he won nearly £20,000 at whist.

Such was the man who was determined, by fair means or foul, to bring Hastings to dishonour that he might step into his place. On March 11, 1775, Nuncomar, the wily Brahman, who also hated Warren Hastings, played his trump card. How he played it we must reserve for another chapter.

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## CHAPTER V

# THE TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS

IT was a grudge of seventeen years' standing : Nuncomar, the old Brahman plotter and intriguer, thought the time for revenge was ripe. He handed over to Francis a sealed paper the day before the Council, and begged that it might be laid before the Council.

We may imagine the astonishment and disgust of the Governor-General when he heard one of his own English colleagues reading a paper of accusations drawn up by a well-known Hindu forger and cheat. In this paper Hastings heard himself openly accused of taking bribes from the Munni Begum, of sharing in the plunder amassed by Reza Khan, and of procuring that officer's acquittal by another bribe.

He could not endure this insolence and rose to protest against the right of his colleagues to sit in judgment on the Governor-General, especially when the charges came from so foul a source. The other three councillors insisted on going on with it ; so Hastings broke up the meeting and with Barwell quitted the Council-chamber.

At another meeting Nuncomar asked to be heard in person ; Hastings refused to compromise the dignity of his office and retired again. Monson and Francis voted Clavering into the chair and summoned Nuncomar, who came in with fresh charges and a letter from the Munni Begum, to show that Hastings had received great presents from her :



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the signature was not like that lady's, but it was sealed with her seal. The Council promptly found Hastings guilty of taking presents to the value of £35,000, and ordered him to refund the whole sum.

Hastings refused to obey any such order and pronounced the letter a forgery. Other charges were brought by obscure natives, and Francis was busy writing down their depositions and shaking a solemn head at his chief's failings.

The Council recorded their conviction that there was "no species of peculation from which the Honourable Governor-General has thought it reasonable to abstain."

Hastings, resolute spirit though he was, for a short time quailed before the storm of charges and accusations: he was almost minded to resign, and no doubt had many a talk with his old Westminster friend, Sir Elijah Impey.

That Judge bethought him on reflection that so long ago as March 1774 a certain suitor had been trying to get hold of some documents needed in a case against Nuncomar and had failed to secure them. The Judge was naturally very indignant with the persecutors of his friend, so he looked into the case and saw to it that those documents were surrendered. The result was that Nuncomar found himself, on May 6, charged with obtaining a large sum of money from a dead man's estate by a forged bond. He was committed to gaol for trial on a felonious charge. Calcutta was atonished, the Council were furious, but could do nothing to help Nuncomar, because the Supreme Court was independent of the Government. Macaulay and others assert that the arrest of Nuncomar was Hastings' doing: a desperate last resource of a falling man. But it is much more likely to have been the generous and perfectly lawful interposition of the Chief Justice, seeing that the case against Nuncomar had been begun a year ago.

The Council, however, heaped honours on Nuncomar's family and wrote home to the Directors expressing their



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belief in Nuncomar's innocence and accusing the judges of treating the prisoner with cruelty before his trial.

On June 8, Nuncomar was brought before a court of four judges with an English jury; the trial lasted eight days, the verdict was guilty and the sentence death. Macaulay is very indignant that a Brahman should have been condemned to death for forgery: according to the old Indian laws a Brahman could not be put to death for any crime whatever, and this man was the head of their race and religion! Yes, but this man had falsely brought charges against the head of our race, in order to bring him to the dust. There are times of unrest and discontent when a show of severity will be the most merciful policy. Clavering swore that Nuncomar should be rescued even at the foot of the gallows. But the great majority of the English, and the hearts of the officers and soldiers, were in favour of Hastings, and no rescue was attempted.

Nuncomar died with fortitude; he was hanged on the Maidan outside Calcutta, amid the groans of his horror-stricken countrymen. From that moment every native felt it was safer to take the part of Hastings than that of Francis, and the Governor-General was troubled with no more lying accusations.

In the great trial of Hastings Burke was ever proclaiming that Hastings had murdered Nuncomar by the hands of Sir Elijah Impey: he seems to forget that there were four judges and a jury. And Sir James Stephen, a high judicial authority on criminal law, has examined all the documents bearing on the trial of Nuncomar, and has recorded his opinion that the judges were right: nor is there any evidence, he says, to show that Hastings said or did anything to ensure the prisoner's fate.

The death of Monson in September 1776 gave Hastings the use of his casting vote, and made him for a time once more supreme.



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Meanwhile at home Lord North was exerting all his influence with the Directors to bring about the recall of Hastings and the appointment of General Clavering in his place. It was put to the vote and in the end the party in favour of Hastings prevailed. But Macleane, Hastings' agent in London, had received instructions to present his patron's resignation, if he thought it desirable. When he saw a few days after the vote that Clavering was gazetted a Knight of the Bath, and that Hastings was left out, he presented the resignation. The Directors accepted it, as being an easy way of saving themselves from surrendering to the dictation of Lord North.

Hastings received the despatches from England in June 1777, telling him that Sir John Clavering was to succeed him as Governor-General and that Wheler was to take the vacant seat in Council. Hastings was prepared to abide by it, but Clavering's conduct made him resist. For the very next morning, without waiting for Hastings to resign his post, Clavering summoned a Council in his own name, took the oaths as Governor-General and commanded the troops in Fort William to obey only his orders. Francis of course was urging him to this course.

Hastings' dignity and temper were alike touched by this rapid movement: he sent a counter-order to the troops, who willingly obeyed him, and Colonel Morgan locked the gates of Fort William against General Clavering.

Then Hastings appealed to the Chief Court: their ruling was that Clavering had no right to assume an office from which Mr. Hastings had not yet retired. In a letter to Lord North Hastings entreats the Minister not to "permit him to be dragged from his post like a felon, after the labour of twenty-seven years dedicated to the service of the Company and the aggrandisement of the British dominion."

On August 29 Sir John Clavering died of dysentery and the power of Francis was again lessened. The Court of



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Directors, too, fearing war with France, thought that after all India was safest in the control of their old servant, and they quietly reappointed him for five years.

Things had not been going well for Britain: in America a senseless war was losing us our colonies, Ireland was a hotbed of discontent; France, Spain and Holland were on the point of assailing us. In India itself a new and strange power was looming in the distance: the Marathas, coming originally from the western hills of the Indian coast, had developed from a horde of robbers into a conquering race. The Maratha king's Peshwa, or chief magistrate, kept an almost royal court at Poonah. News was brought to Calcutta that an envoy from Louis XVI had reached Poonah and had offered a treaty hostile to England. This set Hastings thinking and Francis, as usual, cavilling at his rash projects. Just then news came that war had been proclaimed both in London and Paris: so Hastings resolved to strike the first blow by espousing the cause of a pretender to the Peshwa's power, and thus getting half the Maratha race to fight on his side. He also seized the French factories in Bengal, sent orders to Madras to occupy Pondicherry, and strengthened the river works of Calcutta. Sir Eyre Coote had been sent from England as commander of the forces and member of the Council: it was twenty years since his great exploits in the South of India, and he was not so vigorous in mind and body as he had been: but his name was a talisman amongst the native soldiers: they loved and admired him, which is worth more than many guns or squadrons in that land of hero-worshippers. Coote and Hastings got on well together and the Council-room became for a time a haven of peace: the "frantic military exploits," sneered at by Francis, came to a successful end, and the Maratha danger had passed.

But Francis, who had agreed on Barwell's departure for England to assume a more friendly attitude, soon broke



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his promise and began to oppose all Hastings' acts; so that the latter, irritated beyond endurance, said, "I do not trust to his promise of candour, convinced that he is incapable of it. I judge of his public conduct by my experience of his private, which I have found devoid of truth and honour."

Francis replied, "No answer I can give can be adequate to the dishonour done me by the terms you have made use of. You have left me no alternative but to demand personal satisfaction of you for the affront you have offered me." Hastings rejoined, "I had expected the demand and am ready to answer it."

Next day Francis occupied himself in settling his affairs and burning papers, in view of a disastrous ending to the duel.

On the 17th, at about six in the morning, they met, with their seconds, near Belvedere, and were set at a distance of fourteen paces. Francis thus describes the incident. "My pistol missing fire, I changed it. We then fired together and I was wounded and fell. I thought that my backbone was broken, and of course that I could not survive it. . . . After I had suffered great inconvenience from being carried to a wrong place, I was at last conveyed to Major Foley's house on a bed. The surgeon arrived in about an hour and a half from the time I was wounded, cut out the ball and bled me twice in the course of the day. Mr. Hastings sends to know when he may visit me." Francis declined the visit as civilly as possible, and four months after the duel left India after a residence of seven years.

At last Hastings breathed freely: his tormentor was gone, and he set himself resolutely to retrieve past misfortunes and, as he wrote, "to re-establish the powers of the Company and the safety of its possessions."

There had been for some time strained relations between the Indian Government and the Supreme Court. When



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Francis was gone Hastings was able to smooth over this quarrel by offering Impey the Presidency of the Company's chief civil court with a larger income. This was described in the trial of Hastings as an infamous bribe : but Sir James Stephen asserts that it was " the only practicable way out of the unhappy quarrel." There were no longer any broils between rival authorities. Hastings found time in the midst of wars and rumours of wars to establish a Muhammadan College for the Mussulman youth in Bengal ; he tried also to open out a regular line of vessels trading to Europe by way of Egypt and the Red Sea.

Meanwhile Francis had called upon the King and Queen at Windsor, but the Court of Directors offered him no greeting. " The Court is devoted to Hastings," he wrote, " and I am in great hopes will go to the devil with him."

Francis was spending most of his time now, both by interviews and pamphlets, in stirring up enemies to the Governor-General. He had brought home a fortune which yielded him £3,000 a year : so he got himself elected to Parliament for Yarmouth, Isle of Wight. When he kept repeating, " I have not a spark of personal animosity to Mr. Hastings," his hearers tried politely not to smile ; but he materially helped Burke and Fox in the great trial, though the House would not permit his name to be included amongst the managers of the trial.

We have not space to follow Hastings' policy further ; let us quote a striking passage from Macaulay, who was not too lenient to the Governor-General. " It is impossible to deny," he says, " that against the great crimes by which his administration is blemished, we have to set off great public services. England had passed through a perilous crisis, the only quarter of the world in which Britain had lost nothing was the quarter in which her interests had been committed to the care of Hastings. Benares was subjected, the Nabob Vizier reduced to vassalage. His



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internal administration gives him a title to be considered as one of the most remarkable men in our history. He dissolved the double government. He transferred the direction of affairs to English hands. Out of a frightful anarchy he educed at least a rude and imperfect order . . . he boasted that every public office which existed when he left Bengal was his creation. To compare the most celebrated European Ministers to him seems to us as unjust as it would be to compare the best baker in London with Robinson Crusoe, who, before he could bake a single loaf, had to make his plough and his harrow, his fences and his scarecrows, his sickle and his flail, his mill and his oven. . . . Quick and vigorous as his intellect was, the patience with which he endured the most cruel vexations, till a remedy could be found, resembled the patience of stupidity . . . his resentment so seldom hurried him into any blunder, that it may be doubted whether what appeared to be revenge was anything but policy . . . for every difficulty he had a contrivance ready. . . . In Persian and Arabic literature he was deeply skilled . . . he was the first foreign ruler who succeeded in gaining the confidence of the hereditary priests of India . . . he enjoyed among the natives a popularity such as other Governors have perhaps better merited, but such as no other Governor has been able to attain. He spoke their dialects with facility and precision. He was intimately acquainted with their feelings and usages . . . in general, he carefully avoided all that could shock their national or religious prejudices. . . . There is no reason to suspect that the Rohilla war, the revolution of Benares, or the spoliation of the Princesses of Oudh added a rupee to his fortune."

When he announced in February 1785 that he was about to quit his office, both European and Asiatic societies sent in addresses of regret. Several barges escorted him far down the river, and all bade him good-bye with respect



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and reluctance. How little could Hastings have counted on the reception he was to meet with in England! "The Saviour of India," they called him who knew the truth: "a criminal—a spider of hell—a thief, tyrant, robber, cheat, swindler, sharper"—such and similar were the epithets of an orator, who had been a great statesman in his day, but whose unbridled abuse shows the failure of reason and the tyranny of an overwrought imagination.

On reaching Plymouth in June 1785 Hastings rejoined his wife, was honourably received by the King and unanimously thanked by the Court of Directors. No wonder the tired "Saviour of India" thought that he possessed the good opinion of the country.

But a week had not passed since his landing when Edmund Burke gave notice that he would at a future day make a motion respecting the conduct of a gentleman just returned from India. So that instead of enjoying a peaceful life at Daylesford, which estate he bought within thee years of his return, Hastings had to spend laborious days and months in preparing for his defence. The trial began in Westminster Hall in 1788. Miss Burney was there and has left her impressions of the trial—of the entry of Hastings in a plain poppy-coloured suit of clothes, of his smart spare figure, still upright, and his bearing which showed a due mixture of deference and dignity, of a high forehead with arched eyebrows overhanging sad, soft eyes, of the calm pallor of an oval face framed in brown, waving hair.

Burke's opening speech lasted four days: Fanny Burney began by admiring the orator and shivering for poor Mr. Hastings; then as Burke grew more vehement and violent in his flood of abuse, she says "there appeared more of study than of truth, more of invective than of justice, and, in short, so little of proof to so much of passion that in a very short time I began to lift up my head—a mere spectator in a public place."



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But even Hastings himself was for a time carried away by Burke's eloquence, for he says, "For half an hour I looked up at the orator in a reverie of wonder, and actually felt myself the most culpable man on earth. But I recurred to my own bosom, and there found a consciousness which consoled me under all I heard and all I suffered."

Sheridan's speech, described by Burke as "something between poetry and prose," and by Pitt as "surpassing all the eloquence of ancient and modern times," characterized Hastings' administration as forming "a medley of meanness and outrage, of duplicity and depredation, of prodigality and oppression, of the most callous cruelty contrasted with the hollow affectation of liberality and good faith."

Fine words! which Sheridan apologized for some years after the trial, when he and Hastings were guests of the Prince Regent in the Brighton Pavilion. Hastings made Sheridan a low bow and said not a word.

In replying to his accusers in Westminster Hall, Hastings said with great dignity, "I am arraigned for desolating the provinces in India which are the most flourishing of all the states in India. It was I who made them so. I gave you all, and you have rewarded me with confiscation, disgrace and a life of impeachment." Party politics have much to answer for, but perhaps the trial of Warren Hastings is one of its meanest achievements.

The witnesses for the defence were brow-beaten and bullied, and the historian, Mill, remarks how the intemperance of the tone and language of Mr. Burke operated strongly as a cause of odium to the managers of the trial. His old school friend Cowper, after witnessing part of the trial, wrote :—

> Hastings! I knew thee young, and of a mind,
> While young, humane, conversable and kind;
> Nor can I well believe thee—gentle *then*—
> Now grown a villain, and the worst of men.



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## THE TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS

After seven years of suspense and anxiety the Lords began to discuss in committee the evidence for each charge, and on April 23, 1795, they proceeded to judgment. Each peer in his robes was called upon by the Lord Chancellor to give his verdict. Each peer in turn uncovered his head, laid his hand upon his breast and replied, "Not guilty, upon my honour," or "guilty upon my honour." There were sixteen charges, and the average was about eleven to two in favour of Hastings. Amongst the numerous congratulations which rained down upon Hastings not the least acceptable was one from the officers of the Bengal Army, ending thus: "With us and with the natives of this country your name must ever be revered, and, with Clive's, be handed down with honour, respect and admiration to the latest posterity."

But the great pro-consul was now in his sixty-third year and was well-nigh ruined—a broken man, without pension or income: for his long defence had cost him nearly £100,000. Pitt curtly declined to give him any help or compensation from the public purse; but the Directors of the East India Company voted him a pension of £4,000 for twenty-eight years, with a loan of £50,000 free of interest. They at all events knew the value and worth of this servant who had toiled for them so long in a deadly climate. Hastings had invested some £60,000 in buying and rebuilding Daylesford, so that though he contrived to spend his remaining years on the old ancestral estate, he had to live frugally. The new house, built of the pale grey stone of the locality, is set on a small hill in an undulating park of about 600 acres, which contain many exotic trees first introduced by Hastings; and there are several pretty lakes framed in by overhanging beeches. The halls were not hung around with trophies of the chase, for Hastings cared not for sport: but drawings and paintings of old cities and rivers in India reminded his guests of the brave



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days of old; while Oriental furniture, tiger skins, buffalo horns and lovely work in brass and ivory and jade were scattered about the drawing-room in elegant confusion. Hastings busied himself with breeding horses, trying new methods of farming and raising fruits and vegetables from Indian seeds. He kept up his old habit of rising early and cold bathing and would breakfast by himself in his library on bread and butter and tea. In society he was full of fun, loved epigram and wit and repartee, "could trifle with the gayest" and laugh heartily; for had he not outlived all his enemies?

He was still fond of swimming and riding on horseback when he was past eighty; he even chose the most refractory mount in his stable, and was proud to tame him to his will. If he had any great desire left, it was to know that his character was cleared in the eyes of his countrymen; so that when Lord Wellesley returned from India his staunch admirer, though he had years ago voted eagerly for his impeachment, the pleasure which that news gave him was "beyond rubies."

In 1873, at the age of eighty, Hastings was ordered to attend at the bar of the Commons and give evidence on the question of renewing the Company's Charter. It was twenty-seven years since he had read his answer there to the charges brought forward by Burke. Great was the change in public opinion since then: men thought no longer of his faults, they remembered only his great services. A storm of cheers greeted his entry, and when he retired a few hours later the members rose and uncovered. Some weeks later the University of Oxford conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Laws, and the undergraduates cheered him heartily in the Sheldonian Theatre. Hastings was sworn of the Privy Council, but a peerage he never received. However he was very happy in the society of his wife and friends. On July 13, he writes in his diary:



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"I took an airing after dinner in the coach with Mrs. Hastings; on leaving it I was seized with staggering. I sent for Mr. Haynes, who took from me about seven ounces of blood. I slept well, but with additional weakness." On August 22, after six weeks' illness, surrounded by his best and dearest friends, he drew a handkerchief over his face and slept. When some one gently raised it, he was found to be dead. A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for September 1818 declares, "In private life he was the most amiable of human beings. He was the most tender and affectionate husband; he was the kindest master; he was the sincerest friend; . . . his generosity was unbounded in desire, and did not always calculate on his means of indulging it." Mrs. Hastings survived her husband nearly twenty years, dying in her ninety-first year. He left no children, the house was left to her son Sir Charles Imhoff. Hastings was buried behind the chancel of the Parish Church of Daylesford, not far from the bones of his distinguished ancestors.

Here, as a little boy, he had played with peasants' sons; here he had dreamed of making a fortune and buying back the old home. This he had fairly done; but surely he had never dreamed that he should be one to set up kings on their thrones, or to cast them down; nor that he should be called to preserve and extend an empire beyond the seas. As Macaulay says, "He had at length gone down to his grave in the fulness of age; in peace, after so many troubles, in honour, after so much obloquy . . . tried by both extremes of fortune, and never disturbed by either."

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## CHAPTER VI

# THE MARQUESS WELLESLEY, STATESMAN AND SOCIAL REFORMER

THE Wellesleys trace their descent from the de Welles-leighs, one of whom carried the standard for Henry II when he sailed for Ireland. The Irish branch had large estates in Kildare, and the grandfather of the Marquess was elevated to the peerage in Ireland by the title of Baron Mornington. The name was often spelt Wesley, and when the Duke of Wellington first went out to India he was known as the Hon. Arthur Wesley.

The second Lord Mornington, father of the Marquess and the Duke, was a skilled musician and composer ; among his compositions were "Here in Cool Grot," and "By Greenwood Tree," and various anthems and chants which gained him the favour of George III and an Irish earldom. The Marquess was born June 1760 at Denyan Castle, Co. Meath, and was sent to Harrow School. But it was just at the time when the Governors had incurred great unpopularity with the boys by not electing Samuel Parr to the Headmastership ; young Wellesley, scarcely yet twelve years old, had taken a prominent part in wrecking Mr. Bucknall's carriage as it passed through Harrow. His guardian, Archbishop Cornwallis, sent for him to reprove him for his unruly conduct, but the boy burst into the Archbishop's study waving one of the tassels torn from the harness, and shouting "Victory"! The result was that Wellesley was removed from Harrow and sent to



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Eton, which place of learning and delight he grew to love so well that he desired his body to be laid in the vault of Eton Chapel.

The boy was a distinguished classic and poet; he contributed many pieces in Greek, Latin and English to the *Musae Etonenses.*

On leaving Eton he went to Christ Church, Oxford, and in 1780 gained the prize for Latin Verse. The death of his father called him away from College before he had taken his degree; returning to Ireland he voluntarily took upon himself his father's debts and obligations, and placed the estate under the management of his mother. Though a member of the Irish House of Peers, Lord Mornington got himself elected to the English House of Commons in 1784; his first speech criticised Hastings for the conduct of the Rohilla war, and from that time he became distinguished for his able and effective speeches. In 1788 he was elected member for the royal borough of Windsor and was admitted to the confidence of King George III. In 1792 he strenuously supported Mr. Wilberforce in his efforts to put down the slave trade and made many eloquent speeches thereon.

In 1793 he was appointed a Commissioner for the affairs of India; this gave him the opportunity of mastering the main questions in dispute concerning India, for with unwearying diligence he always made a thorough study of the papers and despatches which came to the Court of Directors. During the years of the French Revolution Lord Mornington spoke often for the Government in favour of the war with France. "The effusion of blood at Paris," he says, "has been such, that not less than a thousand executions have taken place there within the course of six months. . . . I cannot forbear to remark that during the whole period when all the power and authority of government in France were exercised by that humane and



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benevolent Prince whose innocent blood was shed on the scaffold, not one instance is to be found of an execution for a State crime!"

From a speech of Sheridan we get a description of Lord Mornington's manner as a speaker. "I remember to have seen the noble Lord with the same sonorous voice, the same placid countenance, leaning gracefully upon the table," and Lord Mountmorres sneeringly compared his attitudes with those of Garrick. In 1794 he married Mdlle. Hyacinthe Gabrielle Roland, a young lady both beautiful and clever, and, until Lord Mornington was appointed to India, the marriage was a happy one. In October 1794 Lord Mornington was raised to the dignity of a Peer of Great Britain and appointed Governor-General of India.

At the Cape he had the good fortune to meet Lord Macartney, late Governor of Madras, and other officials, from whom he obtained much useful information. His younger brother, Arthur, had been in India with his regiment a year and three months before Lord Mornington arrived, and could also have given him some account of the state of affairs.

In April 1798 the new Governor-General landed at Madras, his younger brother, Henry, being Confidential Secretary. On the very day after his arrival he opened communications with the wily Nabob of the Carnatic and presented a letter from the King. He writes: "My fixed rule was, during my stay at Madras, to treat the Nabob with the respect due to his rank, with the kindness due to the ancient friendship between his family and the Company, and with the delicacy demanded by his dependent position. At the same time I avoided all familiarity with him, and I animadverted very fully upon the defects of his administration."

On May 17, 1798, he reached Fort William and got his first glimpse of Calcutta, but found that there was a grave



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danger of the French joining with Tippoo Sultaun and making war on the English settlements. There had always been fear on this score. Horace Walpole had said in 1785, "The present view of the French is to divest us of India."

Tippoo Saib, Sultaun of Mysore, was the son of Hyder Ali Khan, who had fought so stoutly against the British during the wars between the French and English in the Carnatic, or south-east province of India. Hyder had risen from a private soldier in the army of the Rajah of Mysore to command that army. Tippoo, his eldest son, was educated in such learning as the Muhammadan teachers could supply; but his talent was for war, and at nineteen he was leading a corps of cavalry.

In 1770 the Marathas invaded Mysore and Hyder Ali applied to the English for help against them; this help was refused, and such was Hyder's rage and resentment that he made terms with the French at Pondicherry and swept down upon the Carnatic in overwhelming force. The English were panic-stricken and deserted their villas outside Madras. Colonel Baillie with 400 Europeans and 2,000 Sepoys made a gallant resistance, and repulsed no less than thirteen charges of the Mysore cavalry, hoping that Sir Hector Monro would come to his assistance. Sir Hector heard the boom of the guns and unfortunately marched in the opposite direction, and thus got his men safe behind the gates of Madras.

Colonel Baillie with 200 officers and men alone survived that day, and would have been massacred by Tippoo, had not the French officers intervened. Sir Eyre Coote was sent down from Calcutta by Warren Hastings and changed the fortunes of the war, gaining a great victory near Porto Novo, on the sea-coast. But Hyder also had his victories and refused the peace which was offered him. Meanwhile Colonel Baillie and his companions were being cruelly tortured in the dungeon of Seringapatam, and many of



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them died in their fetters. Tippoo defeated Colonel Braithwaite in the Tanjore country, and again the French officers saved the English prisoners from massacre. In 1782 Hyder Ali died in his eighty-second year. Then the Bombay Government sent a strong force and captured many forts and cities, but the English were quarrelling together about the treasure captured at Bednor, when Tippoo arrived with 50,000 troops and annihilated the British force under General Mathews. This unfortunate commander was marched in heavy irons to the dungeons of Mysore. The havildar who had charge of him told his prisoner that he must take his choice, either starve or eat the poisoned food which he brought. For several days Mathews tried to hold out and starve, but at length, maddened by the sight of the food he craved for so much, he ate and soon afterwards was a corpse. Many other officers also were poisoned and some went mad in prison. When things were going badly for the British, news came in 1783 that there was peace between France and Great Britain, and so the most formidable war we had fought in India was ended by a peace.

Tippoo was a great enthusiast for conversion to his own creed. Besides a forcible conversion of his prisoners, he carried away for conversion 70,000 native Christians from Malabar, and made 100,000 Hindus into beef-eating Mussulmans. War with Tippoo followed when he invaded the dominions of our ally, and the Marquess Cornwallis came and besieged Seringapatam, but just before the storming party started for the breach, Tippoo gave in and accepted conditions; he was to cede half his dominions to the British, the Nizam and the Marathas, to pay the expenses of the war, deliver up all prisoners and surrender his two sons as hostages.

But again he sent an ambassador to the French while pretending to be very friendly with the English. So Lord



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Mornington, who had recently arrived in India, sent a letter to General Harris, saying it was his intention to assemble an army upon the coast of Coromandel to fight Tippoo. This letter caused much alarm in Madras, for they were quite unprepared for war, had little money and remembered only too well their late reverses. But the authorities at Madras had not yet learnt how resolute was the spirit of the new Governor-General; they were to learn that Lord Mornington spared no pains to enlighten himself before coming to a decision, but when that decision was made nothing could move him.

On the last day of the year 1798 he landed at Madras, where the son of the great Lord Clive was Governor. There was no jealousy possible, as Wellesley with great delicacy requested Lord Clive to conduct all the details of government as if the Governor-General were not present.

In the first place Lord Mornington contrived that the Ñizam's French force should be disbanded and a British force received in its place. The execution of this without shedding a drop of blood produced a powerful sensation throughout India, and struck dismay into the hearts of the disaffected. But Tippoo Sultaun went on dissembling his hate for the British. This prince had now been reigning forty-six years; he was neither so robust nor so tall as his father, Hyder Ali, and had a short neck, small hands and feet, large and full eyes and dark complexion. He spoke in a loud, rasping voice, was an excellent horseman, was very vain and arrogant, and could not read the characters of his servants; he worked hard at his duties, tried many reforms but carried out few. His great idea was to carry on a holy war for the faith. He was a brave soldier, but neglected his cavalry, and so failed as a general. After much delay Lord Mornington received a letter in 1799 from Tippoo, saying he was about to proceed on a hunting expedition; in reality he fell upon the Bombay army



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under General Stuart, and nearly succeeded in annihilating them; but he fell back upon Seringapatam. Thence he made an onset upon the Madras army under General Harris at Malavelly, in which battle the future Duke of Wellington fought for the first time in India.

On April 30 the breaching-battery opened against the walls of Seringapatam. On May 2 a great magazine of rockets blew up in the town with a fearful explosion, spreading death and dismay amongst the natives. When Tippoo witnessed the advance of the British army across the river he said to his officers, "We have arrived at the last stage; what is your determination?" "To die along with you," was their one reply.

General Baird was chosen to lead the storming party. This gallant officer had been a captive within these walls for four years, and the prospect of avenging his wrongs and those of his countrymen may well have fired him to dare and do all that man can. Silent stood the men in the trenches as the expected hour drew near. Precisely at one o'clock Baird drew his sword, stepped out of the trenches and ascended the parapet in full view of both armies.

In less than seven minutes, after crossing the rocky bed of the river and pressing on through fire and smoke and repulsing with heavy slaughter Tippoo's chosen guards, the British colours were planted on the summit of the breach. They had chosen the time when Asiatics generally take their midday rest. Tippoo was at dinner under a covered shed when the alarm of the assault was brought him. He washed his hands, seized his arms and mounted his horse; then took part in the defence and fired with his own hand, checking for a time the advance of the left column. But two wounds brought him down, and his servants laid him in his palanquin: however, as the heaps of slain blocked his way, Tippoo sprang out and proceeded on foot, when he met some British soldiers; one of these,



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ignorant of his person, but attracted by his jewels, tried to pull off his sword-belt. Tippoo, disdaining to proclaim his rank, cut at the soldier with his sabre and wounded him in the knee, then the soldier shot Tippoo Sultaun through the head and he fell a corpse.

When the city was taken, General Baird interviewed the sons and sought for the body of Tippoo; it was growing dark when he was brought to the gateway and told that his enemy had fallen near the gate. A great heap of bodies had to be removed and examined, one by one; at last Tippoo's body was found and recognized, the eyes still open, the body still warm, but stripped of every ornament. Colonel Arthur Wellesley, who commanded the reserve, came up just then and had it carried to the mausoleum where Hyder Ali lay, where the funeral was honoured alike by Muhammadan rites and the military honours of Europe. A terrible thunderstorm burst over the island of Seringapatam immediately after the funeral, to the terror of the superstitious.

Thus, with the fall of Tippoo, perished the hopes of those who aimed at making the French power paramount in Hindustan. Four hundred and fifty-one brass guns, and 478 iron guns were found in the arsenal; 287 were mounted on the works. Stores, ammunition and treasure were captured in great quantities. It was discovered that all the British prisoners had been secretly murdered. By this war a kingdom yielding an annual revenue of more than a million sterling was transferred to the East India Company and their allies. Lord Mornington was created Marquess Wellesley. Colonel Wellesley was appointed to the command of the fortress, and later was invested with the civil government of Mysore, upon which General Baird, feeling that he had been passed over, exclaimed, "Before the sweat was dry on my brow, I was superseded by an inferior officer!" And many people at home blamed



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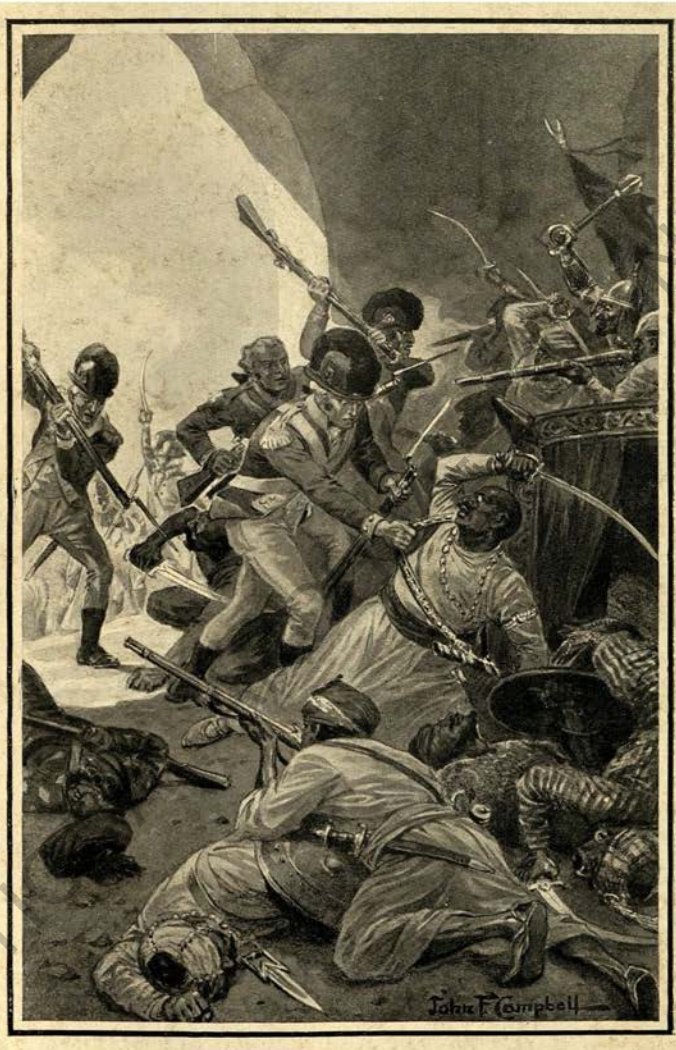


THE DEATH OF TIPPOO SAHIB

When Seringapatam was assaulted, Tippoo took an active part in the defence until two wounds compelled him to retire. On his way he encountered some English soldiers, one of whom seized his jewelled sword-belt. Tippoo endeavoured to defend himself and wounded the soldier, but was at once shot dead.

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Lord Wellesley for favouring his brother. But in the Governor-General's despatches, he writes, " A more judicious operation, conducted with more heroic gallantry and spirit, never was achieved. . . . I am anxious to see the gallant leader of the assailants of Tippoo Sultaun's capital rewarded in a manner suitable to his exertions and their beneficial effect. . . . I should also hope that his extraordinary merits on May 4 would induce his Majesty to consider him a proper object for the Order of the Bath."

And to his brother Arthur Lord Wellesley writes :— " Great jealousy will arise among the officers in consequence of my employing you, but I employ you because I rely on your good sense, discretion, activity and spirit, and I cannot find all those qualities united in any other officer in India who could take such a command."

Lord Wellesley, finding that the wife of the Hindu Sovereign of Mysore was still alive, and that the representative of the royal line was a boy five years old, resolved to invest the child with the Rajahship, reserving to England the Court of Malabar, and the right to keep a small army in Mysore.

The state-sword of Tippoo was presented to General Baird in the name of the Army. It was proposed by the Chairman of the East India Company to grant Lord Wellesley £100,000 out of the spoils of Seringapatam ; this he declined, and then the Court voted him an annuity of £5,000 for twenty years.

The Governor-General lost no time in sending Dr. Buchanan through Mysore to report on the crops, breeds of cattle and condition of the inhabitants ; he was anxious to learn if the soil was fitted for the cultivation of the cotton plant. We pay the United States of America many millions yearly for cotton and we have not yet realized the value of Lord Wellesley's foresight and advice, given more than a hundred years ago.



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It is curious to observe that the Governor-General was already in favour of free trade, and was somewhat in hot water with the Court of Directors in consequence. In his letter announcing the fall of Seringapatam he had suggested an expedition from India for the purpose of attacking Buonaparte in Egypt by way of the Red Sea. For two years Wellesley waited for orders and had troops ready. But as he was often as much as seven months without news from Europe, he did not like to move without sanction of His Majesty's Ministers. In 1800 Sir Ralph Abercrombie led a British expedition to Egypt; it was to join this force that General Baird was sent by Wellesley to march from the shores of the Red Sea across the Syrian desert. A powerful French force occupied Egypt from which Napoleon had said "the thunderbolt should issue which should overwhelm the British Empire."

England and France were preparing to contend for the Empire of the East in this, the cradle of ancient civilization. The battle of Alexandria shook to its base the fabric of French power in Egypt, and the news of the approach of Baird with his dusky battalions induced the French commander at Cairo, with 13,000 men, to propose a capitulation.

General Baird had, under great difficulties, accomplished his hot march across the desert from Cossier to Thebes with great skill. On August 27 the Indian Army reached the shores of the Mediterranean Sea. Then Menou also capitulated, and Egypt was delivered from the yoke of France. So the Governor-General of India had the satisfaction of hearing of the triumphant success of operations which he had been the first to recommend to the English Government, and in the execution of which he had so energetically co-operated. But Lord Wellesley did not escape censure at home, any more than Clive or Warren Hastings, for some part of his policy.



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It was in regard to his management of the kingdom of Oudh, a large province on the north-west frontier of India, that charges were presented to Parliament, accusing the Governor-General of high crimes and misdemeanours in his conduct towards the Nabob Vizier of Oudh.

The condition of Oudh had been for some time a source of anxiety to Wellesley, for the Oudh army was nothing more than a dangerous band of robbers, a terror both to the Vizier and his subjects.

Vizier Ali had been deposed by Sir John Shore and was living at Benares, but as it was thought imprudent to allow him to remain so near his former dominions, he was directed to remove to Calcutta. This the ex-Vizier strongly resented, and paid a visit to Mr. Cherry, the British Resident, to whom he complained bitterly of the order for his removal. Cherry gently requested Ali to moderate his language, when the furious prince aimed a blow with his scimitar at the British Resident. Ali's attendants at once unsheathed their swords and killed Mr. Cherry as he was trying to escape through a window. Two English gentlemen who were in the room were also put to death, and then the assassins hurried to the houses of other English inhabitants in order to massacre as many as possible.

However, one English gentleman took his stand on a narrow staircase, held them at bay with his sword and prevented their efforts to pass him, so that time was given for the arrival of a party of horse. The ex-Vizier and his little band managed, however, to escape and took refuge in Oudh, where they were soon joined by a large force. When the Nabob Vizier was called upon to join the British force and march against the ex-Vizier, he replied that he dare not trust his troops. Fortunately General Sir James Craig crushed the outbreak and seized Ali, who was sent to prison at Fort William. Then Lord Mornington proposed to the Nabob that he should reorganize his own



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mutinous troops and also receive into Oudh a larger permanent British force.

The Nabob assented, changed his mind, tried by evasion and subterfuge to frustrate the Governor-General's scheme. Then Wellesley sent him one of his polished but severe despatches, ending thus: "I entreat your Excellency not to delay for a moment the reform of your military establishment and the provision of funds for the regular monthly payment of all the Company's troops in Oudh. The least omission or procrastination in either of these important points must lead to the most serious mischief."

Lord Wellesley directed his brother, the Hon. Henry Wellesley, to proceed to Lucknow and conduct the negotiations with the Vizier, demanding that a cession of territory should be made to the Company to balance the increased subsidiary force of British troops.

A treaty was drawn up and ratified, and then Lord Mornington resolved to visit Lucknow in person. He went on board a yacht and sailed up the river from Fort William, being saluted by the troops at various stations. When he reached Benares, he received the news of the surrender of Alexandria to the British army. A royal salute was fired and the troops paraded and fired three volleys. On February 3 he was met by the Nabob Vizier and a large train of attendants six miles from Lucknow, and every attention was paid him by large receptions, dinners, fireworks, etc.

The Nabob Vizier had seen his master and recognized his own weakness: the journey had been quite successful and all had been arranged and settled. A dispatch soon came from the Court of Directors approving of the treaty with the Nabob of Oudh, but peremptorily ordering that Mr. H. Wellesley should be removed forthwith. For they were jealous of their privileges and thought that Wellesley



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was usurping their rights in appointing his brother to Oudh.

Lord Wellesley was naturally hurt by their want of generosity, and Henry Wellesley soon after resigned his post of Lieutenant-Governor of Oudh. Then speeches were made in Parliament violently denouncing the Governor-General and his brother, and making out the Nabob Vizier to have been an innocent victim of British fraud and oppression. As he was not supported by the Directors, he tendered his resignation in 1805, and returned to England early in the following year. Charges were then formulated against him in the House of Commons, but no division was taken until 1808, when the House passed a vote of thanks to Lord Wellesley for his general conduct in the performance of his arduous duties in India.

In 1807 he went as Ambassador-Extraordinary to Seville and in 1809 he became Foreign Secretary in Spencer Perceval's Ministry. After Perceval's death he was asked by the Prince Regent to form a new Cabinet, but found himself unable to do so.

Besides his political measures there were many social reforms begun by Lord Wellesley. It had been the custom of the natives to sacrifice their firstborn children at many holy places on the Ganges, and even adults were thrown in to be eaten by sharks: this by an order he declared to be murder and punishable by death. He also directed an investigation to be made into the custom of wives burning themselves on the death of their husbands. It was found that the number of women who thus sacrificed themselves in 1803 within thirty miles of Calcutta was 275; one of the widows was a girl of eleven. In Orissa it was the custom, when the wife of a man of rank was burned, that all his concubines must burn with her. If they refused, they were pushed by bamboos into the flames. The term "Suttee" by which that practice



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was known means a good and chaste wife. When the husband dies the wife breaks a small branch from the mango tree and sits down by the body. The village barber paints the sides of her feet red; then she bathes and puts on new clothes. The drum begins to beat in a certain way and the whole village comes together. The son, or head-man of the village, provides the articles necessary. A hole is dug in the ground, round which stakes are driven into the earth, and green stakes laid across form a kind of bed in which are thrown dry faggots, hemp, clarified butter and oil. The widow gives away all her ornaments to her friends, ties red cotton on both wrists, puts new combs in her hair, and some parched rice and cowries into her bosom. Prayers are repeated, and accompanied by a Brahman the widow walks seven times round the pyre, strewing rice and sprinkling water over the bystanders; this they believe will prevent diseases and expiate sins. The Brahmans then present her with a lighted torch, which she carries with her as she steps upon the pile. Her husband's body, wrapped in rich clothing, is laid across her knees. She herself lights the dry grass, and as the tongue of flame rises into the clear, blue sky a shout of exultation rends the air; tom-toms sound, the folk clap their hands, the brave, patient widow utters no groan nor sigh. "If I die not with him, the souls of seven husbands will condemn me!" she cries. It was calculated that from the year 1756 to 1829 no less than 70,000 widows had been burnt alive in British India. The honour of totally suppressing "Suttee" must be given to Lord William Bentinck in 1829.

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## CHAPTER VII

# SIR ARTHUR WELLESLEY, THE HERO OF ASSAYE

SIR ARTHUR WELLESLEY, who was known so well as the Duke of Wellington, was born at Dangan Castle, Meath, in 1769, the birth year of Napoleon. Arthur was the brother of the Marquess Wellesley, being the fourth son of the second Baron Mornington.

Arthur's mother was left with nine children and not much to keep them on: but they were clever and good-looking and made their way in the world. Arthur seems to have incurred his mother's dislike and was sent away early to school. The Countess used to speak of him as the dunce of the family: he was not bright and talkative, but rather silent and thoughtful, taking in notes for future use. After being a short time in a private school in Chelsea, and subsequently a pupil in the house of the Vicar of St. Nicholas, Brighton, he was entered for Eton. But there he made no mark, for he was not, like his eldest brother, fond of classical studies and writing verses in many languages. Arthur's talent lay rather in arithmetic, which at that time was a study held in some contempt at Eton College. So his mother said in fine scorn, "Poor Arthur! he is only fitted to be food for powder, and nothing more."

The boy was packed off to learn soldiering in France and entered the Military College of Angers. He completed his course without attracting notice, except that he was very fond of his white terrier: and in 1787 at the age of seven-



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teen became an ensign in the 41st regiment of foot. He changed twice from infantry to cavalry and won rapid promotion, for many times at mess he could explain things which were puzzling his seniors; his curiosity was great, and he tried to understand every new invention. He himself said in after life that his special talent was the power of rapid and correct calculation, and he would have made a good financier.

He was fond of pleasure in his youth, and spent money freely when at the age of twenty-one; he became a member of the Irish House of Commons and was aide-de-camp to the Lord Lieutenant. It is said that on two occasions he was relieved from debt by two Dublin tradesmen, yet in after life he asserted that he had never been in debt, so the story is probably false.

"Debt," he said, "makes a slave of a man. I have often known what it was to be in want of money, but I never got into debt."

He is said to have spoken rarely in the House, to have had a ruddy complexion and an awkward address. He had not the grace of his brother.

He fell in love with Lady Catherine Packenham, third daughter of the Earl of Longford, a lovely girl who returned his love. But as both had slender means the Earl refused his consent. Captain Wellesley resolved to wait for better times and went with his regiment, the 33rd, to the Continent.

They were sent by sea to Antwerp to reinforce the Duke of York who with his allies was retiring before the French. This was Arthur Wellesley's first experience of war, and he won great credit by deploying his regiment and checking the enemy's advance at a critical moment. This movement was the result of the young Colonel's great attention and observation: he saw what was happening, and did what was required to remedy a mishap.



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General Dundas noticed his conduct and placed him soon after at the head of a brigade to cover the retreat of the army. This he did with conspicuous coolness and courage. Perhaps the numerous mistakes made by his superiors may have been a useful lesson in strategy and tactics.

On his return to Ireland he wrote to Lord Camden to solicit a civil post. "I see the manner in which the military offices are filled," he writes, and probably he thought a civil post would enable him to marry.

But it was not to be, for in October he was ordered to join an expedition against some French settlements in the West Indies. However storms drove the fleet back to Spithead, and that expedition was abandoned.

In April 1796 he was ordered with his regiment to India and landed at Calcutta in February 1797. His letters now became full of sensible observations, and his criticisms of the Indian artillery very valuable. In July he writes, "The natives are much misrepresented. They are the most mischievous, deceitful race of people I have ever read of. . . . It is true that the feats which have been performed by Europeans have made them objects of fear, but wherever the disproportion of numbers is greater than usual, they uniformly destroy them if they can; and in their dealings and conduct among themselves, they are the most atrociously cruel people I ever heard of. . . . There is more perjury in Calcutta alone than there is in all Europe taken together."

Colonel Wellesley stayed two months with Lord Hobart, Governor of Madras, and instead of getting all the fun and enjoyment out of his visit, as most officers would, he went back to Fort William furnished with statistics in regard to the resources and capabilities of defence of Madras which were much valued by his brother, the Governor-General.

It has been said of Lord Mornington that his intelligence was greater, his probity more settled than that of Clive.



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He was more energetic and more determined than Cornwallis; more discreet, more true to his word than Hastings.

Lord Mornington had come to India more than a year after his brother Arthur; he found British India tottering, he left it strong and consolidated. The public service was corrupt, he left it honest; three great powers were contending for the lordship of India on his arrival, when he left the French and the Dutch had retired from the contest. And in achieving all this he leaned much on the good sense and advice of Arthur Wellesley. More especially did the younger brother warn his chief against the power of Tippoo Sultaun. For already Napoleon had sent emissaries to Tippoo to concert measures of attack upon their common foe. A letter from Napoleon at Cairo to the Sultaun states: "I write to inform you that I have arrived on the borders of the Red Sea, at the head of a countless and invincible army, filled with the desire of delivering you from the yoke of England. I am anxious that you should send to Suez or to Cairo an intelligent person in whom you have perfect confidence, that he may communicate with me. May the Almighty augment your power and destroy your enemies!"

This letter proves that Lord Mornington was right in making war on Tippoo: and Sir Thomas Munro wrote to him in June 1798, "So long as the power of Tippoo Sahib exists we shall always be in danger of losing all we possess." Colonel Wellesley at Fort George was helping General Harris to prepare for this war, calculating the number of bullocks that would be necessary for the transport of supplies, and buying them up gradually and economically.

Colonel Wellesley was sent to take temporary command of the British forces, and when General Harris arrived at Headquarters in February 1799, he found an army well organized and disciplined. So well had Colonel Wellesley employed his time.

Yet in spite of forethought and prudence the British



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army was much harassed by a plague which broke out among the bullocks : numbers dropped on the way and died : the army had to halt every second day to repair its transport and the loss in powder, stores and provisions which had to be abandoned was enormous. When the battle came, the exhaustion of the bullocks which were dragging the guns prevented the English from following up the flying Mysoreans.

Arthur Wellesley and Colonel Shaw were ordered to make a night attack on Tippoo's line of defence. Shaw succeeded, Wellesley lost his way in the dark and failed ; his men came under a heavy fire and retired in confusion. Twelve grenadiers of the 33rd fell into the enemy's hands and were carried before Tippoo, who ordered that they should be put to death by driving nails into their skulls. Wellesley himself, with a wounded knee, barely escaped the same fate. Writing to his brother about it, he says, "The night was very dark, the enemy expected us and were strongly posted in an almost impenetrable jungle. . . . I have come to a determination never to suffer an attack to be made by night upon an enemy who is prepared and strongly posted, and whose posts have not been reconnoitred by daylight."

Evidently he is dissatisfied with the want of scouting, and was sent into an unknown country without sufficient preparation.

Wellesley had done wonders in supplying rice and getting money for his General, instead of pocketing it, as was often the custom of officers in those days ; and he had seen his orders and regulations adopted by General Harris with the remark, "I should mention my approbation of all you have done publicly, Wellesley, only I am afraid others would be displeased and jealous." So we find him writing to Lord Mornington, "It is hard that when one's endeavours do succeed they should not receive the approbation



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which it is acknowledged by all they deserve. I was much hurt about it at the time, but I don't care now, and shall certainly continue to do everything to serve General Harris and to support his name and authority."

After the fall of Seringapatam Colonel Wellesley was chosen commandant of the city by General Harris without the knowledge of Lord Mornington. The pillage and confusion were terrible and needed a strong hand to check it.

"I came in to take the command on the 5th and, by the greatest exertions, by hanging, flogging, etc., in the course of that day I restored order among the troops." Next day he wrote, "Plunder is stopped, the fires are all extinguished and the people are returning to their houses fast. I am now employed in burying the dead."

The sons of Tippoo were pensioned and residences were assigned to them at Vellore. Courts of Justice were appointed, crime was put down, forts were razed: he respected the opinions and religious tenets of the natives and won their esteem.

"About six weeks ago," he writes to his brother, "I was sent in here with a garrison, consisting of about half the army and a large staff, and I have not received one shilling more than I did in Fort George: the consequence is that I am ruined."

When he did receive his share of the prize money, some £7,000, he wished to repay Lord Mornington for the money which he had advanced to purchase his lieutenant-colonelcy; this offer his brother refused. We have almost forgotten the old ways of buying army promotion. When war became a science, it was necessary to get the clever men to the top, and so examinations have taken the place of purchase. But examinations do not find out who can control large forces, who can keep cool in danger, who can bear prolonged fatigue, who can win the love of his men. It is after all a very imperfect instrument for discovering military genius.



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## THE HERO OF ASSAYE

Soon there arose a robber leader in Mysore, named Dhoondia, who gave so much trouble that Wellesley had to ask leave to pursue him. As Wellesley was making preparations, a native came to his tent and salaamed.

"Well! what do you want?"

"I am here to show you how to kill your enemy."

"Indeed! I am thinking how best to do that very thing."

"I will stab him with this poniard! he is very sharp: feel him!"

"No, no; English soldiers do not murder like that, go away!"

Dhoondia assumed the title of "King of the World"—he did nothing by halves—and used to escape with such celerity that he eluded three separate columns. Wellesley got his men to march thirty miles a day under a burning sun—a long day's march for India—but still Dhoondia fled before him. They came to a river too deep to ford: "Who can swim?" shouted Wellesley; he saw that the enemy had left their guns on the further side.

"Half a dozen of you swim across and seize that country boat: get a gun aboard." It was a long swim, for the stream ran fast and took them down: but at last they brought the boat over; it just took one gun, so one by one the guns were taken over to Wellesley; these he presented to the Maratha corps which accompanied him. Still he pressed on after Dhoondia: it was like a race, and on September 10 the British came up with the brigands. It was a cavalry fight: both sides rode exhausted horses: Wellesley in a single line charged upon the promiscuous crowd and broke them; among the dead they found the body of Dhoondia, which the soldiers dragged in triumph into camp upon a gun-carriage. His young son was discovered in a baggage-waggon, and Wellesley took charge of him and had him educated at his own expense.

The pertinacity of this long ride after the brigands through



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jungle and wood and over burning sands and slippery rocks added much to Wellesley's reputation.

Meanwhile the Marathas were causing anxiety: this brave and turbulent nation had, early in the eighteenth century, seized upon a large portion of the Mogul empire: but later generations had weakened and the great state was breaking up into smaller principalities, which counted themselves independent of the Peishwa of Poonah.

The Rajahs of Berar, Holkar and Scindia were the strongest chiefs: they were each jealous of the other, and in 1802 Holkar marched on Poonah and defeated Scindia and the Peishwa, who sought protection from the Company. The Peishwa was taken in an English ship to Bombay for security, where he concluded the treaty of Bassein, which stipulated that the Peishwa should admit into his territories an English army of 6,000 men and pledge himself never to make war, except with the consent of the English. There was a French General, Perron, who had 30,000 infantry and 8,000 cavalry and 290 pieces of cannon: he was in the service of Scindia and held a vast extent of territory: his well-disciplined army made the Marathas a very difficult people to subjugate.

Wellesley in 1803 had been raised to the rank of Major-General and now was instructed to re-establish the authority of the Peishwa at Poonah. He at once began to prepare for his expedition, choosing a season when the rivers were in flood, because the Indians could not cross large bodies of water as easily as English troops. There were taken many other apparently trivial precautions which his great talent of observation and attention suggested to him.

In March Wellesley proceeded with 10,617 men 200 leagues through the Maratha districts without opposition. On April 15 he fell in with the army of the Nizam and joined forces. Three days after he learnt that Amrat Rao intended to burn Poonah on retiring from it. Upon this



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Arthur Wellesley took 400 cavalry and galloped by night across a difficult country, doing sixty miles in thirty hours, and arrived like a meteor shot from the sky, under the walls of Poonah. The inhabitants, who had been grieving over the imminent destruction of their city, hailed him rapturously as their saviour and deliverer.

Wellesley took possession of the city in the name of the Peishwa. But that Prince, indolent and false, did not trouble himself to supply the troops with any provisions, though they were 1,100 miles away from their depôts. "There is abundance in the country, but it is all hid away, and in spite of the prices which we offer, we can get nothing but what we carry with us."

When Scindia was requested to abandon a menacing position which he had taken up, he insolently replied that he should not withdraw until the English army had returned to Seringapatam, Madras and Bombay.

Wellesley wrote: "I have offered you peace on conditions just and honourable. You have chosen war, and you shall undergo all its calamities."

Lord Mornington had given his brother ample powers to treat or fight: Lord Lake was in command of 20,000 men in Oudh, with orders to attack Perron and seize Delhi and Agra; Wellesley was to attack Scindia.

Perron, after long conferences, signed a special convention with Lake and sailed for France with an enormous fortune. The remains of the French army were soon defeated and Delhi, the ancient capital of Hindustan, fell into the power of the Company.

Whilst Lake was winning the battle of Laswari with his cavalry only, Wellesley was capturing cities in the west. A letter written by a Maratha chief says, "The English are a strange people, and their General an extraordinary man; they arrived here in the morning, examined the walls, carried them, have killed all the garrison of the place, and



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are now gone back to breakfast. Who can resist such men as these ? "

On September 21 Wellesley found himself unexpectedly only six miles from the enemy. " Only an affair of cavalry ! " he muttered, and gave orders for the baggage to be placed in a position of security. Then he moved briskly to the attack, but scarcely had he deployed his troops than he discovered that he had the whole Maratha army before him.

Wellesley had 8,000 men, of whom 1,500 only were Europeans, while the enemy had nearly 50,000 men drawn up in a strong position near Assaye. His men and cattle were tired, but if he did not give battle he might be attacked and lose all his baggage. He made a rapid survey of the position, found a ford across the river which was undefended and ordered the advance. His troops came on in good order, as if at a review : their coolness and self-possession seemed to astonish and confound the Marathas.

But Wellesley's weak artillery was soon silenced by the enemy's 128 guns, and had to take its place in the rear of the column ; meanwhile the infantry dashed forward with the bayonet and forced back the Maratha infantry, while their gunners ran away and left their guns. But some took shelter under their guns, or pretended to be dead, and when our Sepoys passed them they sprang up and fired their pieces. For a time the battle fluctuated : here one side was winning, and there the other : many who had fled soon rallied and returned to the battlefield. Wellesley led a desperate charge upon these, had his horse killed under him by a cannon shot, mounted another and swept the opposing force away. Most of the action took place in a triangle formed by the ravines and was only a mile wide, and Scindia's cavalry had no room to move. Colonel Maxwell was killed while pursuing the fleeing infantry. The battle began soon after three o'clock and was over at six. The wounded



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covered the whole face of the country, and more than a hundred guns were captured. The artillerists were nearly all cut to pieces beside their guns: our cavalry could not follow far, as the horses were worn out. The English loss was 44 officers and 365 men killed: 126 officers and 1,541 men wounded. The battle was really won by the bayonet. "Never," says Southey, "was a battle gained against such enormous odds. The enemy had ten times as many combatants in the field as the English: his troops, disciplined and commanded by European officers, were twice as numerous as those of the British army: his artillery, served with the greatest coolness, proved so superior that at the first discharge it silenced the whole of Wellesley's pieces." The General himself said, "This battle of Assaye was the most obstinate that I have ever seen, and which, I believe, has ever been fought in India. The enemy's cannonade was frightful." "The resistance of the Marathas," says a French author, "was heroic; their gunners died beside their guns, and whole corps of infantry suffered themselves to be cut to pieces at the post which had been assigned them, without withdrawing one step."

On November 6 Scindia proposed a suspension of arms, which Lord Mornington approved of: but with his usual treachery he shortly afterwards joined the Rajah's army, and Wellesley had to follow hard to save his convoys. Then he came up with the enemy at Argaum when they were getting ready to encamp. It was late and very hot, but he resolved to attack. But when his Sepoys got within range of the guns they remembered the havoc at Assaye, turned and fled. "Luckily I happened to be at no great distance from them," wrote Wellesley, "and I was able to rally them . . . if I had not been there I am convinced we should have lost the day." Not twenty minutes' sun remained when Wellesley led on the British cavalry to the charge, but there was bright moonlight, and much loss was inflicted. The troops were



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under arms and the General on horseback from six in the morning until twelve at night.

The result of these two battles was that a treaty of peace was signed by Scindia: the Governor-General wrote, "I am extremely proud of your treaty and am convinced that it will form a brilliant era in the history of this country and a noble termination to your military career."

It was in part because they saw in Wellesley a frank truth-speaking foe that the Maratha chiefs came to him to offer peace.

Wellesley was in favour of treating Scindia generously and restoring Gwalior to him: "The Governor-General may write what he pleases at Calcutta; we must conciliate the natives, or we shall not be able to do his business, and all his treaties, without conciliation and an endeavour to convince the native powers that we have views besides our own interests, are so much waste paper."

In January 1804 Wellesley rode out to surprise a body of brigands which had assembled on the frontier of the Deccan. It was his last service in India, and, as he declared, "the most harassing service in which he had ever been engaged." He had to ride sixty miles in thirty hours when he was not feeling well, and then the brigands mounted and rode away before he reached them. More galloping, more fatigue! but at last he overtook them, mastered them and seized their cannon and baggage. It was necessary to break up these bands before they grew into large armies and, as before, became conquerors and a mighty nation. After this Wellesley went to Poonah and thence to Seringapatam. Here he wrote to Lord Lake, asking for leave to return to England on the score of ill-health. But in reality he was vexed by the conduct of the Indian princes who had signed the treaties: he was also hurt by the neglect of the Court of Directors: "I have served the Company in important



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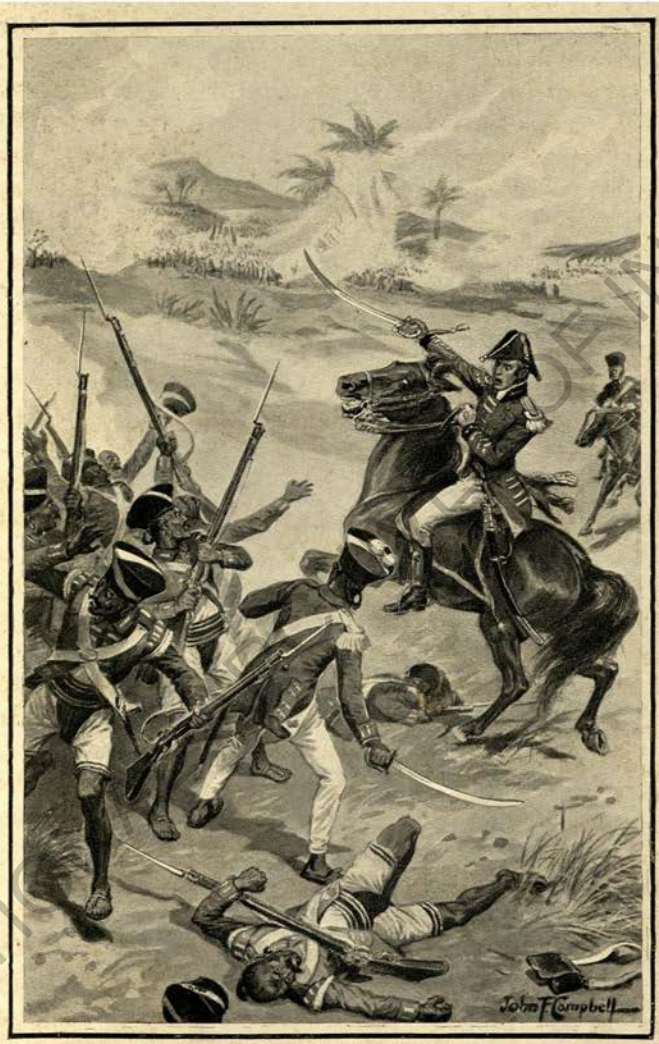


SIR ARTHUR WELLESLEY RALLIES THE SEPOYS AT ARGAUM

Sir Arthur with his force overtook the enemy at Argaum as they were preparing to encamp. Although it was late and very hot he resolved to attack, but as soon as his Sepoys got within range of the guns they remembered the havoc at Assaye, and turned to fly. Fortunately Sir Arthur was at hand and was able to rally them, otherwise the day must have been lost.

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situations for many years and have never received anything but injury from the Court of Directors."

He might well feel aggrieved, for since Robert Clive no English general had done so much for the glory and prosperity of India; he had never lost a single convoy, or any portion of the Company's property. He wrote out and sent to various officers his ideas of the best way of dealing with, or fighting with the Marathas, and of feeding the troops.

Burke had said in the House of Commons, "If the English were driven from India, they would leave no better traces of their supremacy than the hyaena and the tiger"; and Count de Warren wrote, "So far as their material comforts are concerned, the condition of the natives has degenerated from year to year: and as to their moral state, it has made no progress since the days of Alexander."

It certainly was a strange thing that a trading company, concerned chiefly for its own dividends, should have risen to the status of an empire, and in its early struggles for existence there was little leisure or power left to cultivate the virtues of the native population.

Arthur Wellesley, the slow thinker and observer, who said of himself "that he had passed his life in trying to find out what was on the other side of a hill," gave it as his opinion that a policy which is unjust cannot be wise. He believed that the best way of securing the fidelity of the natives was to attach them by acts of kindness to their rulers.

On his departure the English in Calcutta presented General Wellesley with a valuable sword, and voted a monument in memory of the battle of Assaye. But what pleased him most was a tribute from the natives of Seringapatam. "You have a right to our gratitude for the tranquillity, security and prosperity which we have enjoyed under your beneficent administration."

Before he sailed Lord Mornington was able to inform his brother that he was now Sir Arthur Wellesley, as His Majesty



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had nominated him an extra Knight of the Order of the Bath.

Other generals had gone home with heavy bags of rupees; Sir Arthur had not availed himself of the bribes which were so usual. Once in 1803, the envoy of the Nizam offered £70,000 for some information as to the districts to be assigned to his master. General Wellesley listened to the proposal with great gravity, and when the Indian had ceased to speak, said to him, "Can you keep a secret?" The envoy, hoping he had succeeded, replied eagerly, "Certainly, sahib." The General made a low bow to the Minister, saying "And so can I."

One of the great reforms which Wellesley introduced into the army in India was to limit the number of carriages for transport and make use of the native merchants to feed his army. They followed wherever he marched at their own risk, and were well paid for their services. For the custom had been for the English soldiers only to be fed by Government: the Sepoys, or native troops, were paid extra money and had to buy their own food. In consequence every army was followed by a large train of bakers, butchers, goats, oxen, so that General Harris had with him 35,000 fighting men and 120,000 followers. With such a mob it was impossible to make a forced march.

When Sir Arthur was quitting India Napoleon was at Boulogne, preparing for an expedition into England which never came off.

On April 10, 1806, Wellesley married the lady who had been waiting for him, Lady Catherine Packenham. She had offered to release him from his engagement as smallpox had destroyed much of her beauty. But Sir Arthur declined to avail himself of her generosity.

Two sons were born to them, both of whom had attained at the Duke's death, to the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

Thus Sir Arthur passes from the wild warfare in Indian



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jungles to meet the trained generals of France in the Spanish peninsular.

When he died at Walmer Castle, full of honour, Queen Victoria said, " He was the pride and genius of the country."

So the dunce of the family became the valued friend of kings and queens.

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## CHAPTER VIII

# HENRY MARTYN, SCHOLAR AND SAINT

HENRY MARTYN was born at Truro in Cornwall in February 1781, and seems to have inherited, like his brothers, a weak constitution. His father had been a miner, but through industry had taught himself arithmetic and had been admitted as a clerk into a merchant's office at Truro.

Henry was sent to the Grammar School, where he made rapid progress in classics. He was of a lively and cheerful temperament and somewhat idle in his boyhood ; not fond of games and too gentle and meditative to be a good companion. But one of the senior boys made friends with him and often saved him from his tormentors. When he was not yet fifteen he travelled up to Oxford all alone in the coach, to try for a scholarship at Corpus. He did well, but was not elected scholar. After two more years at school he entered St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1797, and so little did he know of mathematics that he tried to learn his Euclid by heart. But when he began to read Newton's *Principia*, a new talent seemed to be born in him and he took delight in mathematical studies. The boy who had helped him at school was also at Cambridge and exercised a good influence over him, bidding him read not for the praise of men, but for the glory of God. He must also have wished to please the father in Cornwall who had saved up so long in order to send him to college.



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Martyn inherited a petulant and irritable temper which sometimes carried him away and filled him with remorse. Once at table he lost his temper with a companion who was chaffing him, and in a moment of anger flung a knife which only just missed his friend's head and stuck quivering into the wall. In the long vacation of 1799, he tells us in his diary, his temper drove him to be harsh to his sisters and father: "Oh, what an example of patience and mildness was he!" But we must be careful to tone down a little of the self-depreciating confessions in his journal; for if we judged him by those expressions, we might esteem him to have been of a gloomy, desponding temperament, whereas those who knew him say he was always cheerful and kindly, fond of playing with children and capable of a hearty laugh.

In the College examination at the end of 1799 he was first of his year and the good news delighted his proud father. But in a month the good old man was in his grave; the thought of his past failings in filial respect much troubled Henry, and in his sorrow he took up the Bible, being exhorted to the step both by his sister at home and his Truro friend K—that is the only name by which he can now be known.

"I began with the Acts," he says, "as being the most amusing." But he was soon immersed in St. Paul's theology, and grew very sad and desponding, feeling a deep sense of his own unworthiness, much to his friend K's disappointment. But as he began to attend Mr. C. Simeon's church in Cambridge he "gradually acquired more knowledge in divine things." He was reading very hard all the time and was ambitious of coming out high. We do not know if he was greatly surprised when in January 1801 he heard his name read out as "Senior Wrangler." In the same list Robert Grant, afterwards Governor of Bombay, was third wrangler.



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"I obtained my highest wishes," he writes, "but was surprised to find that I had grasped a shadow."

It is rare for a man to come out so high who has not been well trained before going up to college; but Martyn was known as "the man who had not lost an hour," so assiduously had his mind been set on his work.

In the summer of 1801 Martyn went up to Cambridge for the vacation, and got to know Charles Simeon intimately. This excellent clergyman delighted in the "wonderful genius" of the young man and persuaded him to become his curate. Martyn was meanwhile taking pupils and reading for his fellowship, which he won in 1802. Soon after this he tried for the Latin Essay, though with little hope as he had hardly touched a classical book since his matriculation. However, he won the prize! It is not so astonishing that a miner's son educated at a country Grammar School should come out first wrangler; but that he should also obtain the Latin essay, competing with the best scholars of his year, when his classics must have been rusty, is very remarkable.

After this he took a walking tour in North Wales through Llangollen and Bethgellert, talking to any one he met and learning to be contented with his lot. On October 23, 1803, he was ordained a Deacon of the Church of England, and began to help Mr. Simeon at Trinity Church, Cambridge. But after reading the life of David Brainerd, the apostle to the North-American Indians, he felt a strong desire to go and do likewise, and offered himself to the Church Missionary Society for Missions to the East.

But early in 1804 Martyn got the news that the slender means which his father had left him and his younger sister had been lost. He could not become a missionary and leave his sister in poverty. He talked the matter over with Mr. Simeon; the latter wrote to his friends in London, William Wilberforce and Charles Grant. Grant was a



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Director of the East India Company, which sent out chaplains to minister to their servants, and he was proud to be able to send so distinguished a man as the Senior Wrangler.

Martyn went up to London and dined with Wilberforce at Clapham, and discussed the matter: but he had to wait for a vacancy, and employed his time in pastoral work at Cambridge. Then he returned to Cornwall to bid adieu to his relations and to one whom he loved better than a sister, Miss Lydia Grenfell, who lived near St. Michael's Mount.

Near Truro he preached to crowded congregations, though some of the richer folk absented themselves purposely; he enjoyed walks with his sister by the winding river. "Below the house," he says, "is an arm of the sea flowing between the hills which are covered with wood. By the side of this water I walk in the evening, out of the reach of all sound but the rippling of the waves and the whistling of the curlew." There he must have pondered on the great sacrifices he was about to make in going to India; for a Senior Wrangler has brilliant prospects before him, if he will accept what is offered. His great sacrifice, however, was his love for a good and beautiful girl.

"July 29 (Sunday), at St. Hilary Church, my thoughts wandered from the service, and I suffered the keenest disappointment. Miss Lydia Grenfell did not come. Yet, in great pain, I blessed God for having kept her away, as she might have been a snare to me." . . . "Called after tea on Miss Lydia and walked with her, conversing on spiritual subjects. All the rest of the evening and night I could not keep her out of my mind. I felt too plainly that I loved her passionately." There is much more to the same purpose, proving the great sacrifice which Martyn was to make. It did not occur to the Senior Wrangler that God, who created the world, meant man and wife to work together and love one another. If she had gone with him to India,



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he might have done better work, and would probably not have died so early. But, as Mrs. Charles Kingsley used to say with dark, flashing, indignant eyes, when she heard of any one who thought to improve on nature, "That man thinks he is wiser than God!"

On the next day he wrote in his journal, "A few faint struggles to forget her and delight in God, but they were ineffectual." He returned to Cambridge and waited for the summons to India month after month; meanwhile he was learning the rudiments of the Hindustani and Bengali languages and taking pupils, as he says, "with some impatience and irritability of manner." In 1805 he went up to London and preached in Mr. Cecil's chapel near Bedford Row. Cecil's criticism of his style of preaching was, "Sir, it is cupola-painting, not miniature, that must be the aim of a man that harangues a multitude."

On June 3 Martyn wrote, "Mr. Cecil said that I should be acting like a madman if I went out unmarried. A wife would supply by her comfort and counsel the entire want of society." However other friends gave opposite advice and reopened the old wound.

Three weeks later he started for Portsmouth; the journey from Cambridge took two days. Mr. Simeon and other friends saw him off. Going to India in those days was not the every-day affair it is now: "My feelings were those of a man who should be suddenly told that every friend he had in the world was dead." The *Union*, in which he sailed, anchored off Falmouth. So he landed, made his way to Marazion and spent some days with his friends and Miss Lydia. "With much confusion I declared my affection for her, with the intention of learning whether, if I ever saw it right in India to be married, she would come out; but she would not declare her sentiments. . . . I am enveloped in gloom."

The *Union* was in company with other transports, and



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Henry Martyn tried to influence the soldiers and sailors on board. They came near a Botany Bay ship, carrying 120 women for transportation. "The captain is, I find, a man of bad character. He has promised, however, to dispense some Testaments among them."

A troopship in those days was a trying ordeal to one who wished to speak about sacred things; sneers, angry looks, cutting remarks came from officers and men, yet Martyn persevered in speaking freely and earnestly to the young cadets, the ship's officers and men as they sat or walked on the deck. As they neared the Cape they learned that the troops would be landed for active service. The Cape was to be wrested from the Dutch; it was January 1806 when they landed. Martyn and many ladies remained on board, hearing the fire of guns and musketry. "The poor ladies were in a dreadful condition; every peal seemed to go through their hearts. I have just been endeavouring to do what I could to keep up their spirits." A few hours later he went on shore and spoke to the wounded. "One of them on being asked where he was struck, opened his shirt and showed a wound in his left breast. The blood which he was spitting showed that he had been shot through the lungs. As I spread my great-coat over him, by the surgeon's desire I spoke of the blessed Gospel and besought him to look to Jesus Christ for salvation." Then he visited some Dutch farmhouses which were being used as hospitals. Once he was mistaken by a Highlander for a Frenchman and was nearly shot. "As I saw that he was rather intoxicated and did not know but that he might actually fire out of mere wantonness, I sprang up towards him and told him that, if he doubted my word, he might take me as a prisoner to the English camp, but that I certainly was an English clergyman. This pacified him, and he behaved with great respect."

When the Dutch capitulated Martyn took lodgings for



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a few weeks in Cape Town, visited the hospitals and preached on Sundays.

In the second week of February he rejoined his ship for India; they sighted Ceylon on April 19, and on the following Sunday Martyn preached his farewell sermon on board. Many of his hearers ridiculed and reviled him. "Some said, 'Martyn as well as the rest can share the plunder of the natives of India; whether it is just or not he does not care.' This brought back the doubts I formerly had about the lawfulness of receiving anything from the Company." A chaplain of the Company at that time received £1,000 a year.

On nearing Calcutta the great heat affected his health and spirits. "Entered the Hoogley; the flat shores on either side were covered with low wood. . . . I thought to have seen whole fleets of ships, vast numbers of natives on the shore and appearances of cultivation, but there was nothing of the sort. Five or six miserable people only were seen cutting down the jungle for firewood. . . . The approach to Calcutta, particularly about Garden Reach, where we lay several hours, is very beautiful. The rich verdure and variety of the trees, and the elegant mansions which they partly hide, conspire to render the same highly agreeable to the eye; but the thought of the diabolical heathenism, amidst these beauties of nature, takes away almost all the pleasure I should otherwise experience."

Diabolical heathenism! That was the old unsympathetic way of regarding a religion that was not your own. St. Paul had a better way when he said, "whom ye worship in your ignorance, him declare I unto you." The heathen at all events had a fear of the unknown God, and in that fear we can now discern the rudiments of a higher form of religion.

Martyn, soon after landing and conversing with a Brahman, writes in a more tolerant spirit, "I see that they



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are a religious people, and my heart almost springs at the thought that the time is ripening for the fulness of the Gentiles to come in." He had very soon cast off the narrow views in which he had been brought up, and recognized "the soul of goodness in things evil." His work was at first to preach every Sunday evening at the Mission Church and every third Sunday at the other. But he was attacked in sermons for his evangelical doctrines, and called the "son of thunder," because he denounced the sins of the age. All the time Martyn was busy learning the native language from his munshi or tutor.

In July 1806 he wrote to Lydia and proposed that she should come to India and be his wife and help him in his work. "You would not be left in solitude if I were to make any distant excursion, because no chaplain is stationed where there is not a large English society. My salary is abundantly sufficient for the support of a married man. . . . I have now long loved you most affectionately, and my attachment is more strong, more pure, more heavenly, because I see in you the image of Jesus Christ."

On March 5, 1807, Miss Grenfell wrote to say that she could not come, as her mother would not give her consent. Her reply reached him on October 24, and made him very sad. He was then at Dinapur, but received a further check by being requested in a letter from some of his congregation to preach to the English in future from a written sermon! It is usually now the written sermon that gives offence! His studies in Sanscrit, Persian and Hindustani still went on, with a view to a translation of the New Testament into Hindustani, which was completed in March 1808. He also was intent on translating into Persian and Arabic.

He was stationed at Banhapur in June 1808, and here he says he was in the midst of infidelity. His sermons were severe and soon emptied his church: "Mr. —— informed me that the reason why no one came to hear me



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was that I preached faith without works, and that little sins are as bad as great ones, and that thus I tempted them to become great sinners."

In 1809 he was at Cawnpore, having arrived in a fainting state through the heat and the long journey. But soon after he arrived he was preaching to 1,000 soldiers, drawn up in a hollow square, when many actually dropped down—the heat was so great. In a letter he describes how his days were spent. "We all live here in bungalows or thatched houses: we usually rise at daybreak and breakfast at six. Then we pray together, after which I translate into Arabic with Sabab, who lives near me. We dine at twelve and sit recruiting ourselves with talking a little about dear friends in England. In the afternoon I translate with Mirza into Hindustani. At sunset we ride or drive and then meet at the church and raise the song of praise."

After a time his health gave way, and signs of lung disease, which had taken so many of his brothers, began to show in him. He got leave from Lord Minto to leave Cawnpore and travel through Arabia. He sailed with Mountstuart Elphinstone as his fellow-passenger and found his society very helpful. On landing at Goa they visited the Portuguese churches, stupendous for their magnificence. "In one of the monasteries we saw the tomb of Francis Xavier, the Apostle of India, most richly ornamented. . . . The friar who showed us the tomb happening to speak of the grace of God in the heart, without which, said he, as he held the sacramental wafer, the body of Christ profits nothing, I began a conversation with him, which however came to nothing."

So St. Francis, who gave up all for the love of God 250 years before, and Henry Martyn were brought together in thought and sympathy. They were both heroes, though Martyn from bodily weakness had not done so



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much as Xavier. In Bombay he met Sir John Malcolm, and gave that merry officer the impression that he was an exceedingly cheerful person; so true is it that mirth begets mirth, and a sunny nature spreads cheerfulness around. In a letter of introduction Malcolm wrote, "Martyn will give you Grace before and after dinner, and admonish such of your party as take the Lord's name in vain: but his good sense and great learning will delight you, whilst his constant cheerfulness will add to the hilarity of your party."

This is a valuable antidote to Martyn's own diary, which represents him too much as a miserable sinner bemoaning his own shortcomings. But his melancholy was more of the liver than of the heart and head, and was transient.

So from India he sailed on to the Persian Gulf, and writes from Muscat, "April 23, 1811: I left India on Lady Day; looked at Persia on Easter Sunday, and seven days after found myself in Arabia Felix. In a small cove surrounded by bare rocks, heated through, out of the reach of air as well as wind, lies the good ship *Benares*, in the great cabin of which, stretched on a couch, lie I. But though weak, I am well relaxed, but not disordered. Praise to His grace, who fulfils to me a promise, which I have scarcely a right to claim—'I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest.'"

On May 30, attired in full Persian costume, he started for Shiraz. "The Persian dress consists of, first, stockings and shoes in one; next, a pair of large blue trousers, shirt, tunic, coat—both of chintz—on the head an enormous cone, made of the skin of the black Tartar sheep, with the wool on."

They started in the cool of the night, but as the sun rose and the thermometer went up to 126 degrees, he began to lose his strength. "I wrapped myself up in a blanket to defend myself from the external air, by which means



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the moisture was kept a little longer upon the body and not so speedily evaporated." The cool air of the night restored him, and next day after his long ride on horseback Martyn wrapped round his head a large wet towel and fed himself on curds and milk from the next village.

The very first city he came to he was in the midst of theological discussions with learned mullahs, being in good health and spirits. He writes to his dearest Lydia: "I am in Persia, intrenched in one of its valleys, separated from Indian friends by chains of mountains and a roaring sea, among a people depraved beyond all belief, in the power of a tyrant guilty of every species of atrocity. Imagine a pale person seated on a Persian carpet in a room without a table or chair, with a pair of formidable moustaches and habited as a Persian—and you see me!" Here he expected to remain six months, as he found that the Persian translation of the New Testament, which he had made in India, was incorrect, and the Persian spoken at Shiraz was very pure: thus he was able to improve his work. But in attempting to preach he excited so much Muhammadan indignation that they threw stones at him in the street and hurt him in the back. His host then wrote to the Governor, who sent an order to all the gates, that if any one insulted the Englishman he should be bastinadoed. This order produced a good effect, and they now bowed to him and called him "Feringhee Nabob."

"This is my birthday on which I complete my thirty-first year. The Persian New Testament has been begun and I may say finished in this year 1811. Such a painful year I never passed, owing to the privations I have been called to suffer, and the spectacle before me of human depravity. But I hope I have not come to this seat of Satan in vain. The Word of God has found its way into Persia, and it is not in Satan's power to oppose its progress, if the Lord hath sent it."



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In May 1812 he started in company with a caravan, hoping to present his Persian Testament to the King of Persia, but he had to content himself with presenting it to the Ambassador. On his way fever and delirium seized him and he was some weeks in bed and very ill and weak.

Then he tried to journey on, crossed the Turkish frontier, entered Kars and Erzeroum : his guide had little compassion for his weakness and galloped over rough roads, often in soaking rain. Thus ague and fever again came on, and Hassan his guide, stormed at him for causing delay.

" October 5 : the sleep has refreshed me, but I am feeble and shaken, yet the merciless Hassan hurries me off. At night I feel as if in a palsy, my teeth chattering, my whole frame violently shaken." On the next day he wrote : " No horses being to be had, I had an unexpected repose. I sat in the orchard, and thought with sweet comfort and peace of my God, in solitude, my companion, my friend and comforter. Oh ! when shall appear that new heaven and new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness ? There shall in no wise enter in anything that defileth : none of that wickedness which has made men worse than wild beasts, none of those corruptions which add still more to the miseries of mortality, shall be seen or heard of any more."

These were Henry Martyn's last words : he died at Tokat, in Asia Minor, in October, perhaps on the 16th. He had devoted his great talents to his Master's service, and by his translations into Hindustani and Persian made it easier for his successors to spread the good news of Jesus Christ.

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## CHAPTER IX

# SIR JOHN MALCOLM, SOLDIER AND DIPLOMAT

JOHN was the son of a lowland Scots farmer in Dumfriesshire, who cultivated a small estate known as Burnfoot, hard by the banks of the lovely Esk. George Malcolm, the father, was well educated, having been trained for the ministry, and was a sturdy yeoman of sense and character. His wife, a Pasley, was also very douce and intelligent. John, the fourth son, was born in 1769 and was much like other wellbred Scots, healthy and quick and fond of paddling in the burn, or fishing or snaring rabbits. His lessons he would put off till he trudged up the hill, book in hand; he was full of fun and frolic and mischief, when he could, and the dominie Graham who kept school used to say when he could not find out the author of any little escapade, "Faith! Jock's at the bottom of it!"

Years after, Malcolm sent the old dominie a copy of the *History of Persia*, which he had written. On the title-page was scrawled, "Jock's at the bottom of it."

It is strange to find how this border farmer got good places for his sons. Robert, the eldest, was chosen for the Civil Service of the East India Company. James, the second, received a commission in the Marines (afterwards Sir James); Pulteney, the third, afterwards Admiral Sir Pulteney, was made a midshipman. When John was eleven the Johnstones of Aloa offered his father an appoint-



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ment for him in the Indian Army. His uncle took the boy up to London—a long jaunt in the rattling coach, shook his head and said, "John, you're a big lad for your age, but I have my doots ye won't pass at the India House." John was taken before the Directors, stood facing them at the end of a long table—a smiling, bonny, fair-skinned son of the soil.

There was no written examination then for candidates: the august company of Directors just leaned forward and read what God, or the deil, had written in his face. The Chairman said, "My little man, what would you do if you went to meet Hyder Ali?" "Do!" said Jock, looking suddenly very martial, "Why, sir, I would out with my sword and cut off his head!"

The Directors looked at one another and laughed, "He will do!" "That's the sort!" Jock had passed his entrance examination, supposing he could sum well. His uncle put him to school near London till he should sail, for he had to wait a year more: it was not until April 1783 that John's ship anchored in the Madras Roads, and his kinsfolk at Madras measured him and found he had grown several inches on the long voyage.

A merry, good-tempered boy—food for powder? Not yet, his superiors thought, for they sent him to do garrison duty at Vellore.

Tippoo Sultaun was the King of Mysore now, and in 1784 a treaty of peace was made with him and prisoners were to be exchanged.

John Malcolm was sent to command a detachment of British troops and bring our men from the frontier: he was to meet Major Dallas at the frontier. When Dallas met the detachment coming from the Company's territories, he saw a slim, rosy, healthy-looking boy astride on a rough pony, went up to him and said, "Where's the commanding officer of this detachment?"



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John drew himself up proudly, saluted and replied:

"I am the commanding officer, sir."

Dallas tried not to smile: those two became life-long friends.

John was so young; it is no wonder he made mistakes at first; he was too generous and open-handed, and he got into debt. Did he borrow money to pay the debts? Not he! The canny Scot set to work and half starved himself in his eagerness to save up his pay. An old native woman in the regimental bazaar saw his thin cheeks, found out from his native servant what was the matter and in her motherly compassion implored the pretty English boy to take from her all he wanted, and pay her the rupees just when he liked.

John never forgot this kindness, or any one else's, and when he grew rich he thought of the old brown woman and settled a pension on her for her life. Ah! if the Directors could have caught a glimpse of the human kindness here displayed on both sides, they would have learned a lesson worth knowing. It is better to draw your purse than to draw your sword, and love is stronger than hate.

Poor John wrote home and confessed all—asked his friends to forget the past part of his conduct; it should not occur again.

In a few months John Malcolm was marching on Seringapatam; in the Nizam's camp he got to know two famous political, that is diplomatic, officers—Sir John Kennaway and Graeme Mercer; from their talk he gained the desire to become a "political" and negotiate treaties.

He was now full-grown, tall, handsome, merry, noisy sometimes, and bubbling over with fun; an athlete and fond of sport, but yet so playful that his friends styled him "the boy Malcolm," a title which stuck to him many years. With Mr. Mercer he now began to study Persian and Indian history. When he was yet a subaltern in a



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Sepoy regiment he had written these wise words: "An invariable rule ought to be observed by all Europeans who have connexions with the natives of India—never to practise any art or indirect method of gaining their end, and, from the greatest occasion to the most trifling, to keep sacred their word: but when they act a different part—when they condescend to meet the smooth-tongued Muhammadan or the crafty Hindu with weapons of flattery and cunning, they will of a certainty be vanquished."

At last Malcolm found an opening for an appointment in the Political Department. He applied for it and was only half an hour too late! Some other young officer had got it. He went back to his tent, flung himself down on his couch and gave vent to bitter disappointment.

Tears of vexation stood in his eyes—"Always my luck!" he muttered. Yes, John Malcolm, it was your luck; and if we have guardian angels to hover over us with better thoughts, yours must have smiled in pitiful wonder. For the young officer who obtained your place had no sooner reached the native court than he was murdered. Just your luck, John Malcolm!

For nine years he had served without one week's leave of absence—at Seringapatam he had been appointed Persian interpreter by Marquis Cornwallis; but soon his health began to fail and the doctors said he must go home. His great friend, Sir John Kennaway, was going in the same ship, so he was content.

Great was the stir in Eskdale when a fine, handsome young man, set up by the long sea voyage, came smiling down the street. Old friends stared, but did not recognize him till he laughed his old rollicking laugh and hit them in the chest. Then they knew it was little Jock come home.

Then the talk began—the long intimate cracks by the ingle-nook, the queer stories of strange heathen folk, the account of battles won and dangers just escaped: and



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he was not proud, was Jock; but every old pal was greeted with genial and homely words of kindness. And how proud his father and mother were as he strode into kirk beside them. They had often prayed there for his welfare; now they were fain to give hearty thanks. A month or two and he was awa', appointed aide-de-camp to General Clarke, now Commander-in-Chief of the Madras army.

On their way they stopped at the Cape and found the Dutch fighting for their little settlement: he may have met Henry Martyn there, or heard him preach.

In 1795–96 John Malcolm, still a subaltern, was on the staff of the Commander-in-Chief, Secretary to General Clarke; and when that officer was transferred to Bengal, Malcolm remained as Secretary to General Harris, who took him into his house as a member of his family.

When Lord Mornington first came to Madras, on his way out to Calcutta, he read some reports drawn up by Malcolm on the state of the Deccan, had a talk with him and soon after appointed him assistant to the Resident at the Nizam's Court. Hyderabad at that time was leaning towards French influence. Raymond, a French officer, had drilled his levies and given them the French colours.

Lord Mornington determined that those French troops must be disbanded or destroyed. Malcolm was sent down to confer with the officers and found them in mutiny because they were in arrears of pay. When the soldiers saw Malcolm they swore they would treat him as they had treated their own French officers. They were just about to lay violent hands upon him, when some Sepoys of the French battalion, who had formerly been in the Company's army and had served in Malcolm's own regiment, recognized him, and remembering how kind he had been to them, they ran at once to his rescue with a glad shout. Shoulder-high they bore him above the surging crowd, carried him out of it to a place of safety and showed white



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teeth as they grinned their congratulations. The French corps was dispersed without shedding a drop of blood, and Malcolm learnt a second time that love is stronger than hate.

Very soon he was summoned to Calcutta and carried with him the colours of the French battalion. Lord Mornington warmly welcomed him and heard all he had to say about Tippoo and the war that must come. The Governor-General took Malcolm with him when he went to Madras to expedite the preparations for war against Tippoo.

Malcolm s first duty was to accompany the Nizam's troops, really to command them, on the way to Seringapatam. When he arrived he found a seething body of mutineers, whom he soothed and made his faithful soldiers in a very short time. The 33rd Regiment, commanded by Colonel Arthur Wellesley, joined him at this time, and a life's friendship with the Iron Duke began thus in Mysore. On May 4, when all was ready for the assault on Seringapatam, Malcolm entered the tent of General Harris, who was sitting alone deeply pondering over the details of the coming assault. Malcolm very cheerily cried: "Why, my Lord, so thoughtful?" thinking to cheer him up in accosting him by a title which must soon come to him.

"Malcolm," said the General rather sternly, "this is no time for compliments. We have serious work in hand; don't you see that the European sentry over my tent is so weak from want of food and exhaustion, that a Sepoy could push him down? We must take this fort or perish in the attempt. If Baird is beaten off, Wellesley is to proceed with the troops from the trenches. If he should not succeed, I shall put myself at the head of the remainder of the army: for success is necessary to our existence."

The General was sick with responsibility: Malcolm was sure we should win, and the optimism of the younger man



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cheered the commander, though he scolded him for expressing it with an air of levity.

Seringapatam fell, and the great Muhammadan usurpation of Southern India collapsed in a single day.

Malcolm had done so well as Secretary to the Commission for making a treaty with Mysore, that Lord Mornington chose him to go on a mission to the Persian Court. At the end of 1799, Captain John Malcolm sailed from Bombay to the Persian Gulf; in Persia he was very pleased at his reception, and the Shah was much taken by the handsome presents which were brought him from India, and the courtiers were struck by the envoy's fine stature, commanding presence and right good humour.

A treaty was soon drawn up which greatly pleased the Governor-General; but soon after, when the Persian Ambassador came to Bombay to ratify the treaty, he was shot in an affray in the streets; so Malcolm was again sent with apologies and more presents. He succeeded so well that the Persians said the English might kill a dozen ambassadors if they would pay for them at the same rate.

When Malcolm might have been by the side of his friend, Arthur Wellesley at Assaye, he fell sick and had to go to Bombay for a time. But he returned in time to cheer the General's staff with his humorous talk and rich, racy stories. "Boy Malcolm! we are right glad you are come back to us!" So the officers said.

The native officers too laughed at his jokes, and went away grinning and happy; for instead of being depressed by the climate and the want of good food, he threw himself back in his chair and sighed, "Heigho! I wish I had a wife and twelve children!"

In 1804 he was busy negotiating a treaty with the boy Prince Scindia. "We were well received by the young Maharajah, who was looking rather grave at first; but a severe shower took place while we were in his tent. The



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water lodged on the flat part of the tent, under which Mr. Pepper, an Irish officer of the escort, was seated, and all at once burst in a torrent upon his head. From the midst of the torrent we heard a voice exclaim, "Oh! Jasus!" followed by a hideous yell. The Maharajah laughed loud and we all joined in the chorus." So wrote Malcolm, and the schoolboy rag that followed helped on the business of the treaty. For a hailstorm followed and the Ministers gathered the hailstones and filled Malcolm's hands.

The next prince to give trouble was Holkar, and a British army followed him to the river Sutlej. Our Hindu Sepoys did not like to cross the river, and some of the leading companies sat down on the bank, when Malcolm rode up to them, addressed them in his brave, hearty manner, and said:

"The holy shrine of Amritsar lies over the river! Who will come with me on a pilgrimage to Amritsar?"

They all started up at once, crossed the river and marched into the Punjab. Holkar saw that his game was up and sent envoys into our camp for terms of peace. The Sikh chiefs also sent envoys, and Malcolm was giving an audience to them, when two friends rushed into his tent, shouting, "Two tigers! two tigers close by!" Malcolm had been perplexed by some question the envoys had asked him; he now jumped up and seizing his ready gun, cried out to the astonished Sikhs "Bang! Bang!" (a tiger! a tiger!), ordered his elephant to be brought round and rushed out. After a time back he came with the spoil, replaced his gun, and went on with the conversation as if nothing had happened.

"The Englishman is mad!" the envoys had declared.

No, he had gained time to think out the problem they had presented, and he returned from the tiger-hunt with his mind made up.

Malcolm had now risen to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel,



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but had received no mark of distinction from the Crown. He was not well, and felt rather left out, and had thoughts of going home for good. But in his Residency in Mysore a great joy came to him, for he fell in love with Charlotte, the daughter of Colonel Campbell, and on July 4, 1807, they were married. Lord Minto was now Governor-General, and he asked Malcolm to go on a mission to Persia. "I *must* propose this service to you, because the public interests require it." Malcolm sprang at it, and was to be attended by a large staff of military and political officers. At first all went well, but the French had great influence at the Shah's court: they were drilling the Persian troops, casting cannon and instructing the army. So difficulties were thrown in his way and he never reached Teheran. In great wrath he sailed back to Bombay and ere he reached it a vessel met them and Malcolm found a letter for him announcing the birth of a daughter. So private joy compensated him for his public chagrin. But Lord Minto welcomed him as kindly as if he had been successful.

The next thing that he had to do was to stop a state of revolt among the officers of the Madras army. Malcolm listened to their grievances and by his candid and genial truth-speaking won the men over.

But Sir George Barlow, the Governor of Madras, thought he had not been strict enough: Sir James Mackintosh, however, approved of his conciliatory measures. As Malcolm was anxiously waiting the upshot of this discussion, another summons came from Calcutta, asking him to proceed to Persia again. On his way he finished his *Political History of India*, and wrote to his wife: "I begin now to look forward with great delight to that enchanting word, *Finis*. The moment I cease to write I will have a jubilee. I mean to dance, shoot and play myself, and let who will write histories, memoirs and sketches." On the coast they had to wait some time, so with his young officers



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he enjoyed himself as "the boy Malcolm," hunting and exploring.

After a time the Shah received him in his royal camp and his object in the mission was obtained: he returned a happy man to his wife and children. Next year they all went to England; Malcolm was now forty-three and he looked forward to a country life. At first he took a house near Cheshunt in Hertfordshire, and went north to see his old friends. His father and mother were both dead, but many friends greeted him rapturously. "Sandie," said he to an old servant, "there's been many changes, but I hope the old house is still a good house to live in."

"Faith! it's mair than that—it's the best hoose in a' Scotland to dee in!"

Before the end of 1813 the Prince Regent had knighted him.

In 1814 his *History of Persia* was published by Murray in two grand volumes; from Byron and Scott and many others the author received flattering letters. In 1815, after Waterloo, Malcolm visited Paris, and was warmly welcomed by the Duke of Wellington, his old pal. The Duke said to him, "People ask me for an account of the action. I tell them it was hard pounding on both sides, and we pounded the hardest. There was no manœuvring: Buonaparte kept on his attacks, and I was glad to let it be decided by the troops." And again, "Walter Scott is here. I took him to the Duke, who has been very attentive to him. . . . the Poet is happy."

In 1816 Oxford conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. In 1817 he returned alone to India, for his fortune was small, and he was still in the prime of life. The Earl of Moira sent for him to Calcutta, as Malcolm knew more about Central India than any other living. He returned to Madras as Brigadier-General and the Governor-General's agent. "What is really delightful," he writes,



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" all, down to the lowest black or white, red or brown, clothed or naked, seem happy at my advancement."

The boy Prince Holkar, had been persuaded to join others in a war against Britain. The army marched against the Maratha chiefs. Malcolm led his brigades across the river Sepree in face of the Maratha batteries. " I think, my boys, we had better give them the cold steel," he shouted. And they rushed on fearlessly. His native aide-de-camp rode up to Captain Borthwick and cried, " Look at the General ! he is front of our men, and they are firing ! For God's sake bring him back ! " Malcolm was thinking perhaps of the Duke's pounding, and was over eager to get at his big game.

" We have taken seventy pieces of cannon in this battle of Mahidpur, killed and wounded between three and four thousand and dispersed all their infantry—the sole object of this war has been to destroy cruel and lawless freebooters who every year ravaged all the settled country around, and committed the most merciless and horrid acts of barbarity on the inhabitants."

After war—negotiations : Malcolm was soon making friends with little Holkar. " All the chiefs of Holkar are in good humour. The boy is delighted with a small elephant that dances like a dancing girl. The little fellow, though only eleven years old, rides beautifully . . . taking a blunt spear nine feet in length he tilted with two or three others in very superior style, wheeling, charging, using his spear as well as the rest of them. He is sorry at my going away, as he finds I am fond of play and hunting." " A son of Robert Burns came to see me : a very fine young man. We had a grand evening, and I made him sing his father's songs. . . . From the highest ruler to the lowest robber, from the palace in the city to the shed in the deepest recess of the mountain-forest, your friend Malcolm Sahib is a welcome and familiar guest, and is as much pleased,



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thank God, with firing arrows and eating roots with the latter, as at the fine durbars and sumptuous feasts of the former."

An officer on Sir John Malcolm's staff writes: "The inhabitants are returning to their villages and looking forward to better times. . . . This is Sir John's work, and a most glorious work it has been. His is a noble character, and such are required to keep us now on the high ground on which we now stand in India."

In 1819 Malcolm had two disappointments which depressed him a little: he was passed over for the Governments of Bombay and Madras. But he soon got over it. He writes to his wife, "Let us learn to be grateful for the extraordinary good fortune we enjoy. Let us habituate ourselves to look down as well as to look up, and then we shall escape many a torturing reflection."

In 1821 he went back to England, with no intention of returning to Indian work, unless he was appointed Governor of a presidency. He took Hyde Hall on the borders of Hertfordshire and Cambridge, where Julius Hare, Whewell, Sedgwick and many other distinguished men passed pleasant nights and days. Hare says, "That house, in which the life and the spirit and the joy of conversation have been the most intense, is a house in which I hardly ever heard an evil word uttered against any one." Malcolm visited Lord Wellesley, then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland; he travelled about and had his notions, like General Gordon, later, of how Ireland should be treated. He also visited Scotland and Sir Walter Scott. "We had a large party and many a tale, and Sir Walter declares that I beat him in legends."

He was also busy writing *Sketches of Persia*, and a *Life of Lord Clive*; and at last an offer came for him to fill the post of Mr. Elphinstone as Governor of Bombay. A farewell dinner was given him, and the Duke of Wellington



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spoke and said: "It is now thirty years since I formed an intimate friendship with Sir John Malcolm. During that eventful period there has been no operation of consequence, no diplomatic measure, in which my friend has not borne a conspicuous part. Alike distinguished by courage and by talent, the history of his life during that period would be the history of the glory of his country in India." Those words made Malcolm's blood tingle in his veins; praise from the greatest Englishman of his age was very sweet.

This is how he spent his time in Bombay from 1827–30.

"I have a public breakfast six days a week: every one comes that likes. It is a social levée, informal. I am down half an hour before breakfast and stay as long after. Every human being who desires it, from writer to judge, from cadet to general, has his turn at the Governor. At half-past ten I am in my own room, have no visitors and am given up to business. I give a grand dinner and a dance to from eighty to one hundred every month, and a dinner occasionally to a big-wig going to England. . . . I have three elegant carriages, and three pairs of Arabian horses. I have four or five good riding-horses, and leave the door every morning at a quarter after five, returning a little after seven, having always gone nine or ten miles. I drink no wine, and live very moderately." His son, George Malcolm, was on his staff, the rest of his family were in England.

He was in his sixty-second year when he finally gave up India and returned home. He got elected M.P. for Launceston as a red-hot Tory, following the old Duke in politics, as before he had done in war. He used to quote his father's saying, "I was well: I desired to be better: I took physic, and I died!" He was fighting the Radical battle now, but Launceston was soon disfranchised and Malcolm went into Eskdale, where at a big dinner the "three knights of



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Eskdale" were toasted, Sir James, Sir Pulteney and Sir John: three worthy sons of a yeoman farmer. Soon came paralysis and death; and so ended the strenuous life of the most robust and athletic of all our Indian statesmen, of one who believed that good faith was stronger than the sword or the tricks of diplomacy. He loved the natives of India, and he was loved by them: he was buried privately in the vaults of St. James' Church, Piccadilly, but a granite obelisk recalling his name and exploits stands out against the sky from the healthy summit of Langholme hill, overlooking Eskdale in Dumfriesshire.

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## CHAPTER X

# MOUNTSTUART ELPHINSTONE, SCHOLAR, SOLDIER AND RULER

THIS soldier-civilian was the fourth son of a Scots peer, Baron Elphinstone, who became governor of Edinburgh Castle; one of his uncles was a Director of the East India Company. Mountstuart spent the first fourteen years of his life in Scotland, mostly at Edinburgh Castle, from which he attended the High School, being a manly boy and somewhat prone to getting into scrapes. Lithe of figure with long golden hair (some might have called it red), good-looking and sprightly, full of imagination and therefore of sympathy, he chummed with the French prisoners when the guard was not looking and learnt to sing the songs of the Revolution.

At the age of fourteen he was sent to a school at Kensington, but still his report was "not studious, full of spirit and too boisterous."

Yet he liked to read and quote Shakespeare, and poetry in general did not come amiss to him. At sixteen he embarked for India, July 1795. Sir John Shore was then Governor-General of India, and under him there were quiet times. But the ex-Vizier Ali, alluded to in a former chapter, very nearly put an end to Mr. Elphinstone's career, for he was acting as assistant to the magistrate at Benares when the Vizier made his attack on the Residency. The news came only just in time for him and his friends to mount



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their horses, and they had to gallop through the streets for their very lives with Ali's troopers screaming and firing at their heels.

Soon Lord Wellesley came out as Governor-General and then things began to hum; Tippoo had to be subdued in the south, the Marathas had to be put down in Central India.

In 1801 Elphinstone was appointed an assistant to the British resident at Poonah, to the court of the Peishwa, the greatest of the Maratha princes. It was a post where ability and courage had a good field. For the Marathas, having usurped the power of the Mogul, were now beginning to quarrel among themselves, and Lord Wellesley took the side of the Peishwa and entered into a family alliance with him.

It happened that Major John Malcolm had fallen ill and left the English camp, so that Elphinstone was sent to take his place. Very eagerly the young man made his way to the front, where he found Arthur Wellesley in command. They very soon became great friends and at the battle of Assaye rode side by side for some time, watching, directing, as if on parade, while the cannon roared and squadrons charged and the bayonet flashed all round them. When the day was won, the General said to his young companion, "You have mistaken your calling in becoming a civilian, for you were certainly born a soldier."

Sir Arthur Wellesley wrote to his brother, the Governor-General, "I have received the greatest assistance from Mr. Elphinstone since he has been with me. He is well versed in the language, has experience and a knowledge of the Maratha powers . . . he has been present in all the actions which have been fought in this quarter during the war, and at all the sieges. I take the liberty of recommending him to your Excellency."

When peace was made with the Marathas Elphinstone



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was appointed Resident at Nagpur, the court of the Rajah of Berar. There he had quiet times and indulged in reading Thucydides, as he had not read him at school. He was one of those men who develop literary tastes late in life, and now when he was not using the boar-spear he delighted in studying classical authors, mostly poetry. "April 3, rose at four; read *Antigone*; rode out and ran a jackal, but did not kill; breakfasted, read thirty-six pages of the *Memorabilia*; went out in the buggy."

In 1809 he was selected by Lord Minto to conduct a British mission to the Court of Kabul. Afghanistan was then an unknown country to us, and it was said that if Elphinstone, a fair, close-shaven man, had let his beard grow and assumed an Afghan dress he would have met with less suspicion.

However Shah Soojah was a courteous, well-mannered prince, and was trying to be friendly, though a dangerous revolution in his own country was hampering him. But he undertook to prevent the passage of French and Persian troops through his kingdom, and the English were to pay him handsomely for the trouble.

On his return to Calcutta Elphinstone was appointed Resident at Poonah. It was on his voyage from Calcutta to Bombay that he met Henry Martyn, and enjoyed many a long talk with him. Mackintosh and Malcolm were both at Bombay; the former wrote of Elphinstone, "He has a very fine understanding, with the greatest modesty and simplicity of character."

At Poonah Elphinstone found time for reading Greek and Italian authors; lived in a tiled palace on wooden posts twelve feet high. "This place," he says, "is delightful, the climate and scenery are pleasant, and the business not much otherwise, in spite of the excessive villainy of the people. . . . As there is good hog-hunting in reach, I like it better than any station I have seen."

It was here he finished writing his *Kingdom of Cabul*,



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which was published by Messrs. Longman, was considered a great success, and brought him a literary reputation.

Lord Moira, known later as the Marquess of Hastings, had succeeded Lord Minto, and military measures soon commenced, for the Pindaris, lawless robbers and brigands, were pouring into every defenceless country and were supported by some of the Maratha chiefs. Also the Peishwa, the great Maratha prince at Poonah, was behaving treacherously and gathering armed men suspiciously. General Briggs, one of the assistants to the Resident, writes: "One night, after an anxious day, owing to reports of troops brought into the town, I received certain information that the cattle for the guns had been sent for, that the artillery were drawn up in front of the park, that the streets were full of mounted men, and that the Peishwa was in full durbar discussing with his chiefs the subject of immediate war. I hastened to inform Mr. Elphinstone, whom I found sitting in a large tent, playing a round game of cards with a party, among whom were several ladies. He saw me enter and observed my anxiety to speak to him, but he continued his game as usual for half an hour when, after handing the last lady of the party into her palanquin, he came up to me rubbing his hands and said, 'Well! what is it?'

"I told him the news, which he received with great sangfroid, and we walked together to the Residency office. There we encountered the European commandant of our contingent. He knew nothing of what was in progress, but observed that the Peishwa's Minister had told him some of his troops had been discharged, and all was quiet.

"'I don't believe a word the Minister says," replied Mr. Elphinstone; 'however we can't do anything this evening, and as the Minister is an arrant coward I think we may sleep in peace." In the morning two guns were brought to the Residency."

A fortnight later the enemy were swarming round the



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English position, waiting only for the signal to be given. A letter from Elphinstone explains further—

"I am watching the Peishwa's intrigues with the Sepoys, and I find them sending into camp in the night large sums of money and a quantity of shawls, but the Bombay regiment is on its march here—I have written to them to come on as fast as possible, regarding nothing except the health of the men."

The Bombay regiment arrived and the cantonment was moved to Khirkee, "a delightful position. I felt quite relieved when I saw it established here, but the impression made in town was that the Feringhees had fled before their invincible army and would soon be clear out of the country. These feelings were shown with great insolence; our cantonments were plundered, a gentleman was wounded and robbed of his horse, and it became unsafe for an officer to ride even between our old camp and our new." Later, "The Peishwa sent a very bullying message to desire I would move the cantonment to such place as he should direct, reduce the strength of the native brigade and send away the Europeans; if I did not comply, peace would not last. I refused, but said I was most anxious for peace, and should not cross the river towards Poonah, but if his army came towards ours we should attack it. Within an hour after out they came with such readiness that we had only time to leave the Sungum with the clothes on our backs, and crossing the river at a ford, march off to the bridge, with the river between us and the enemy. The Sungum, with all my books, journals, etc., was soon in a blaze, but we got safe to the Khirkee bridge and soon after joined the line."

Grant Duff, who saw the scene from a height, thus describes it: "A mass of cavalry covered nearly the whole extent of the plain, and endless streams of horsemen were pouring out from every avenue of the city. . . . It was towards the



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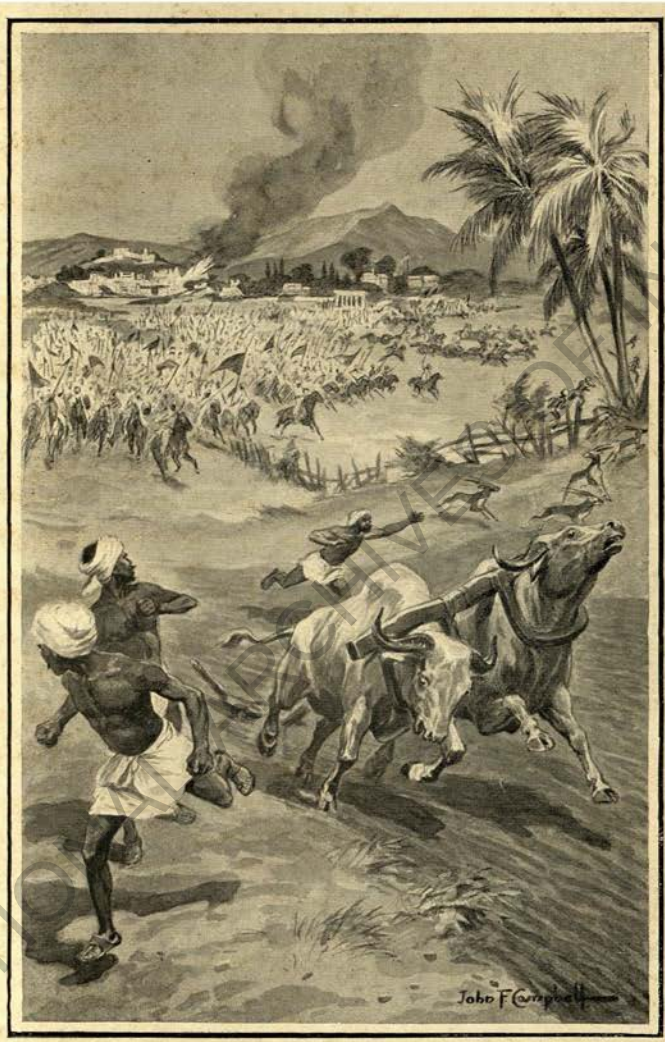


AN INDIAN CAVALRY CHARGE AT POONAH

A mass of cavalry covered nearly the whole extent of the plain, and endless streams of horsemen were pouring out from every avenue of the city. The effect was heightened by seeing the peaceful peasantry flying from the fields, the bullocks breaking from their yoke, the wild antelopes bounding off, and then turning for a moment to gaze on the tremendous inundation which swept all before it, levelled the hedges and standing corn, and completely overwhelmed every ordinary barrier as it moved.

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afternoon of a very sultry day, there was a dead calm, and no sound was heard except the rushing, the trampling and the neighing of horses and the rumbling of the gun-wheels. The effect was heightened by seeing the peaceful peasantry flying from their work in the field, the bullocks breaking from their yoke, the wild antelopes, startled from sleep, bounding off and then turning for a moment to gaze on this tremendous inundation which swept all before it, levelled the hedges and standing corn and completely overwhelmed every ordinary barrier as it moved." Then Elphinstone continues: "I sent an order down to Colonel Burr to move down at once and attack the Peishwa. When opposite to the nullah (or gorge) we halted to cannonade, injudiciously, I think, and at the same time the enemy began from twelve or fifteen guns. Soon after, the whole mass of cavalry came on at speed in the most splendid style. The rush of horse, the sound of the earth, the waving of flags, the brandishing of spears, were grand beyond description, but perfectly ineffectual, though at one time I own I thought there was a good chance of our losing the battle. If we had not begun by making this movement forward, the Peishwa's troops would have been quite bold, ours cowed, and we doubtful of their fidelity; we should have been cannonaded and rocketed in our own camp, and the horse would have been careering within our picquets. As it is the enemy are glad to get safe behind Poonah."

Elphinstone was the hero of the day, though he says little about himself. General Smith came up soon after, and then Elphinstone did his best to save the city from the fury of our troops. For they were excited by the plunder and destruction of their tents, the losses of the Sepoys, the murder of officers, the massacre of our soldiers' wives. However but little harm was done in the city itself and discipline was well maintained.

Mr. Canning in the House of Commons said, "Mr. Elphin-



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stone exhibited on that trying occasion military courage and skill which, though valuable accessories to diplomatic talents, we are not entitled to require as necessary qualifications for civil employment; he displayed talents and resources which would have rendered him no mean general in any country." The battle of Khirkee dethroned the Peishwa and made Elphinstone governor of the Poonah territories. The change of government was to the natives very great, and required delicate handling; it has been cited as a precedent and followed as an example by many Indian statesmen. Elphinstone did his best to prevent the destruction of the old families, he recognized the fact that the Hindus do not like change, and made such changes as were necessary seem to develop from within; in this way he carried all classes with him and reconciled them to our rule.

But when he did discover a wicked plot, in which certain Maratha Brahmans were the chief agents, to murder all the Europeans at Poonah and re-establish the authority of the Peishwa, he did not lean towards mercy or toleration, or allow time for the growth of a dangerous rebellion. It was a time of "unrest" demanding instant action and daring, so he ordered the ringleaders to be seized and blown away from the mouth of a gun. This terrible example cowed the malcontents and saved the lives of the Europeans. Severity to some is ofttimes a kindness to many.

But the Governor of Bombay, Sir Evan Nepean, was startled by the bold stroke and advised Elphinstone to ask for an act of indemnity. He replied, "If I have done wrong, I ought to be punished: if I have done right, I don't want any act of indemnity."

In 1819 the Court of Directors selected Elphinstone to be Governor of Bombay. Here he made himself loved and respected, for Bishop Heber said: "All other public men have their enemies and their friends, their admirers



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and their aspersers, but of Mr. Elphinstone everybody speaks highly."

He was many-sided at this period; to some he appeared as an ardent sportsman, with his whole heart set on the chase; others found him a literary recluse, a bookworm; while yet others saw him given up to the details of his official duties. When he went on his visitation tours there was always in the camp a shikari, or huntsman, whose duty it was to make inquiry for wild hogs; then came a holiday of one or two days and hot riding through the jungle.

He had been ordered to cut down expenses, and he began by refunding £4,500 which he had spent on his own personal establishment before the order came. "No Government in India," wrote a visitor from England, "pays so much attention to schools, in none are the taxes lighter or justice more prompt."

One of his secretaries thus describes his personal habits: "He rose at daybreak and, mounting one of a large stud he always had, rode for an hour and a half, principally at a hand gallop. He had a public breakfast every morning and spoke to all who wished to see him. After luncheon he took a short siesta, and in the afternoon read Greek or Latin; dinner at eight with conversation; at ten he rose from the table and reading for half an hour in his own room went to bed. Although surrounded by young men, he never suffered the slightest indecorum, and if any one after dinner indulged in a jest that was unseemly he would not say anything, but, pushing back his chair, he broke up the party.

When, after eight years of government, he was quitting Bombay and his old friend, Sir John Malcolm, was taking his place, there were meetings of Europeans and natives to give him their farewells, and the latter in their address said they had never been able to appreciate the benefits of British rule until he became Governor, for he alone tried to see things from an Indian point of view.



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Elphinstone travelled slowly through Egypt, Syria and Palestine, then lingered in Greece and Italy, thoroughly enjoying the associations of the olden time.

He was only fifty years of age when he returned to England, but he felt as if the climate of India had robbed him of his health and he would not enter Parliament; twice he declined the post of Governor-General of India, alleging his state of ill-health. He had neither wife nor children, and only a moderate fortune, for he had been very liberal and munificent in India. He settled down to the life of a private gentleman, though he was never forgotten, for statesmen frequently sought his opinion, and letters fulminating indignation left his country house when he heard of the wrongs and spoliation of native princes. He wrote a history of India which appeared in 1841, and became a standard work.

Living quietly near Limpsfield, on the Surrey hills, he developed a greater love for poetry than ever, and would discuss his favourite authors with the Indian friends who came down from London to visit him. He even liked to travel about and see the scenes described in the book he studied. One of his last tours was in Cornwall, where he went over the battles of King Arthur with Tennyson in hand.

His modest country house, Hookwood, was encircled by a little home-park, where he petted his favourite horses. He was very reticent unless his visitor really wished to hear about the strange scenes in which he had moved. Quite at the end of his life his sight began to fail, and he had to hire some one to read to him.

When the Mutiny of 1857 burst upon the country his intense interest made him put all other pursuits aside. He did not approve at first of the change of government from the Company to the Queen, fearing that the authority of the Ministry of the day might be put to corrupt use:



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that the patronage of India might be employed for party purposes.

"Sooner or later," he writes, "we must introduce natives into the Council itself." He died in his eightieth year and was buried at Limpsfield; a great meeting was held in London and a statue was voted to his memory.

Though not ambitious, he did not like being beaten at anything. General Briggs relates how he was once on a visit to Poonah while he was Governor of Bombay, and an old friend came to see him riding on a camel, an unusual habit for Europeans. Elphinstone asked many questions about his ride. "Not very fatiguing? What! forty miles a day!" That very night Elphinstone ordered a riding camel to be brought to his tent, mounted and rode many miles during moonlight, to satisfy himself of the sensation of riding on a camel.

At another time he was visiting the falls of the Gutparba, where the falling water makes an arch over the perpendicular rock. There was a rocky ledge under the watery arch, very narrow and slippery.

Some one said, "Captain —— walked across there once."

"Are you sure?" replied Elphinstone. "Well then, let you and me try if we cannot do so also." He started off, and his staff looked at one another in dismay, but had to follow the leader.

In his horror of luxury he tried to dispense with superfluous articles of clothing, which was not beneficial to his health. For some time he attempted to do without the luxury of a bed.

"Why did you do that?" asked a young cousin once of the aged statesman.

"Because, dear, I was a fool," he replied curtly.

Though unwilling to accept high office in his later years, yet he was much consulted, and those who knew him best always valued his opinion on Indian questions: his authority



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on all questions of government and treatment of the natives was accepted as the highest that could be sought, and no civilian's memory is regarded with greater veneration than that of Mountstuart Elphinstone.

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## CHAPTER XI

# SIR CHARLES METCALFE, A FAR-SEEING ADMINISTRATOR

CHARLES METCALFE was born in Calcutta in January 1785, being the second son of Major Metcalfe, a rich officer of the Company's army. The Major had bought himself an estate in Yorkshire and was a Director of the Company.

His two sons, Theophilus and Charles, were sent to Dr. Goodall's house at Eton. Charles seems to have eschewed cricket and boating and read any amount of French and Italian books. "Ah, Sherer," he wrote after reaching India, "those were days of real happiness. In those very cloisters has my youthful imagination planned to itself a life of greatness, glory and virtue—there have I concluded peace, commanded armies, or headed a party struggling for liberty." A schoolboy reading *Ariosto* for the pleasure of it! A strange prodigy in these days. The Major obtained for Charles a writership in Bengal, so at fifteen he left the Eton he loved so well and sailed for India. Lord Wellesley was then troubling his London masters by his ambitious schemes: one of these was a college to promote the education of the young civil servants; this college was hardly finished when Metcalfe landed: he was in fact the first student to sign the statute book, and he often dined in college.

At first the novelty of Anglo-Indian life amused him,



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and society made much of the small student, but by June he told his father he hated India and asked for a small place in Lord Grenville's office. In answer, his mother, with a touch of humour, enclosed her son a small box of pills. "I think you are bilious," she wrote. "You study too much: ride on horseback." A sensible mother! In a few weeks the youth began to be more cheerful and even ambitious. "No one possesses more ambition than I do; and am I destined to be great?"

Lord Wellesley knew Major Metcalfe and liked Charles, and seeing he had good stuff in him, appointed him assistant to the Resident at Scindia's court. On his way there he fell in with the Governor-General's escort and got permission to go with them to Lucknow. "Everything I saw recalled to my memory the 'Arabian Nights,'" he writes. Thence he joined his superior at Scindia's court, John Collins, a very overbearing and imperious person, who promptly quarrelled with his assistant for being so confoundedly clever and for arguing so conceitedly. So young Metcalfe resigned and returned to Calcutta.

Lord Wellesley invited him to a seat in his office, where for a year and a half he got good training and learned to reverence and love the Governor-General.

"The ignominious tyrants of Leadenhall Street," as Lord Wellesley called the Directors, were for suppressing the Calcutta college and setting up Haileybury in its stead, but Major Metcalfe strongly supported his old friend Wellesley.

In 1804 Charles was appointed political assistant to Lord Lake, who was already taking the field against the Marathas, but on his way to the camp Metcalfe, riding in a palanquin, found himself suddenly set down and abandoned by his bearers. He jumped up and drew his sword, for a band of robbers were jibbering all round him; he slashed and cut and thrust till he felt faint from loss of blood: then he staggered into the jungle and dropped near the bank of a



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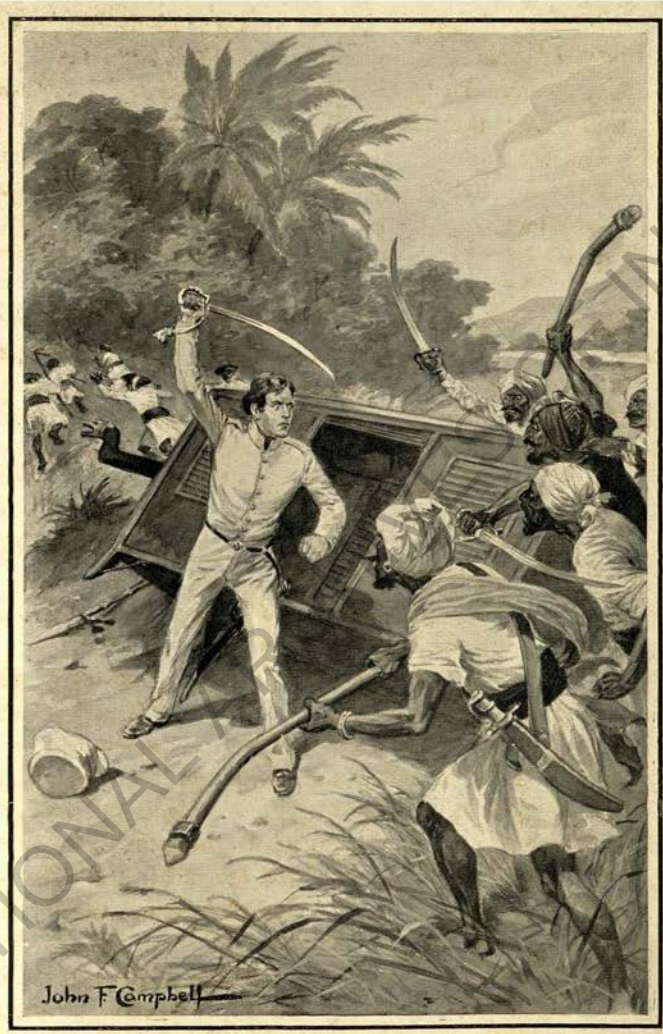


ATTACKED BY ROBBERS

On his way to join Lord Lake, Metcalfe's palanquin was suddenly set down, and leaping out he found that his bearers had taken to their heels and that he was surrounded by robbers. He cut, thrust, and slashed till he was faint from loss of blood, when he managed to stagger into the jungle. When he had recovered he returned to find the robbers gone and his bearers calmly seated round the palanquin.

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river, while the thieves collected their spoil. "All the time I thought of home and what you were doing—at the Abingdon races perhaps?"

When all was quiet he crawled back, and found the robbers gone, and the bearers philosophically resting near his palanquin. "To Cawnpore!" he murmured. There an aunt nursed him and he soon was able to join Lord Lake's camp. That General, a blunt old soldier, had a general contempt for civilians, and when Metcalfe presented his boyish face, fresh from Government House, he shrugged his shoulders, and let Metcalfe see it.

The boy-student smiled to himself and bided his time patiently. Soon the army was lying before the strong fortress of Dig, and a storming party was being chosen. "Let me go, sir," said Metcalfe.

There was a general laugh when permission was given to Metcalfe to join. Then came the waiting in the trench, the sudden uprising, the rush, the cheer, the climb to the parapet, the standing in the breach.

"My God! the little stormer is leading them *in*! Well done, little stormer!" Lord Lake changed his opinion about the boy: he even made honourable mention of him in his despatch, and despised him no longer.

Holkar had been driven across the Sutlej and had accepted our terms: Metcalfe was sent to the Maratha chief with assurances of friendship.

The famous Pathan leader, Amir Khan, was present at their meeting and behaved rather insolently to the young diplomatist. "Holkar had not at all the appearance of the savage we knew him to be. The same countenance, however, which was strongly expressive of joy when I saw him, would look very black under the influence of rage or any dark passions. A little lap-dog was on his seat of honour—a strange play-fellow for Holkar. The jewels on his neck were invaluably rich. Amir Khan is a blackguard in his



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looks and affected to be particularly fierce by rubbing his coat over with gunpowder."

The next appointment which Metcalfe held was assistant to the Resident at Delhi, where the old Mogul Emperor, Shah Allum, blind and feeble, still played at being a king. In 1807 he writes: "My finances are quite ruined, exhausted beyond any reasonable hope of repair. You know that I am very prudent, yet ever since I came to this imperial station I have gradually been losing the ground which I had gained in the world. I see nothing but debt, debt before me."

But new duties and larger allowance came very soon: he converted the addition to his salary into a sinking fund for the payment of his debts, and in a short time paid off his debts to the last sixpence and soon laid the foundations of a fortune.

In 1808 the Punjab was quite unknown to us, but rumour had come that a powerful chief named Ranjit Sinh was consolidating an empire on the banks of the Hyphais. Lord Minto thought it wise to try and secure this ruler's friendship: he selected Charles Metcalfe for this mission, though he was only twenty-three years of age. The Sikh ruler received Metcalfe with courtesy: "As a compliment to us the Rajah used chairs at our meeting, partly collected from our camp; he made use of an expression of regret for the death of Lord Lake, saying it would be difficult to find his equal for gentleness, humanity and greatness as a general; he also said he knew well that the word of the British Government included everything." Metcalfe did all he could at later meetings to persuade the Sikh that this treaty would be as much to his interest as to ours, but he was suspicious and seemed indifferent as to whether the French seized Kabul or not.

Months passed and still the Rajah hesitated: he wanted to know if the British Government would recognize his



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sovereignty over all the Sikh states on both sides of the Sutlej. To this Metcalfe replied he had no authority to say.

As time went on the Rajah grew more discourteous and even rude: a man less modest and patient than Metcalfe might have broken up his camp and returned to the British frontier. But our envoy made allowances for the want of restraint, though he was vexed to find Ranjit, instead of giving his attention to the negotiations, wasting his time in drunken revels. Then came a despatch from Lord Minto to the effect that he would not allow the weaker chiefs to be sacrificed to Ranjit's ambition, and that a strong force was being sent to the river Sutlej.

When Metcalfe told Ranjit this, the Rajah took it quite coolly, but very soon went down to the courtyard, mounted a spirited horse and galloped frantically to and fro. He was thus subduing his violent passion by exercise! Then the Rajah consulted his Ministers: "The Rajah consents to all the demands of the British Government," was their message to Metcalfe. But that very evening Ranjit wished to withdraw his assent: then Metcalfe fired up, and protested it was an insult to his Government. The negotiations were then continued, but it was evident that the Rajah was half inclined to go to war with England, when a lucky thing happened which opened his eyes to the value of English discipline. One day Metcalfe's escort of British Sepoys came into collision with a party of Sikh fanatics —half soldiers, half saints. There was a quarrel, a fight —the Sikhs began it with pure contempt for these feeble Hindu soldiers. But to their surprise the Sepoys stood their ground, rallied to their officers, would not run away! It was very disquieting indeed, for bullets were seeking their billet most alarmingly; at last the Sikhs turned and fled: the better discipline had prevailed.

When the Rajah was told of this incident he pondered deeply for an hour and then signed the treaty.



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The success of the mission made the young man's fortune. The next post he was offered was to be Resident of Delhi with a gracious letter from the Governor-General. So at the age of twenty-six Charles Metcalfe was in possession of the high dignity and large emoluments of an office coveted by men of twice his age. Yet his letters do not show any elation, but rather depression and weariness. He could now save £3,000 a year from his salary and debt was a thing of the past. His brother, Thomas, was now his assistant. "I am very pleased with him and think him a superior young man. Here we shall remain for many a long year, consoling one another as well as we can for the absence of all other friends."

In 1819 he left Delhi, as Lord Hastings had made him political secretary, but he regretted leaving his old friends there and the work he had accomplished. "Capital punishment almost wholly abstained from: corporal punishment discouraged and finally abolished." Swords were turned into ploughshares literally, for the villagers were made to give up their arms, and implements of agriculture were returned to them in their stead. Suttee was prohibited, but the old rights of the villagers were maintained.

But he did not like the Calcutta life and duties, though Lord Hastings was ever kind and courteous, and he next got promoted to Hyderabad in South India. "You will find an excellent house," wrote his predecessor, "a beautiful country, one of the finest climates in India—and abundance of leisure."

Towards the end of 1820 he set out for Hyderabad: he had been told that there would be little to give him trouble, but he found at once that the debts of the Nizam were compelling him to oppress his people and wring money out of them, and that it was an English bank that was lending the Nizam money at high interest. "The richest and most easily cultivated soil in the world has been nearly depopu-



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lated, chiefly by the oppressions of the Government." Sir John Malcolm wrote to Metcalfe, " Every step you take to ameliorate the condition of the country will be misrepresented by fellows who have objects as incompatible with public virtue and good government as darkness is with light. You have to fight the good fight."

It was the sorest task he ever set himself, for the bankers were his friends and were the friends of the Governor-General. Lord Hastings was very faithful to his friends, but for a time he could not understand Metcalfe's conduct and felt aggrieved ; but when it was all explained to him he was quite reconciled to him.

Metcalfe was the most hospitable of men, but sometimes regretted the late hours some of his friends kept. He writes : " I feel the want of a country house incessantly ; as long as I live at the Residency it will be a public-house, and as long as the billiard-table stands the Residency will be a tavern. I wish that I could introduce a nest of white ants secretly, without any one's kenning thereof, if the said ants would devour the said table and cause it to disappear."

" I will tell you," he writes to another friend, " the secret of my happiness. I live in a state of fervent and incessant gratitude to God for the favours and mercies which I have experienced throughout my life. The feeling is so strong that it often overflows in tears, and is so rooted that I do not think that any misfortune could shake it."

Just when Sir Charles was enjoying the tranquil pleasures of Hyderabad he was summoned to take charge at Delhi, where his old friend, Sir David Ochterlony, had acted in such a way as to meet the disapproval of the Government. He had thought to accomplish by a sudden blow what the authorities believed should be done with vast preparations—the attack on the Ját fortress of Bhartpur. Metcalfe was extremely unwilling to dispossess an old friend, but was told that Sir David must go, and if he himself did not accept



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Delhi it would be offered to some one else. Poor old Ochterlony did not live to see his successor installed: the old soldier died of a broken heart before Metcalfe reached Delhi.

At this time we were at war with Burma and rumours of our defeat there were making the authorities at Bhartpur unwilling to take advice. Lord Combermere the Commander-in-Chief was already in camp before the fortress January 1826. At first it was hoped to carry the place by assault, but the breaching batteries had not opened the walls sufficiently, so they had recourse to mining.

"We stormed on the 18th," wrote Metcalfe; "it was a glorious affair, and our success was most complete, but we have had a narrow escape from a most disastrous defeat: neither of the breaches was practicable. Our first mines were bungling, but the latter were very grand. That to the right did a great deal of mischief to ourselves, for the people assembling in the trenches were too near, and the explosion of the mine took effect outwards. It was a grand sight, and was immediately followed by that of the advance of the storming columns up the two great breaches. Both mounted the breaches steadily, and as quickly as the loose earth and steepness of the ascent would permit, and attained the summit without opposition."

So Bhartpur, which had successfully defied Lord Lake twenty years before, was taken at last, and Metcalfe placed upon the throne the boy prince whom his uncle had been endeavouring to thrust out from his rightful inheritance.

In 1827 Metcalfe was admitted to a seat in the Supreme Council and went to live in Calcutta, where he gave large dinner parties and balls, but privately grumbled at the waste of time which social duties involved. But as he surrounded himself with new friends life became more pleasant.

When Lord William Bentinck resigned, Sir Charles was appointed to act as Governor-General for a time, and during



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these months he passed an Act which liberated the Indian Press. "If India could be preserved as a part of the British empire only by keeping its inhabitants in a state of ignorance our domination would be a curse to the country, and ought to cease." It is no wonder that when this news came to the ears of the Directors, Metcalfe lost the confidence of the Company. Lord Auckland was made Governor-General, and Metcalfe got the Grand Cross of the Bath. But letters from England told him how angry the Directors were with his highflown notions of freedom and thought. So he wrote and offered to resign his seat on the Council.

He was perhaps over-sensitive, for there had been no official reproof of his doings. He left India with the regrets of all classes of the community; at one of the public dinners a toast was given, "Charles Metcalfe, the soldier of Dig," and when the story of "the little stormer" was told, the military enthusiasm of the many officers present was roused to the highest pitch.

Sir Charles Metcalfe often spoke and wrote of the insecurity of our British Empire in India, and predicted that it would some day be imperilled by our own native army. He used to say, twenty and thirty years before the great Mutiny, that we were sitting on a barrel of gunpowder and never knew when it would explode—we should wake up some morning and find that we had lost India, because our power does not rest on real strength but upon impression or prestige. The Indians think us invincible: when the time comes that we, by some European defeat, lose that great opinion of us, then India will be in danger.

After an absence of thirty-eight years Metcalfe returned to England in 1838. He was rich, unmarried and needed rest, which he obtained at Fern Hill, an estate near Windsor, in Berkshire, inherited from his eldest brother. As to getting into Parliament, he would neither beg nor buy a seat, so he remained a quiet country gentleman.



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But not for long ; from the East he went straight to the West, as Governor of Jamaica. Then he returned in 1841 and was invited to go as Governor-General to Canada, where his wonderful patience and almost saint-like temper were called into requisition by trials and provocations. In 1845 he was raised to the peerage as Lord Metcalfe. The next year he returned to England worn out and suffering from cancer. He died in the summer and was buried at Wingfield.

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## CHAPTER XII

# SIR ALEXANDER BURNES, EXPLORER AND SCHOLAR

THE family of this Indian hero was of the same stock as that of the Ayrshire Poet, but they had migrated to Montrose. Alexander's father had been Provost of Montrose and Recorder, or town-clerk, a man of character and ability.

Alexander went to school at the Montrose Academy, and was considered clever both in classics and mathematics; his eldest brother, James, was studying medicine with a view to an Indian career, and Alexander was to be provided with a cadetship by Mr. Joseph Hume, M.P. So when the boy was close upon seventeen, he was sent up to London in a Dundee smack and took the oath of allegiance.

His brother James went out with him in the *Sarah* in June 1821, and they arrived at Bombay late in October. Their purses were light, but they had been well brought up and meant to succeed, if possible.

The brothers were soon separated by their respective duties. Alexander remained at Bombay in the 3rd Regiment of Native Infantry, proud of his new position and determined to better himself. He wrote in his journal for December: "Ever since I ordered my servants to address me in Hindustani, I find my improvement very great. . . . I have begun to gain information concerning the manners, customs, laws and religions of this people—for what is it that makes a man but a knowledge of men and manners?"



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The Governor of Bombay was Mr. Elphinstone, whose kind and genial manners won the young soldier's heart at once: "He does not behave in a 'How do?' manner, but is extremely affable and polite. . . I like the country amazingly. I have everything to be wished for—plenty of time to myself, several very pleasant brother-officers." He worked to such good effect that in May 1822 he passed an examination in Hindustani, which fitted him for an interpretership. Very soon after his regiment was ordered to Poonah, where he had his first experience of pig-sticking, and began to learn Persian.

In January 1823 he was gazetted interpreter of the first battalion at Surat, but soon after, at the age of eighteen, he was offered by Colonel Campbell the regimental adjutancy with an allowance of 600 rupees a month.

We cannot but notice how well these Scots stick together and help one another. Burnes was not an athlete, not fond of games, but liked to sit and argue. "I like a jolly party now and then, much study, and am very partial to history, but dislike novels extremely, even Scott's. I was dull at school and reckoned a dolt." In his second year he remitted £50 home to his father, and thought within himself, "How very gratifying this will be to him."

One entry in his journal of October 17 tells a tale of woe: "I have lost a day! G. and H. called on me in the morning and proposed cards: they would play, and I assented at last, provided the stakes were low. We began low but rose to high stakes: I had at one time lost 1500 rupees, and felt I must go on. The upshot of the game was I was thirteen rupees to the good. I have got such a moral lesson that I never intend handling at a round game for some time; I am ashamed of myself and shall ever be so. I've lost a day! I could scarcely place the cards on the table, I got so nervous. No wonder! I had at one time lost my pay for half a year. Had I lost 1500



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rupees, where would have been my prospects of sending money to my dear father? And these gamblings derange my head and prevent me bestowing proper attention on my Persian studies."

In 1825 he was chosen Persian interpreter to a field force of 8,000 men under orders to cross the Indus and attack Sind. "Four hundred rupees a month! I have already sent home £250 and have more at my command." The force did not advance, but Burnes employed his time in surveying and produced a map of an unknown track; for which he was rewarded by being made quartermaster-general. In 1828 he met Sir John Malcolm at Bombay and volunteered to explore the Indus. Before he had got half way through this task, he was recalled by Lord Bentinck, for political reasons, and made assistant to the Resident at Cutch, which is near the Indus. He was now in a fever heat of desire to explore further lands, when Sir John Malcolm (a brother Scot) gave him an important task: it was to convey to Ranjit Sinh, the mighty ruler of the Punjab, a mob of splendid horses, a present from the King of England. The country was then unknown, and Burnes was directed to explore the lower Indus, and take presents to the Amirs of Sind.

Of this scheme Sir Charles Metcalfe wrote: "This seems to me highly objectionable. It is a trick, in my opinion, unworthy of our Government, which cannot fail, when detected, as most probably it will be, to excite the jealousy and indignation of the powers on whom we play it. It may even lead to war." The Amirs did mistrust us, and believed that Burnes had come to spy out the nakedness of the land. Therefore it was only with the greatest difficulty that he got through to Lahore, though, when he did arrive in the Punjab, he was treated with honorary escorts and salutes of guns.

Thence Burnes went on to Simla, to give an account



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of his journey to the Governor-General, Lord William Bentinck, who listened with intense interest to his story and his aspirations for future travel. Burnes writes to his sister in 1831: "The Home Government have got frightened at the designs of Russia, and desired that some intelligent officer should be sent to acquire information in the countries bordering on the Oxus and Caspian; and I, knowing nothing of all this, come forward and volunteer precisely for what they want. Lord Bentinck jumps at it, invites me to come and talk personally, and gives me comfort in a letter."

Burnes received his passports at Delhi two days before Christmas and started with a young surgeon named Gerard, and two native attachés. In March they forded the Indus near Attock and became guests of the Afghans, who at that time seemed to be a cheerful, kind-hearted, hospitable people. "Instead of jealousy and suspicion we have hitherto been caressed and feasted by the chiefs of the country." Burnes enjoyed the bracing climate and the mountains: he writes home, "The countries north of the Oxus are at present in a tranquil state, and I do not despair of reaching Istamboul in safety. They may seize me and sell me for a slave, but no one will attack me for my riches. I have no tent, no chair, table or bed, and my clothes amount to the value of one pound sterling." His dress was Asiatic, that of the lowest orders of the people; his head had been shaved and his beard dyed black; he ate his food with his hands like the highest Afghans. The writer remembers an Afghan missionary telling the Harrow boys how he once was dining in the tent of an Afghan chief, and could not forbear remarking that in Europe it was thought rather a dirty habit to put fingers in the dish. The chief looked up and smiled contemptuously, as he replied: "We in Afghanistan think it a very dirty habit to use forks, because, when you put your fingers in your



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mouth, they are your own fingers; but when you put a fork in, how many people may have used that fork before?" Perhaps the chief had some private intelligence concerning the washing of forks in Western hotels!

Burnes had no need to conceal the fact that he was European: the people knew him by the name of Sekundur, which is the Persian for Alexander; with all his assumed poverty, he carried a bag of ducats round his waist, and bills for money if needed.

"When I go into a company, I put my hand on my heart and say with all humility to the master of the house, 'Peace be unto thee!' according to custom, and then I squat myself down on the ground. When they ask if I eat pork, I of course shudder and say that it is only outcasts who commit such outrages. God forgive me! for I am very fond of bacon, and my mouth waters as I write the word."

He does not seem to have been living very badly, for he speaks of pillan (rice and meat) stews and preserves of apples, quinces and melons.

Kabul is built between two hills: high and battlemented stone walls, with bastions at intervals, run over the crest of both hills and secure the city against surprise. On the eastern side, where the slope is easier, the wall is double and very thick. At the eastern side of the city is the Bala Hissar, or citadel, the upper part of which is built on a rocky eminence: outside is a deep, wide ditch filled by a stream from the mountains. It is strange to see how completely the ladies in the streets are covered up: a long white cotton garment veils them from the head to below the knee, white, loose gaiters and high-heeled shoes of embroidered leather cover the feet and legs, while a veil of thick white cloth is wound about the face and shoulders. On Fridays the people pray and play—"Syle" being their term for picnic or pleasure-party—and the royal orchard



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is a favourite spot for families and professional story-tellers and makers of ice-creams. The houses had at that time little or no glass in the windows and no fireplaces, though the winter is intensely cold. They warm themselves by a low four-legged stool, under which is placed a pan of red-hot charcoal, with a thickly wadded cotton quilt thrown over the whole. People squat on the floor round this, and insert their legs under the quilt, so they are fairly comfortable. The walls of many of the houses are split and cracked by frequent earthquakes. The gardens round Baber's tomb, on a high terrace to the west of Kabul, are filled with flowering trees and shrubs which contrast with the white marble of the tomb. Burnes must often have sat under the shade of these old trees, and have looked over the valley, studded with forts and villages, gardens and orchards and vineyards terraced far up the slopes of the mountains. A view lovely in summer, with the fall of silvery cascades tinkling on every side.

From Kabul they went to the foot of the Hindoo-Koosh or Indian Caucasus, and passed over into the territory of the King of Bokhara. At Bokhara they stayed four weeks and were treated as honoured guests. Then their route lay across the Turkoman desert to Merv and the shores of the Caspian, thence to Teheran, the capital of Persia, and to the Persian Gulf; so by ship to Bombay. After recounting his experiences to the Governor-General at Calcutta, Burnes was sent home and reached Dartmouth on November 4, 1833.

On the 6th he was dining in London with the Court of Directors and was becoming the lion of the season: he was even received by King William IV at Brighton. "I passed through two rooms; a large hall was thrown open, and I stood, hat in hand, in the presence of King William. 'How do you do, Mr. Burnes? I am most glad to see you. There, sit down, take a chair.'



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"The King stood, but I sat, as compliance is politeness. There was no bending of knees, no kissing of hand, no ceremony. I went dressed as to a private gentleman. I expected to find a jolly-looking, laughing man, instead of which, William looks grave, old, care-worn, tired."

Burnes brought out a map and explained his travels, and what Russia seemed to be doing or desiring to do. Russia had now taken the place of France as the bugbear of English politics. After Burnes had gone twice over his travels to the King, His Majesty said:

"Really, sir, you are a wonderful man. You have done more for me in this hour than any one has been able to do. . . . I trust in God that your life may be spared, that our Eastern Empire may benefit by the talents and abilities which you possess," and much more equally complimentary. The chief thing that struck the King was that this intrepid traveller was only a lieutenant—only a lieutenant!

Burnes now set himself to writing his book, which Mr. Murray published with great success; but this young man's highest pleasure was in seeing how his honours were pleasing to his good folk at Montrose. For he received the gold medal of the Royal Geographical Society and was elected into the Athenaeum Club without ballot. And when he reached home, they found him the same simple, unspoilt boy of fourteen years ago, with all the freshness and naïveté of youth. On his return to Bombay, Burnes was sent on a mission to Hyderabad. He was strong in his belief that the natives could be improved by education and gradually fitted for liberty; but those opinions were not popular either then or later. Lord Auckland was now Governor-General and he sent Burnes on a "Commercial Mission" to Kabul, but really to checkmate Russia in the East. In the autumn of 1837 Burnes was admitted to an audience by Amir Dost Muhammad Khan. His reception was all that could be desired; he told the Amir that



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he was bringing him as presents some of the rarities of Europe. The Amir replied that Burnes and his friends were the greatest rarities, the sight of which best pleased him.

The Amir wanted the help of the English, for he was afraid of revolution, afraid of the Sikhs and afraid of the Persians. But Burnes had no authority to promise help, and he stayed on month after month, doing nothing and promising nothing, whereas a Russian agent had come to Kabul full of good promises. Meanwhile the Simla Cabinet had made up their mind to replace on the throne of Kabul a foolish weak prince, who should be their tool. This was to play a very unfair game to their own envoy, Burnes, who had been persuading Dost Muhammad that the English would support him. So Burnes hurried away to Simla and protested and argued—all in vain!

Then Lord Auckland in 1838 sent a large army to restore Shah Soojah to the throne of Kabul, and Mr. Macnaghten was appointed Envoy and Minister at Kabul, to the chagrin and disappointment of Burnes. But letters from England informed him that Queen Victoria had made him a knight for his services, with the military rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. This put new heart into him, and he set about smoothing the way for the advance of the British army through Sind.

So poor Dost Muhammad was driven out of the country (though a prince of sterling worth and a friend of England), and a weak puppet put in his place at a great cost of lives and money. Sir Alexander Burnes at Kabul from 1839 to 1841 had neither power nor authority: his advice was seldom taken, though he alone understood the details of the game. Mr. Macnaghten had been made a baronet, and Burnes was left out and given no post of authority. He naturally felt sore and sorry, and expressed himself bitterly to his friends. In 1840 the news came that Dost



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Muhammad was coming in arms to regain his own, raising the tribes and calling on the faithful to expel the unbelievers.

A British force under Sir Robert Sale was sent into Kohistan, Burnes being in chief political control. On November 2 he narrowly escaped being taken prisoner in a victorious charge of the Amir. He writes to a brother: "How I escaped unscathed God only knows. I have a ball which fell at my feet, and of three political officers I alone live to tell the tale."

Dost Muhammad at length surrendered and met Burnes: "He taunted me with nothing, said I was his best friend, and that he had come in on a letter I had written to him. This I disbelieve, for we followed him from house to house, and he was obliged to surrender. On our parting I gave him an Arab horse; and what think you he gave me? His own, and only sword, stained with blood!"

Many long weary months did Burnes wait at Kabul, seeing the rising disaffection of the Afghans and burying himself in Tacitus, his favourite author. "September 24, I have read with great relish and enjoyment the first volume of Warren Hastings' Life, with great admiration for the man, founded on his many virtues and noble fortitude—and that too, on the evidence of his letters."

Soon came October 31, 1841, the day on which he had first come to India twenty years ago. With ominous forebodings he wrote in his journal: "Ay! What will this day bring forth? It will make or mar me, I suppose. Before the sun sets I shall know whether I go to Europe, or succeed Macnaghten." But the momentous day did not bring any change; the last entry in his journal was: "I grow very tired of praise, and I suppose I shall get tired of censure in time." But the day of retribution was drawing near.

We had bribed the Afghans to be our friends, and not



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Russia's; but soon it was found that this enormous outlay was impoverishing India, and retrenchment and economy became the cry. Then the tribes, one by one, rose against us, and at last the citizens of Kabul began to fret and fume.

On November 1 the streets were seething with insurrection, and the house of Sir Alexander Burnes was threatened by an angry mob. "You are in danger, master," said the Afghan servants, "fly while you can to the cantonments outside the walls."

"Why should I fly?" he replied, "I have done the Afghans no injury or wrong." So he went to bed and slept without fear.

But before he retired, his munshi, Mohun Lal, warned him of approaching danger; in Lal's own words, "I told him that the confederacy has been grown very high and we should fear the consequences. He stood up from his chair, sighed, said he knew nothing but the time arrives that we should leave this country." Burnes, however, could not be induced to take any precautions, but said that if he sent for a guard to protect his house, it would seem as though he were afraid. The morning dawned with disaster in the air. Messenger after messenger came running in to warn him of danger. At last the Afghan minister, Oosman Khan, called to see him; the servants woke their master, who rose and dressed and went to receive the Vizier. "Come with me, friend, to the cantonments! See! the streets are alive with the insurgents; every minute is precious!" Sir Alexander looked out and saw the excited throng, but he shook his head and thought, "A British envoy needs not to run away." He believed yet that he could quell the tumult and rejected all advice that might have secured his safety.

However, Burnes wrote to Macnaghten for support from the British troops that were in cantonments; but



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THE MURDER OF SIR ALEXANDER BURNES

Though urged to fly by his Afghan servant Burnes refused, for he believed that he could quell any tumult that might arise; but the house was soon surrounded by a yelling crowd. They offered large sums of money to be allowed to escape. The Afghans agreed and invited them down, but no sooner had they descended from the house than they were hacked to pieces.

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it was now too late, for the raging crowd were howling in front of his house, as if thirsting for the blood of English officers. There was a gallery which ran along the front of the upper part of the house; here Burnes stood, attended by his brother Charles, and his friend, William Broadfoot, and addressed some words to the excited throng. But they would not listen to what he said, only yelled out curses in reply, and it was clear that arguments would not turn them from their purpose. Already random shots were being fired, and bullets were being flattened against the walls above and beside them. Then the three Englishmen fired back, feeling that they must sell their lives as dearly as they could. Broadfoot fell, shot dead; the brothers stepped back into the house and smelt smoke; the stables at the back were on fire now, and the howling pack of Afghans came rushing into the garden and shouted, "Come down!"

"There is one more chance," thought Burnes, "I will appeal to their avarice." So he stood forth again and offered them large sums of money if they would suffer him and his brother to escape.

"Leave off firing and come down to speak to us," they shouted.

At last he consented, and the brothers, conducted by a Mussulman of Cashmere, who had sworn to protect them, went down to the garden. But no sooner were they in the presence of the mob than their guide shouted, "Here is Sekundur Burnes!" Whereupon the insurgents fell upon them and hacked them to pieces.

Alexander Burnes was only thirty-six years old when he died on that November day in the year 1841. One wonders why the British troops were not brought out of their cantonments to rescue these officers. Sir William Macnaghten lived only to be assassinated soon after, and of the 4,500 men in camp, only one escaped, a year later,



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to tell the tale of a retreat through the snowy passes and the cruel, treacherous foe.

So perished the eager, impulsive Scot, who gave sound practical advice to his superiors, but was not listened to; who tried to carry out a policy which he did not approve, because he thought it his duty, who fell because others were too weak to meet the emergency. Here is part of a letter he wrote in 1839, which explains the part he played: "All my implorations to Government to act with promptitude and decision had reference to doing something when Dost Muhammad was king, and all this they have made to appear in support of Shah Soojah being set up! When I asked leave to withdraw, Lord Auckland proved to me that it would be desertion at a critical moment, and I saw so myself: but I entered upon the support of his policy not as what was best, but best under the circumstances which a series of blunders had produced. I saw that I had a duty to my country, ill as the representatives of that country in India had behaved to me, and I bore and forbore in consequence. My life has been devoted to my country; I may in the outset have looked only to personal advantages, but persons have long since given place to things. I now feel myself with an onerous load upon me—the holy and sacred interest of nations; and much as men may envy me, I begin sometimes to tremble at the giddy eminence I have already attained."

Was it the northern gift of second sight that cast the cloud of trouble over his visions of the future? In his hours of gaiety he may have dreamed of returning to Montrose a peer of the realm, honoured, feasted, welcomed as one who had served England well. But to lie dead in the dirt beneath the feet of an Afghan mob! *Di meliora piis*! the good deserve a better fate.

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## CHAPTER XIII

# MAJOR POTTINGER, THE DEFENDER OF HERAT

THE hero of Herat was the only son of an Irish gentleman living in County Down, and was born in 1811. Eldred was only two years old when his mother died, but from her he inherited a talent for languages. His father married again, and his second wife was no "injusta noverca," but became the boy's good friend. It is said that Eldred's military instincts once played him false, for having built up a fort on the garden wall, he sprung a mine which blackened his face and his brother's, and flung a heap of stones on an old man and woman who were passing.

He learnt with a tutor at home until he was fourteen, when he and the tutor came into sharp conflict, and his father saw it was time he had a wider field for his energies. A boy who was always reading of battles and sieges seemed most fitted for the army: a nomination was obtained for him to the Company's military academy at Addiscombe, where he spent two years and came out as a cadet of artillery.

As his uncle, Colonel Henry Pottinger, was rising to eminence in the Bombay Presidency, he chose that part of India, worked hard at his profession and in time was put on the staff, and later was made assistant to his uncle in the political department. One day Eldred came to his uncle in great excitement, declared he had been grossly



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insulted by a low-caste native, and seemed rather too eager to make much of it.

"So I suppose you killed the fellow, Eldred?" said his uncle gravely.

"No, begad! but I will, uncle!"

"Pooh, boy! go and learn Hindustani a little better; most causes of quarrel in this world arise from some small misunderstanding."

The subaltern was quick to see he was making a fool of himself, and on second thoughts he did not even wish to kill the horse-keeper.

Another day the Resident said to him, "The Government want some one to travel in Afghanistan and take notes of what is going on. Now, Eldred, you say you want to travel, here's your chance."

In a day or two off he went towards Kabul, disguised as a Cutch horse-dealer; from Kabul he meant to push on west through a difficult country to Herat, the frontier city of Afghanistan, this time disguised as a Syud, or holy man.

"We met a traveller," he wrote in his journal, "who had been a pack-horse driver with the caravan which Sir A. Burnes accompanied to Balkh. He was struck with the fuss my guide was making about me and appeared to discover me; he began to talk about 'Feringhees' and Sekundar Burnes."

Pottinger had to pretend a vast ignorance of Burnes, and at length the fellow left him, rather puzzled.

But it was worse when they came to the fort of Yakoob Beg, a noted Hazara chief, who used to levy blackmail upon travellers or sell them into slavery. Here they were detained several days and sharply examined. Pottinger assumed long silence and deep devotion and fumbled at his beads, but this only set the ruffians on abstruse questions of the Shia faith, which he could not answer. Hoossain, his guide, explained that he was a soldier, a new convert to



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Mahomet, going to Meshed for instruction. The baggage was examined: a copy of Elphinstone's *Kabul* was found and caused great suspicion, for there was a print in it of a chief, and they all swore it was an idol. Pencils and a pair of compasses also made the brigands shake their heads sagely. The chief said he would ask Pottinger to live with him always, but he saw from his light complexion that in the winter cold he would die in a week.

On August 7, 1837, the Hazara chief said, "I will let you go!" "We, congratulating ourselves on getting off, were gladly climbing the rocky glen which led to the castle, and had nearly reached the top of the pass, when we were aware of several men running after us at speed and shouting for us to turn back. We had no choice left, so obeyed. I made up my mind that I was to be detained, and was too annoyed for further talk; it however struck me the chief might want a turn-screw or bullet-mould, and I left Syud Ahmed behind to unload the pony, and, if he could find them, send them after. Hoossain and I, with as much unconcern as we could muster, proceeded back alone. We had got within a few yards of the esplanade in front of the castle where the chief was, when we heard a shot, and then a great shout of exultation. What this meant we could not make out: but whatever it was, it had the effect a good shout always has of raising my spirits, and I felt inclined to join in too. But as I thought, we reached the open space and soon came within speaking distance of the chief who, in answer to 'Peace be unto you!' replied, 'You may go now, I don't want you; I only sent for you to make the gun go off, but it has gone off!'

"I turned to be off, wishing him most devoutly a passage to Tartarus, but Hoossain burst into an eloquent oration which delighted me. He asked the chief, 'Do you expect that we are to return from Herat, if you choose to send every time your gun misses fire?'"



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On August 18 they reached Herat, having been twenty-six days on the road, but on the very next day they went outside the walls unarmed and were set upon by slave-dealers. Ahmed pretended that they had friends coming behind, and so the slavers let them go. They learnt by this never to go out unarmed.

Just then the Shah Ramzan and his Minister Yar Muhammad were absent on a campaign, but on September 17 they returned to Herat and were greeted by the populace. They had scarce returned when news came in that Muhammad Shah, King of Persia, was preparing to advance on Herat.

Pottinger thought to himself, "If there is to be a siege, I ought to help my hosts," so he went to the quarters of Yar Muhammad, who received him graciously, rose on his entrance, and bade him be seated by his side. Following the custom of the country Pottinger presented the Vizier with two detonating pistols, told the Minister he was an English artillery officer and put his skill at the service of the Shah. The Vizier was delighted and presented Pottinger to the King, who was a weak puppet in the hands of his Minister. From this time Pottinger threw aside his disguise and did what he could to strengthen the city.

He was disgusted, when the siege began, at the habit the Afghans had of collecting human heads among the slain and wounded after a sortie. He saw that the men fighting in a sortie used swords alone and never waited for the attack of the Persian reserve. By Christmas there was an open breach, but the Persians did not assault: it was said they had been conducting this siege on scientific principles under Russian officers, but they were not sure how to proceed after establishing themselves on the counterscarp, when the foolish Afghans still held out contrary to the best rules of warfare!

So the siege dragged wearily on, Pottinger being very busy directing gun-fire and repairing breaches. On February 8



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he was sent for by the King of Herat and directed to enter the Persian camp and negotiate a peace.

"I took leave of the Vizier in the public bath of the city; he and others were sitting at breakfast on the floor of the Turkish bath. Not one of the party had a rag of clothing on him except a cloth round their waists, while servants and officers stood round armed to the teeth."

The bath was so hot that Pottinger burst into a profuse sweat and could not sit down nor join in their meal, so he hurried off to the camp and came to a village with narrow lanes and high mud walls with holes and breaches made in them.

Seeing through one of these that some Persians were running to occupy his road in front, he made Syud wave his turban as a flag of truce.

The Persians, hearing that an Englishman was come to beg for peace, were delighted, crowded round, patted his legs and kissed his horse, for they, too, wanted peace.

"Bravo!" they shouted, "the English were ever friends of the King of Kings!" After a smoke they took Pottinger to the quarters of Samson Khan, the Persian General, who received him very civilly, and then gave him an escort to the Persian Commander-in-Chief. On their way the frenzied crowds grew so dense and uproarious that the escort took their iron ramrods and laid lustily about them.

The Persian Vizier asked Pottinger's business very courteously, and was told he had a message from Shah Kamran of Herat, and also letters for Colonel Stoddart, an English officer, whom he wished to see immediately. Pottinger was taken to Stoddart's tent, who was nimbly getting into his clothes of honour to meet the high dignitary of Herat (so Pottinger had been announced) and now bowed low and spoke a Persian welcome.

"Hallo! Stoddart—I'm Pottinger of the Artillery—an Englishman!"



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Imagine the surprise, the joy of finding a friend to whom he could talk and unbosom his thoughts. They had a good long chat, and then Stoddart accompanied Pottinger to the tent of the Commander.

"Well, sir, what is your message from Herat?" said he testily.

"Perhaps if the tent were cleared it would be more fitting to speak."

"Clear the tent!" shouted the General, and seeing one young man slow to move, he abused him in violent language, and got into such a breathless fury that he finished by spitting after the offender, who slunk out of the tent pale and frightened by the storm of anger which he had unwittingly raised.

After hearing the Afghan proposals the General said, "We can't accept them at all—but you shall see the Persian King."

They were presently sent for to the Shah's tents, which were surrounded by a high screen of red canvas. The Shah sat in an armchair, was plainly dressed in a shawl vest, the black Persian cap on his head; his servants stood with heads bent and arms folded.

The Shah began in moderate, stately language to explain his complaints against Herat, swore he would take it and have a garrison there, and finished by working himself into a passion and repeating, "Kamran is a liar—a treacherous liar!"

The audience lasted more than half an hour. When Pottinger returned to Herat, again they crowded round to hear the news—and disappointment quickly turned to anger.

A few days after, a Persian envoy came in, asking the Afghans to send away the Englishman and come to terms, for the English were not to be trusted; they pretended trade and friendship, but by these means they had mastered nearly all India. Yet the Persians and Afghans distrusted one



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another, and no terms were concluded. One narrow escape Pottinger had as the siege went on.

One fellow kept brandishing his huge Afghan knife above his head, and had the knife destroyed by a bullet which struck it close to his hand. Pottinger had been looking through a loop-hole at the Persians, and hearing the Afghans bantering the man whose knife had been broken, and being pulled by his cloak to come and listen to the fun, he came down. Just a moment after, a bullet came through that loop-hole and lodged in the lungs of Yar Muhammad's eunuch —a brave fellow always at the post of danger: the poor fellow died in two or three days.

That very evening news came that Major D'Arcy Todd was seeking admittance: he was an officer of the Bengal Artillery and had come with the English Minister at the Persian court.

The Afghan Vizier sent Pottinger a note, asking him to come to his quarters. Pottinger on entering looked about, but saw no Major Todd.

The Vizier made room for Pottinger on the carpet and laughingly remarked, "Don't be angry; I have thrown ashes on it and blackened its face myself." "Eh? I don't quite understand." The Vizier explained his words by saying, "I sent word that the Afghans neither wanted the Turks, Russians nor English to interfere: we trust to our swords. But let the English ambassador's Naib come in the morning to the south-east angle and he will be let in."

Pottinger, much annoyed at the boasting of the Afghan, said—

"Now you have probably prevented the English Ambassador from interfering."

"But I wanted to make the Persians think," replied the Vizier, "that we were all right and did not care much about the English interfering."

When next morning Major Todd came into Herat in



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cocked hat, epaulettes and hanging sword, people mounted on the roofs to see the gallant sight! He told the Shah that the British Government offered mediation between Persia and Herat, and Shah Kamran was charmed and invited Sir John M'Neill to come into the city and talk affairs over with him. Moreover the Shah took off his cloak and sent it by Yar Muhammad Khan to Major Todd, an Afghan honour seldom paid. Sir John came in the evening and spent much of the night discussing and writing: in the morning Yar Muhammad was sent for, but he was still asleep.

When that Minister did come, he asked if English Ministers ever slept. "I do not wonder," he said, "that your affairs prosper, when men of such high rank as your ambassador work harder than an Afghan private soldier would do, even under the eyes of the Shah."

But the negotiations failed after all, owing to Persian insincerity: so the siege dragged on from April to June, Pottinger being the life and soul of the defence. Late in June, when food was failing, the Persians made a desperate attempt to carry the place by assault. Rockets and gunfire awoke the Afghans to a sense of their danger; but the men were giving way all along the walls, and Pottinger seized the Vizier by the wrist, and dragging him forward implored him to make one more effort to save Herat. At last the Vizier got furious, and seizing on a large staff belaboured the hindmost and drove them to meet the enemy.

Some days later the Persians again demanded that Pottinger should be given up to them, but the Afghans replied, "He is our guest and friend."

In August the Persians raised the siege and retired, hearing that the British ships were firing in the Persian Gulf.

Pottinger reported that it was his firm belief that Herat might have been taken on the first day of the siege. The Persians worked well in the trenches, considering they were



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not trained sappers, and the practice of their artillery was really superb. They only lacked engineers and a general to lead them on.

After the siege came utter prostration, misery and starvation. Yar Muhammad tried to recruit his finances by the old plan of slave-dealing. But Pottinger got advances of money and so restored trade and cultivation, and the people gradually came back to their homes.

He and Colonel Stoddart, who remained with him at Herat, exerted their influence to suppress the traffic in human flesh. But this stirred up jealousy and ill-feeling amongst the officials who were making money by the slaves; in a month after the Persians had gone the English officers were openly insulted and outraged. Stoddart left for Bokhara, and Pottinger only remained because the Shah Kamran earnestly begged he would. The Governor-General, when he heard about the siege, appointed Pottinger political agent at Herat—"glad of the opportunity afforded him of bestowing the high applause which is due to the signal merits of that officer who, under circumstances of peculiar danger and difficulty, has by his fortitude, ability and judgment honourably sustained the reputation and interests of his country."

There Pottinger remained until September 1839, when he made his way back to India and met Lord Auckland in the upper provinces. He was of course invited to join the Government circle at dinner, but nothing was known of his arrival until the guests were assembling in the great dinner-tent. Then they noticed that a "native" in the Afghan costume was leaning against one of the poles of the tent, a shy, somewhat downcast look he had; and the staff looked askance at him and whispered together, "Who is yon intruder? Had we not better order him out?"

Presently the Governor-General came in, and leading



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his sister, Miss Eden, up to the stranger, said, "Let me present you to the hero of Herat."

Then came a moment's silence, surprise and swelling of the heart—the "native" was no native, but Pottinger of Herat, the gunner who had saved Herat! In spite of etiquette a great cheer went up for the blushing hero, who was wishing himself elsewhere than amongst these smart ladies and spick-and-span officers. After going down to Calcutta and drawing up his report, Pottinger went back as agent on the Turkistan frontier, the country above Kabul.

As the autumn of 1841 advanced he saw there was mischief in the air: the measures of retrenchment, the diminution of the subsidies to the Afghan chiefs were all having their effect on that greedy, grasping people. Pottinger wrote to Sir William Macnaghten and pointed this out; he visited General Elphinstone, but he was smitten with the infirmities of disease and age and would not move from his camp.

On November 2 the storm burst in Kabul with the massacre of Burnes; the disaffection soon reached Pottinger's fort: his assistant, Lieutenant Rattray, was shot down by treachery and Pottinger only just escaped in time into his castle. A few hours later Haughton, Adjutant of the Gurkhas, came up with two companies of his regiment; they cleared the gardens and, leaving sixty men, which made up Pottinger's garrison to one hundred, went back to their camp.

Pottinger's men had only fifteen rounds a man, so he resolved to retreat to this camp at Charchur. There the enemy closed round them. Captain Codrington, who commanded, was killed, and Haughton performed prodigies of valour, while Pottinger, who had been shot in the leg, had to lie still and look on.

The Afghans cut off the water supplies, thirst began to prevail over the little garrison: many Sepoys deserted,



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the fighting men became a rabble. So Haughton and Pottinger resolved to fight their way to Kabul, though both were wounded. They went by night from the postern gate, delaying by the wells on the road, losing their way in the ravines, afraid to go by the main roads and taking sheep-paths over the mountain, being fired at by picquets at Deh-Afghan, and feeling weak and worn and utterly spent.

They were now very near to Kabul when Haughton, exhausted by the pain of his wound, and by loss of blood and want of food, implored Pottinger to leave him. "Let me die here, old fellow, and ride on! Save your life, do!"

"I would rather die with you than desert you, Haughton; let us rest a bit, and then try to get on; it can't be far now, it can't be very far."

So they rested and again struggled on, and arrived at the cantonments. For many days they were compelled to nurse their wounds and be idle, but on December 23, 1841, Sir William Macnaghten was treacherously slain by Akbar Khan, and then every officer in camp began to look to Pottinger to get them out of the ring of fire which hemmed them in.

On the 25th Pottinger wrote to Major Macgregor at Jellalabad: "Macnaghten has been called out to a conference and murdered. . . . We are to fall back on Jellalabad to-morrow or next day. We may expect opposition on the road, and we are likely to suffer much from cold and hunger as we may have no carriage for tents and superfluities. I have taken charge of the mission—the cantonment is now attacked."

The military authorities had determined they could fight no longer, they must retire to India. Mahomet Oosman Khan had offered to escort our army to Peshawur for five lakhs of rupees, and a council of war was summoned to consider this. Pottinger advised them not to treat with the enemy, because he believed they were going to betray



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us, and we had no right to purchase our safety at so great a cost. But every one voted to the contrary: they would neither occupy and hold their camp till the spring, nor abandon their baggage and cut their way down: they would pay for safe escort; and Pottinger with a heavy heart had to arrange the bargain.

On January 6, 1842, the British army set out, but no escort was there waiting for them, as had been promised.

Another piece of advice which Pottinger pressed upon the officers was neglected. "Have all the old horse-clothing cut into strips and rolled round the soldiers' feet and ankles, as the Afghans wear it; it will protect the Sepoys from the deep snow." But no! it was not worth the trouble. So the miserable British army went stumbling into the snow, many with bare legs, and they soon grew benumbed and could hardly stagger along; all the time a yelling mob of Afghans hung on flank and rear, and cut down stragglers unresisted.

At last Akbar Khan, who had slain Macnaghten, came riding up with his men and promised to escort the remnant of the army safely to the British frontier, if three hostages were given up to him. Brigadier Shelton and Captain G. Lawrence were named, but Shelton refused to go. So Pottinger took his place with George Lawrence and Colin Mackenzie as companions.

From that January until September 1842 they remained prisoners in the hands of Akbar Khan. Our army marching through the passes dwindled down to one man, Dr. Brydone, whose picture as he stooped over his saddle was so powerfully painted by Lady Butler: the pony wounded and sorely tired with stooping head and neck just let fall from its mouth a few drops of foam.

"Ah!" said an officer who had seen him come thus into Jellalabad, "everything is correct, except one thing What would that poor pony have given to be able to dribble



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like that! Why! he was dying of thirst, and his mouth was hot and dry as a cavern in the Arabian desert!"

Pottinger in his prison drew up a report of the rising and the capitulation. After a time they were removed to a fort on the Loghur river, a few miles from Kabul, where they enjoyed some comfort and freedom.

Akbar Khan would come and discuss the terms of a surrender of prisoners; he was in a hurry, for General Pollock was reported to be coming with an army of retribution, and had sent Akbar angry letters.

One day Akbar with some chiefs entered the cell of the Englishmen and said, "How is this? What does it mean? Those bills which Major Pottinger drew up to set free the British army have been repudiated by your Government. They refuse to pay! Here is British faith indeed!"

"Well? but the army was to be escorted safely to Jellalabad."

"They died in the snow, it was the will of God! Come, Major, take your pen at once and write us new bills, or you shall be shot."

"New bills would be as useless to you as the old," replied Pottinger; "you did not fulfil your promise; you will lose the rupees."

"Hound of an infidel! make out new bills, or you die!"

Then Pottinger turned a grim, stern face upon them, the dour look of the Irish-Scot, and said, "You may cut off my head if you will, but I will never sign the bills." He looked as if he meant it: they retired to consult to an upper room, and Pottinger started up and said to his companions:

"The door is open! there is a store of gunpowder below, shall we fire it and blow them all up and take our chance of escape?"

But the others said No! it was far too risky.

As Pollock advanced towards Kabul the captives were



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removed further away, to Bameean, a fort placed on a deep red hill, with tremendous ravines circled by crags and pinnacles and ancient fortifications. And there Pottinger played a very brave game, and if it had not succeeded, it would have been almost ludicrously impudent.

He talked loudly of his power as British agent, and proceeded to depose the Governor of the place and appoint a more friendly chief in his stead!

Then they levied contributions on a travelling party of merchants, and so supplied themselves with funds. Not content with this, Major Pottinger (he had lately been made Major) issued proclamations, calling upon all the neighbouring chiefs to come in and make their salaam; to some he granted remissions of revenue, and to all he seemed a very powerful personage.

How different was this bold and manly conduct to that of the poor old General Elphinstone and his staff; the most dangerous step, when dealing with half savage peoples, is to let them see you are afraid.

In the end Pottinger and his companions joined Sir Richmond Shakspear and later arrived at the camp of Major-General Pollock, C.B.

After the war was over it became necessary to inquire into the conduct of Major Pottinger, who had signed a treaty for the evacuation of Afghanistan, and had drawn bills to large amounts on the British Government.

The inquiry commenced on January 1, 1843, and Pottinger was cross-examined. He was asked why he had assumed charge of the mission on Sir W. Macnaghten's death. He replied, "Not only was I the senior officer of the mission, but I was specially requested by General Elphinstone to take charge."

He had to narrate how he had advised some decided course of action, but had been overruled: how Sir W. Macnaghten had previously promised the Afghans fourteen



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lakhs of rupees: how the council of war had added five more for safe escort.

One can feel for an officer who, after having done his best to carry out other men's plans, is court-martialled, questioned, left in suspense as to whether he has deserved ill or well of his country.

The hero of Herat, as he waited for his sentence, was having rather a bad time, and his heart must have beat rather nervously.

Then at last he was called in to listen to a long-winded résumé of the facts, and at the very end came these words: "The Court cannot conclude its proceedings without expressing a strong conviction that throughout the whole period of the painful position in which Major Pottinger was so unexpectedly placed, his conduct was marked by a degree of energy and manly firmness that stamps his character as one worthy of high admiration." How warmly must these officers have grasped the hand of the brave man who might have saved an army, if he had been in command!

Eldred Pottinger went down to Calcutta, and Society tried to make a lion of him, but the modest, shy, silent man would not be drawn. Heroism takes more forms than one; in Pottinger it took the form of a sturdy and indomitable perseverance, a courage that could resist overwhelming odds, a grim, unflinching patience that could not be weakened by threat or danger, but there was no outside show of daring, and he shrank from public applause.

Alas! he never lived to show what the mature man might grow to, for on a visit to Sir Henry Pottinger in November, 1843, he caught the Hong-Kong fever and died. He was just about to start for home—but it was not to be! he had done his life's work.

It seems unnatural to leave this story without referring more in detail to the fate of General Elphinstone's force which tried to reach Jellalabad.



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## MAJOR POTTINGER,

It will be remembered that a very large sum of money had been promised the Afghans by Major Pottinger to secure a safe retreat.

Pottinger did well to mistrust the foe, for as the army left its cantonments, before the rearmost men had got outside the walls, the Afghans rushed in and commenced plundering.

Akbar had prevailed upon the poor old General to make two marches to Bootkhak, though distant only nine miles. "It will be better not to tire your men." Exactly! it also gave time to Akbar's men to dispose of the plunder and then go ahead and seize the Khoord Kabul Pass.

When our soldiers reached the Pass and were marching in a narrow valley by the side of a mountain stream, with high mountains on either side, then the Afghans flew upon the baggage and shot down our men in hundreds. Akbar was extremely polite and sorry; he could not control his greedy men! "The best thing you can do, General Elphinstone, is to surrender to me, and I will protect you to the best of my power."

The officers all agreed to this; the poor shivering Sepoys, who had never seen snow or ice before, deserted and were driven back to Kabul like flocks of sheep—to become slaves for life.

During the halt many of the Afghans had gone forward to man the next pass, which was seventeen miles long; here hundreds of the Hindustani camp-followers were stripped stark naked and left to die, frost-bitten, in the snow. In the Jugdulluck Pass an abattis, formed of branches of felled trees, was thrown across the road. In their eagerness to get through this obstacle and avoid the danger behind all order and discipline was lost, they became a helpless, shivering mob, hearing the shots behind and the cries and the yells of the pursuer. Brigadier Anquetil, after getting through the abattis, went back to try and extricate those left behind.



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THE DISASTER IN THE KHOORD KABUL PASS

As soon as our men had entered the Pass, a narrow defile with precipitous mountains on either side, the Afghans rushed down upon the baggage and shot down our men in hundreds. General Elphinstone was persuaded to surrender, and the poor shivering Sepoys, who had never seen snow before, were driven back like sheep to Kabul, to become slaves for life.

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"Where's our Brigadier?" the 44th called out, but there was no reply, he was never seen again; the men selected their own officers and the wildest confusion prevailed. Yet still they pushed on.

But from every spur and height the enemy were firing on our men, and as any dropped from fatigue or wounds he was stripped and slain.

The 44th still kept together and made many plucky charges whenever the Afghans showed a front. But at last they had shot away all their ammunition, then they broke their ranks and fled in all directions. All were killed except a few who were made prisoners, and some officers who galloped away, only to die another day from exhaustion.

We may wonder who it was that selected for a post of such difficulty an old man crippled by gout in his hands and feet, whose nerves had been shaken by bodily suffering. They had amongst them at first the Hero of Herat, but they used neither his brains nor his courage. He had no authority to interfere, and he was too modest to put himself forward. But how he must have suffered to see the honour of England besmirched by irresolution and despair, when all might have been saved if only they had seized the Bala Hissar, the rock citadel, and held it until such time as a relief force could have appeared.

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## CHAPTER XIV

# MARQUESS OF DALHOUSIE, A MASTERFUL RULER

PERHAPS no Governor-General has left his mark upon India more prominently than Lord Dalhousie: the Marquess of Wellesley had organized British India with his masterly power at the beginning of the century; from 1798 to 1848 his arrangements continued on the whole, but Lord Dalhousie extended the frontiers and consolidated the Feudatory States, so that some sort of united empire became feasible. He pushed on schemes for railways and canals, and made possible an India of manufacture and commerce. He found it necessary to annex the Punjab, and Russia took the place of France as an object of alarm. Burma too was conquered and brought us into relations with China. Very soon after Dalhousie's return from India, the Mutiny broke out, and for a year or two his policy was extravagantly censured; but time brought reflection, and the causes of the Mutiny were found to have been in existence before his rule.

James Andrew Brown Ramsay, the third son of the ninth Earl, was born at Dalhousie Castle in 1812; the house, built of reddish stone in the twelfth century, stands on the bank of the South Esk. The father of the Marquess had served in the Peninsular War and fought at Waterloo, and was afterwards Governor-General of Canada. James' first impressions of life were taken amongst the snows of Canada. At the age of ten he was sent to England in a



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sailing brig and entered for Harrow School, having his eldest brother as his fellow-pupil, and Dr. George Butler being headmaster. Here he stayed for seven years, and probably ran over frequently to Bentley Priory, where Lord Aberdeen, a governor of the school, was then living.

Those were the days when the boys, at the end of term, used to race up to Town in carriages and gigs of all descriptions; when the headmaster used to march in procession at the head of his assistant masters from the school house to the school yard. Dr. George Butler, with cropped and powdered hair, short in stature, but hawk-eyed and keen and vigorous enough to rescue a woman from drowning in a canal some thirty years after Dalhousie's entrance, was a figure that inspired awe, while Harry Drury, the clever tutor of ninety boys, supplied in massive proportions what was lacking in the headmaster.

In those days mathematics were despised, arithmetic and writing were taken for granted: yet Lord Dalhousie wrote a fine, delicate hand unspoilt by the writing of lines. The chief end of education was to be able to produce Latin verses of immaculate quality, and to hold style of more account than truth. Yet Lord Dalhousie's minutes are full of matter and thought well expressed. The school yard was the football ground, and the greatest feat was to kick the ball over the school into the road beyond.

In 1823 the Marquess of Hastings returned from India; in the following year he visited his old school, and the visit cost him £600, for with his stately magnificence he presented each boy with two guineas. "So princely a largesse," says Mr. Trotter, "from a grey-haired hero of such fine manners, of a presence so commanding, must have filled many a boyish heart with other sentiments than gratitude alone. The conqueror of the Marathas stood there in all his glory; and young Ramsay, for one, would see in that splendid old Harrovian the



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embodiment of a greatness which he, too, might hope some day to rival."

In 1829 James Ramsay's father was appointed Commander-in-Chief in India, and the eldest son, Lord Ramsay, went with his father, while James entered at Christ Church, Oxford.

Among the undergraduates there were Mr. Gladstone, Canning and Lord Elgin, the two latter destined to be Governors-General of India after Dalhousie. In 1832 Lord Ramsay died, and the second son having died in his infancy, James was now left the heir with the courtesy title of Lord Ramsay. His reading was latterly much broken by family affairs and he took an ordinary degree in 1833. But the examiners, detecting his superior scholarship, gave him an "honorary fourth."

In 1835 Lord Ramsay contested Edinburgh, and made some vigorous speeches, but failed to get in, and in bidding farewell to the voters quoted humorously "Ye're daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen," Cockpen being a village close to Dalhousie Castle.

In 1836 he married Lady Susan Hay, a tall and beautiful girl, eldest daughter of the Marquess of Tweeddale; her great love of dogs and horses came in very usefully in India, where she used to tour at large with her husband, or could drive a spirited pair on the Calcutta Course.

They had two daughters, Lady Susan who married Lord Connemara, and Lady Edith who married Sir James Fergusson, Bart.

In 1838 his father died, and the new Earl of Dalhousie entered the House of Lords as a Conservative. In 1843 he was appointed by Sir Robert Peel Vice-President of the Board of Trade, Mr. Gladstone being then President; in 1845 Mr. Gladstone resigned his post and the young Earl succeeded. It was just then that Hudson, the Railway King, was uppermost, and numbers were hasting to get



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rich through railway schemes. Lord Dalhousie wished to regulate the railways and keep them under State control, but Sir Robert Peel did not agree, so a policy which might have saved a great panic and manifold ruin was put aside, to be tried with good results in India later on.

The immense amount of work which railway schemes brought him at this period told upon his health, for he wore out both himself and his clerks.

In 1847 Lord John Russell offered him the Governor-Generalship of India; he was then only thirty-five years of age, and to go to India meant that they must leave behind them their two little daughters.

When he landed at Calcutta in January 1848, the onlookers saw a slim, short figure, a noble head and keen glance; they called him "the little man of Government House"; how should they know that they were receiving one of the greatest rulers England has ever sent India—the great Pro-consul, as he came to be known! In eight years those who had begun by belittling him, and had soon learnt to stand in awe of the erect and masterful chief, and then had grown to trust him loyally, were his most enthusiastic admirers. Not that he had no enemies! His masterful character and haughty demeanour made many during his life, but while he was Governor-General no one dared to oppose him, for they recognized their intellectual master.

His private physician and friend, Dr. Alexander Grant, says: "Sir James Outram told me that he had had intercourse with the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel and other leading statesmen in England, but never felt so awed, so stricken by his own inferiority as in his interviews with Lord Dalhousie, who had always treated him with marked kindness."

Captain Trotter gives a description of him as he first appeared in India: "Youthful looking, even for his years, erect in gait, with a slim well-knit figure crowned by a



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noble, Titanesque head, lighted up by a pair of large, bright blue eyes. His forehead was broad and deep; the nose slightly aquiline, with fine clearly chiselled nostrils—a shapely mouth, with thin, flexible lips that played in quick answer to every turn of thought and feeling; to all this may be added a voice so clear, sweet and musically intoned, that his visitor found its fascination quite irresistible."

And this "erect little man" kept his subordinates at work: those who idled winced under his cutting rebuke, but to those who gave freely of themselves he was loyal, friendly and sympathetic.

He would rise at six, and devote the time to eight to the study of his office boxes: at eight he took breakfast, glancing over some of the Indian newspapers, at half-past nine he sat down at his desk, where also he took his lunch, until half-past five; at dinner he was very abstemious, and hated the magnificent banquets which his position made necessary. Nothing interrupted his daily toil, neither heat nor fatigue nor the worries of an Indian march. He was fond of riding "Maharaja," his grey Arab, and the Countess often rode by his side.

He was a great master of details: every arrangement, from the plan of a campaign to the hutting and water-filters of the troops, or from the exact wording of a treaty to the ceremonial niceties of a Durbar, was carefully scanned by his own eye, and formed the subject of decisive orders from his own pen.

Sir Richard Temple writes: "in cases where he had a right to be masterful, he was prompt to vindicate authority, and whenever he received a provocation justly to be resented, he had quite a special faculty for making his displeasure dreaded." And again: "Some men are found who while severely exacting obedience from their subordinates, are unwilling to render it implicitly to their superiors. Dalhousie was not one of these: he was invariably courteous



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and respectful to the Court of Directors, while he evidently felt grateful for the support so consistently afforded by them. On their part they were equally considerate to him, and approved his proceedings almost without exception, a circumstance the more remarkable, because they had sometimes differed with some of the most eminent among their servants, such as the Marquess Wellesley." Dalhousie, though he had a proud and sensitive temper, yet schooled himself to be patient and listen to the arguments and grievances of his subordinates; while towards his colleagues and those who were with him daily he was considerate, kind and obliging.

Many stories are told of the tenderness and gratitude he bestowed on those who had served him faithfully. The Lawrences, Henry and John, had been hard nuts for the Governor-General to crack, having as strong wills as Lord Dalhousie himself; there had not seldom been strained relations between them; but the letter which Dalhousie wrote to the wife of Colonel G. Lawrence after her release from captivity among the Afghans proves a noble chivalry in him which no petty disputes could alloy. After congratulating her on being once again in the midst of her family, he goes on, "The kindness of your friends has permitted me to see many of your notes which you never meant for any mere official eye; and I trust you will not think I take too great a liberty in saying that the perusal of them during the long course of your captivity, showing to me the gallant heart you kept up under it, the cheery face you put upon it, and the uncomplaining and confiding patience with which you bore it all, has filled me with a respect for your character and admiration for your conduct, which, if I were fully to express them, you would perhaps suspect me of flattery."

Again, he wrote to John Lawrence during his fever in 1850: "I need not say how deeply and truly I grieved to



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learn the severe attack you have suffered, and how anxious I shall be to learn again that you are improving during your march. . . . I am terrified at the thought of your being compelled to give up work, and go home for a time, and I plead with you to spare yourself as earnestly as I would plead to save my own right hand."

When Lord Dalhousie annexed the Punjab, he did not merely hand it over to a body of civil servants; he himself travelled through the Punjab, as he also voyaged to Burma with like purpose, in order to win personal knowledge of the wants and needs of the province. Nothing escaped his eye, from the distribution and feeding of the troops to the organization of the police and gaols, the planting of trees, the making of roads, schools and hospitals.

In 1852 he sailed from Calcutta to visit and cheer the British Army amid the swamps and pestilential marshes of the Irawaddi. But he sailed all along the coast and inspected the Burmese ports which we had held for twenty-seven years. The result was a mountain road cut through the Yoma mountains for military uses. Twice more did he visit Burma, when he was already crippled with pain and disease, and inspected Rangoon, the city of commerce which he had called into existence. But in the year 1853 he was destined to suffer his greatest loss. Lady Dalhousie had been long ailing; a voyage to Ceylon had not strengthened her, and in the spring of 1853 she sailed for England by the Cape. The long sea-sickness exhausted her and she died when nearing England.

Major James Ramsay, his kinsman and military secretary, had to break the news to him, and the Governor-General fell to the ground as if struck by lightning. For months after that he would see no one except on urgent business and seldom quitted the house.

At last a ray of comfort came: his elder daughter, Lady Susan Ramsay, then seventeen years old, wrote to ask



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if she might come over and help him. She came and brought sunshine back again into the darkened life, and with womanly tact and girlish gaiety of heart won her father from his hopeless mood of sorrow. The new railways and telegraphs were being laid, the British territories were being welded together, but the Governor-General's health was giving way. A malady between the knee and the foot was causing him intense pain, the signs of which he tried to suppress, and his doctors advised him to resign. Had he then retired, after his conquests and reforms, he would have left a name inferior to none amongst the rulers of the East. But he knew that the perilous position of Oudh was pressing for decision, and he could not yet go. "Believing it to be my duty to remain in India during this year, and trusting in the Providence of God to avert from me those indirect risks against which you have so clearly and faithfully warned me, I have resolved to stay."

In that fateful year Oudh was annexed. On February 26, 1856, he said to his physician, "It is well there are only twenty-nine days in this month: I could not have held out two days more." On the 29th he received his successor, Lord Canning, at the top of the steps which lead up to Government House.

The crowd on the banks of the Hoogly, who came to see their late Governor-General embark for England, began by raising a cheer, but when they saw a broken invalid totter down on his crutches their cheer sank into a pathetic silence more eloquent of feeling than the loudest acclamations. Sir Charles Jackson in his *Vindication*, writes, "Many who witnessed that triumphant departure had a melancholy foreboding that the curtain was falling on the last act of a great public career; others, more sanguine, hoped that he would recover his wasted strength, and enter on a new course of honour and success, as bright and glorious as his Indian career. But no one in that vast assemblage



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dreamed that in a few years the great reputation of their departing Governor would be doubted, sneered at and assailed." On his voyage home Lord Dalhousie wrote out the great minute in which he described with simple accuracy the principal measures of his administration. He remained for ten days at Malta and then continued his voyage in the Frigate *Tribune* and arrived home in May 1856.

At once the Company voted him a pension of £5,000 a year, while a kind message of welcome from the Queen helped to revive his spirits.

A cold winter at Dalhousie Castle did not improve his health, and then came the terrible news of the Mutiny in India. "You can well imagine," he writes to Dr. Grant, "with what deep grief I have heard the tidings which the last mail has brought. . . . I can think of nothing else but this outbreak." And then on the top of this came a bitter flood of newspaper criticism, charging him with being the cause of the Mutiny, though it was mainly caused by the Home Government having neglected the military precautions which he had long been urging upon them.

The Duke of Argyll, writing in the *Edinburgh Review*, says: "During the two years or more, when every fifth-rate writer thought it necessary to have his say against something which he called Lord Dalhousie's policy, Lord Dalhousie himself maintained a silence which must have been painful, but which was supported by a proud sense of what was due both to others and to himself. . . . He felt, and he expressed the feeling, that a time which was a time of intense anxiety to all, and of agony to not a few, was no time even to think of any injustice suffered by himself. . . . To Lord Dalhousie's policy in the Punjab—to the men he chose—to the forces he organized—to the people he conciliated—we owe in a very large degree the salvation of India. If it had been possible to carry into effect at once the policy he recommended in respect to the number and



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distribution of European troops in the lower provinces, it is not too much to say that there would have been no massacre of Cawnpore and no abandonment of Lucknow. . . . When the records of our Empire in the East are closed, Lord Dalhousie's administration will be counted with the greatest that have gone before it, and among the benefactors of the Indian people no name will have a better place than his."

So eloquently does a Scot of the West defend a brother Scot of the East.

There was one religious anomaly which Dalhousie abolished ere he left. Converts to the Muhammadan or Hindu faith had been protected by law, but when a Hindu became a Christian he was left liable to loss of property as well as becoming a social outcast from his family. There are descendants of large landowners now in great poverty in Calcutta and Bombay and elsewhere, because their grandfathers became followers of Christ, the religion of their conquerors. People sometimes wonder why Christianity made so little progress among the upper classes in India; this is one convincing reason—it spelt ruin and dishonour and loss of friends. The change of religion lost them their native friends and won them few English friends.

In 1857 Lord Dalhousie spent a few months at Malvern, but the stories of the Mutiny and the deaths of many friends were destroying his nervous force. The following winter he was at Malta, but his health did not improve. In a letter to Dr. Grant he tells of the death of his wife's favourite bitch. "She lies buried in the garden here, and there are very few human beings whose death would make me so sad as the loss of this dumb old friend has done." He was now only able to get about by the help of crutches, with appetite gone, deaf, stupid, weak and miserable! His last months were made dear to him by the devoted care and attention of his eldest daughter. In the winter



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of 1860 he died at the age of forty-eight, and was buried in the family vault of the Dalhousies.

So the fiery spirit which saw to everything in India, which made him act as his own Foreign Minister, and Minister for War, which prompted him to plan great schemes of conquest and annexation, and look into the smallest details of the housing and feeding of troops, etc., had at last worn itself out, and, like so many rulers before him, he ended his life under a cloud of accusations. Other Governors-General had made conquests and enlarged the British territories, but none had done so much as he to pacify and settle the newly added provinces. In many ways he had worked for the good of India itself ; for irrigation he pushed on the cutting of canals, for transporting of goods he introduced many lines of railway ; he introduced the electric telegraph, had geological surveys made for coal and iron, promoted the culture of tea and fostered and safeguarded the growth of timber. Perhaps his greatest improvement lay in the example he set to the civil and military officials of a man working not for himself, but for India and all her people.

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## CHAPTER XV

# INDIA IN THE THROES OF WAR

WHEN Lord Dalhousie landed in India in January, 1848, he expected to find his work in the avocations of peace, in the reforms of administration: for he was succeeding Lord Hardinge, a veteran soldier of the Peninsular War, a friend of Wellington: this gallant general had been four years Governor-General, and had partially disbanded the Sikh troops and largely strengthened the British forces, while he had distributed them so as to be ready at a day's notice. Therefore Lord Hardinge assured his successor that so far as he could see it would not be necessary to fire a gun in India for seven years to come.

Others had the same feeling of security: the Editor of the *Friend of India* wrote in 1848: "Lord Dalhousie arrives at a time when the last obstacle to the complete, and apparently the final, pacification of India has been removed; when the only remaining army which could create alarm has been dissolved; the peace of the country rests upon the firmest and most permanent basis."

Three months after these words appeared in the leading Bengal newspaper, an event happened which threw all into chaos and led to the annexation of the Punjab.

After the first Sikh war Lord Hardinge had set a regency of Sikh nobles in command over the Punjab, nominally controlled by an English Resident at Lahore. This Resident advised the Sikh Governor of Multan to submit his



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accounts to an official audit; for, like most Sikhs, he was very fond of making money and had been mixing up trade with politics. The trader-prince was vexed, he did not wish to expose his money-accounts to strangers, and in a moment of vexation said he would prefer to resign his post. Unfortunately he was taken at his word too promptly; another Sirdar was chosen, and two English officers were ordered to accompany him to Multan. But a delay was caused by an order from headquarters to take no step till the new Resident should arrive, and all this time Multan was seething with discontent.

On his arrival Currie, the new Resident, selected Vans Agnew, a civilian, and Lieutenant Anderson, Outram's brother-in-law, for this duty, and they were to take with them a mixed force of 500 Sikhs, and Gurkhas as escort. But the two officers did not go with their escort; they went by water, while the escort marched by land, and so there had grown up no bond of sympathy between them, they were not known personally to the native soldiers.

They arrived in April 1848 at Multan and the Sikh Governor gave up his fortress as required; but as the two young Englishmen were coming away with a slender escort to their camp, a fanatic rushed out of the mob and stabbed Vans Agnew in the shoulder, while Anderson was cut down by others, and with difficulty the escort bore off the two wounded men to a mosque at some distance from the fort, but not far enough to be secure from its guns.

Vans Agnew sent off a pencilled note to the Lahore Resident, 200 miles away, begging for help. But next day the guns from the Multan fort opened fire on the mosque and riddled it through and through. Then a mob of natives from the city came in and stared to see Vans Agnew sitting quietly by his friend's side, hand in hand, without fear or anger.

As threats arose and violence seemed imminent, Vans



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Agnew called out, "Remember! we are not the last of the English!" Then a low-caste native ran in and hacked at Van Agnew's neck with an axe—the Englishmen were both murdered and their dead bodies were treated with every kind of indignity.

The assault seems to have been not premeditated; but once begun, the deed was adopted by the Sikh Governor and a proclamation was issued calling on all the inhabitants of the Punjab to rise against the cursed foreigners.

Currie wrote to the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Gough, for help; but he with strange caution replied that it would be unwise to risk the health of the troops in the hot season. The Governor-General, being new to India and its problems, was disposed to trust to the advice of Lord Gough, and the help was refused. It is perhaps the only time in his Indian career that Lord Dalhousie deferred to the opinion of others, and in doing so he was wrong, as events proved.

When Lord Lawrence, who was making a short stay at the lovely hill station of Dhurmsala, heard ten days after the occurrence the news of the Multan murders, he wrote off at once to Elliot, the Government Secretary, to Currie at Lahore and to General Wheeler at Jullundur. He at all events recognized the importance of nipping revolt in the bud. To Currie he wrote—

"I would have over a brigade from Ferozepore and Jullundur and march two European corps and six native ones on Multan. The place can't stand a siege. It can be shelled from a small height near it. I see great objection to this course. But I see greater ones in delay"; and next day he wrote: "I would besiege the place, and if the garrison did not surrender at discretion, I would storm it, and teach them such a lesson as should astonish the Khalsa (Sikh word for Church and State). If you don't act till the cold weather you will have the country, I fear, in flame, and insurrection elsewhere. . . . I would not delay



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a day in making an example of the rascals. The day they hear the troops have left Lahore, they will lose half their strength. Delay will bring thousands to their standard."

But nothing was done, because Lord Gough thought it was too hot! Two hundred miles of marching across a parched country did not seem very inviting, or very conducive to health.

Fortunately, there was a young lieutenant in another part of the Punjab who was of a different stamp. Herbert Edwardes, as he sat in his tent was shown a letter—just a few pencilled lines—from Agnew addressed to "General Van Cortlandt, in Bunnu, or wherever else he may be." He divined it was something important, tore it open and read it. Without a moment's delay Lieutenant Edwardes set about giving all the help he could, asking for no authority from any superior. He took the small force of 400 men which formed the guard of a revenue officer in that wild district and made a rush for Multan, eighty miles distant. He collected boats, crossed the Indus, occupied Leia, and there awaited the onset of Mulraj from Multan, "like a terrier barking at a tiger," as he expressed it. Meanwhile he took advantage of the hostility which he knew existed between the races in the Punjab to enrol 3,000 Pathans—thus he armed the Mussulmans of the frontier against the Sikhs of Multan, and being joined by Van Cortlandt and by some troops who had served under Lake, he met Mulraj who was advancing with 4,000 men and eight heavy guns. It was June 18, the anniversary of Waterloo, when he met and defeated Mulraj, driving him back in the great heat to his fortress at Multan. A second battle was fought a few days later which ended in penning Mulraj and his men within their walls.

When Lord Gough heard what Edwardes had done, he was all the more convinced that it would have been folly to take a large force into the field. The Resident at Lahore



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sent a force under General Whish to Multan, but it was too late. The local rising at Multan had begun to spread all over the Punjab—the siege had to be raised, for "the drum of religion" was summoning the Sikhs to rise and strike for "God and the Guru!"

The Afghans entered into alliance with the Sikhs and a large force swept through the Khyber Pass on their way to destroy the white heathen.

But Lord Dalhousie was even then hastening from Calcutta towards the British frontier on the Sutlej: on his way he held a levée at Agra. Those who saw him were struck by his youth and vigour: there was no weakness of will, no delay or hesitation about the new Governor-General. From Sind and Bombay he ordered up troops to the Punjab. "If our enemies want war," he said at a military ball, "war they shall have, and with a vengeance."

In November 1848 Lord Gough started with his army of 20,000 men and 100 guns, and found the Sikh host encamped on the river Chenab. A few skirmishes took place, and the Sikhs retired on the river Jhelum, almost exactly on the spot where Alexander the Great had attacked Porus. A great fight took place in the evening at Chilianwala: the first news that came spoke of a British victory and many guns captured. But later tidings made the victory seem very doubtful. The Sikhs were strongly posted in a jungle, the British right wing were defeated: the centre and left were more successful, but the 24th regiment had been half-destroyed: out of twenty-five officers who went into action, thirteen were killed. The 14th light dragoons rode about confusedly in the jungle and were stampeded back upon our artillery: many of our gunners were sabred at their guns.

The darkness came on so quickly that the guns we had captured could not be retained, but were lost in the jungle and re-captured.



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The battle began too late in the day: the ground had not been reconnoitred, and little use was made of our superiority in artillery.

Then in the blackness of an Indian night the Sikhs crept forth, like tigers, and, feeling about for our wounded, stabbed them to death.

An unsuccessful general gets but a short shrift: every newspaper was sneering at Lord Gough's "Tipperary tactics" in prematurely rushing on the foe: when the despatches reached England, Lord Gough was recalled and his place given to Sir Charles Napier.

Meanwhile General Whish with 17,000 men and sixty-four big guns had resumed the siege of Multan on December 27. The defence was bravely conducted, but a lucky shot exploded their powder magazine, and on January 22, 1849, the citadel surrendered and Mulraj rode into the British Camp. He had not surrendered too soon, for the British sappers had approached the gateway of his fortress and the storming party was already being formed. The besieging force joined Lord Gough, and on February 20 the battle of Gujerat began—this time in the morning, with 20,000 men and 100 guns Lord Gough attacked the Sikhs, who were strongly posted with 50,000 men and sixty guns. This time the choleric old Irishman took advice from Sir John Cheape of the Engineers and let the guns do their work first.

The Sikh guns were silenced at last; but the men fought like heroes. Sir Walter Gilbert, "the best rider in India," followed up the wreck of the Sikh army with a strong force of cavalry, till at last it surrendered—guns and all—and the English prisoners were recovered—in Lord Dalhousie's eyes the most important result of all. The scene of the Sikh submission has been described by Sir Edwin Arnold: "With noble self-restraint thirty-five chiefs laid down their swords at Gilbert's feet, while the Sikh soldiers advancing,



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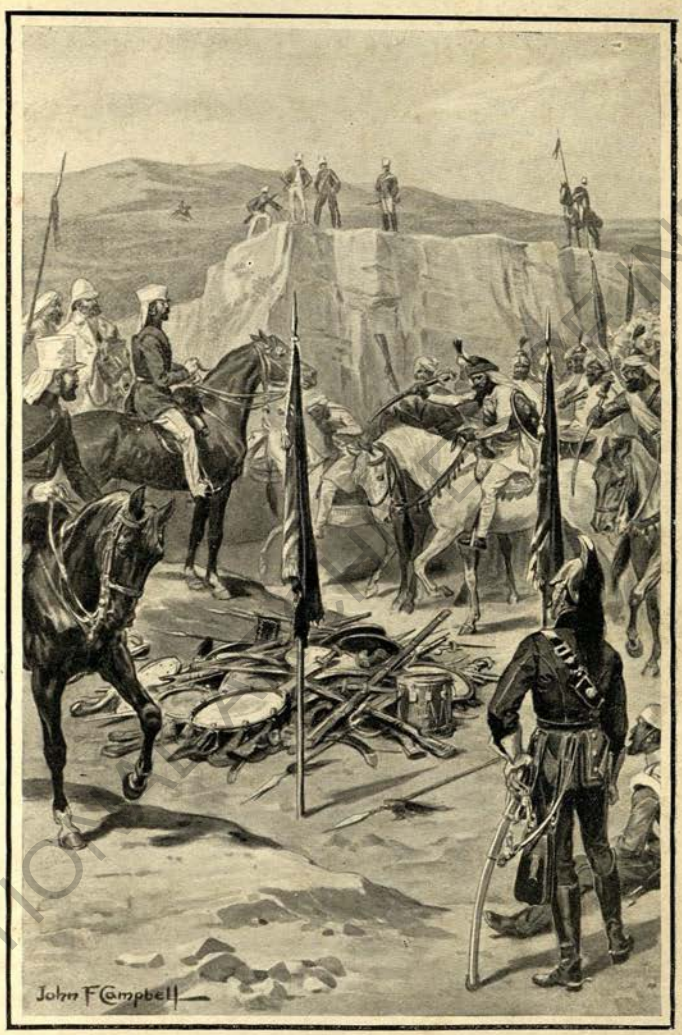


SURRENDER OF SIKHS AFTER THE BATTLE OF GUJARAT

Thirty-five chiefs laid down their swords, while the Sikh soldiers, one by one, advancing to the file of English drawn across the road, flung down tulwar, matchlock, and shield upon the growing heap of arms, salaamed to them as to the "spirit of the steel," and passed through the open line, no longer soldiers.

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one by one, to the file of the English drawn across the road, flung down tulwar, matchlock and shield upon the growing heap of arms, salaamed to them as to the 'spirit of the steel,' and passed through the open line, no longer soldiers."

To this description the late Mr. Bosworth-Smith adds in his *Life of Lord Lawrence*, "But it must have been a more touching sight still when—as it has been described to me by an eyewitness—each horseman among them had to part for the last time from the animal which he regarded as part of himself—from the gallant charger which had borne him in safety in many an irresistible charge over many a battlefield. This was too much even for Sikh endurance. He caressed and patted his faithful companion on every part of his body, and then—turned resolutely away. But his resolution failed him. He turned back again and again to give one caress more, and then, as he tore himself away for the very last time, brushed a tear-drop from his eye and exclaimed, in words which give the key to so much of the history of the relations of the Sikhs to us, their manly resistance and their not less manly submission to the inevitable, 'Runjit Sinh is dead to-day.'"

But Gilbert had not yet finished his pursuit, for he set off at full speed after the Afghan forces, drove them over the Indus, through Peshawur, and up to the very gates of the Khyber Pass.

The relief throughout British India was immense: for the Sikhs are no mean foemen to meet. And throughout the army great was the satisfaction that their popular General, Lord Gough, had been able to secure a decisive victory before the arrival of his successor. For Gough was beloved by all, whether civil or military; he was known to be generous and self-devoting in the cause of his men, and men said that when his blood was cool he was an able tactician. The temporary discontent at his hot-headed



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fights soon passed away, and his promotion in the peerage as Viscount Gough was deservedly popular. But before the final victory was won there were many valiant Englishmen keeping the flag flying in outlying parts of the Punjab.

George Lawrence at Peshawur kept a firm hold on his troops, though they were being solicited to rise by Chuttur Sing: he was living on the edge of a volcano, with the brave Sikhs and the treacherous Afghans beleaguering his Residency. At last he was betrayed by an Afghan into the hands of the Sikhs, who treated him as an honoured guest, said they had received only kindness from his family and at length allowed him to go on his parole to the British headquarters. Then there was Lieutenant Herbert, who had been sent by George Lawrence to occupy the post of Attoch, on the fords of the Indus. For seven weeks he held that weak, crumbling fort with a small garrison of Pathans, who refused to desert him. Not till Dost Muhammad came did they sorrowfully confess they dare support him no longer: for to do so would have imperilled the lives of their wives and children. There was James Abbott, the man who had ridden to Khiva, the friend of Henry Lawrence; he had been placed among the savage inhabitants of Hazara, "who out of gratitude to him for his kindness, flocked to his standard in the fort of Srikote. For five years he ruled them, holding out against the Sikh army, and turning the most desolate wilderness into one of the pleasantest and most peaceful districts of the Punjab. So that children, remembering how he fed them with sweetmeats, would point to a stone on which he used to rest and say, "It was on that stone that Father Abbott sat"; for he had with the courage of a lion the gentleness of a woman. There was Reynell Taylor, who had been left behind by Edwardes when he rushed upon Multan: this valiant Englishman, helped by a mere rabble of Pathan recruits, cleared the frontier of Sikh soldiers, got hold of an antique piece of



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ordnance and laid siege to the fort of Lukki, held by two regiments of Sikhs with ten guns. But he had no ammunition for his crazy gun. "Never mind! run boys, and fetch me round stones from the river bed—they will serve the turn." And he fired his stones at the walls, though every day he might have expected to see a hostile army marching down the Kurram Valley from Kabul, and though he was surrounded by a fanatical Mussulman population.

To face these dangers all alone, with never a white face near him—this was to test the mettle of a man. Taylor never flinched; nay for a month he fired his pebbles until the fort gave in, and he secured the Trans-Indus Provinces.

There were others equally brave and daring—and there was John Lawrence in the Jullundur Doab with four native and one European regiment and a battery of artillery. His province had only been annexed two years before, and there had not been time to pacify and content the natives, when a Guru under shelter of his holy character collected together some hundreds and tried to cross the river into British ground. But the fords were too well watched, the Guru was driven into the Chenab and disappeared with his famous black mare beneath its waters.

And for two or three months John Lawrence was riding north, south and west with his flying hill-corps, striking rebellion a heavy blow on the head, or marching all night to surprise the rebels while they slept.

Sir Henry Lawrence had returned from England on hearing of the second Sikh war: he was inclined to deal gently with the Sikhs who submitted and got a reprimand from the fiery Governor-General.

Edwardes, too, had on his own authority disbanded a Pathan regiment, and Lord Dalhousie wrote angrily to Sir H. Lawrence about it.

"I wish to repeat what I said before, that there are more than Major Edwardes in the Residency who appear to



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consider themselves nowadays as Governors-General at least. The sooner you set about disenchanting their minds of this illusion the better for your comfort and their own. I don't doubt you will find bit and martingale for them speedily. For my part, I will not stand it in quieter times for half-an-hour, and will come down unmistakably upon any one of them who may try it on, from Major Edwardes, C.B., down to the latest enlisted general-ensign-plenipotentiary on the Establishment."

A letter like this shows the imperious nature of the man: he was cruelly bitter to those who failed from incompetence and those who took too much upon themselves: but to such as fell from no fault of their own he extended a rare and kindly sympathy.

On March 29, 1848, a proclamation was issued by Lord Dalhousie, announcing that the great country of the five rivers was now an English Province, and that the frontiers extended beyond the Indus to the foot of the Afghan mountains. This was certainly the most important acquisition which our Indian Empire had received since the days of Wellesley. Lord Hardinge after the first war had determined to maintain the native crown and Government; but the crown of Ranjit had descended to a child, so it was agreed that during his minority the Government should be administered in his name by the Resident. The Sirdars suspected our motives—to seize the child and plunder in his name: and they tried their luck once more—and failed.

Lord Dalhousie had come to India hoping to maintain Lord Hardinge's policy in the Punjab: the Sikh war had shown him that it was impossible. He made John Lawrence Chief Commissioner of the Punjab and gave him an active and cordial support. John Lawrence so dealt with the brave people under his charge that, when the Mutiny came, the Sikhs were true as steel. There was another part of India which Lord Dalhousie was compelled to annex



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—the Province of Oudh. The Kings of Oudh for more than fifty years had been plundering their subjects, growing weaker and more debauched: they had been warned that if they did not rule more wisely there would be unpleasant consequences. Lord Hardinge had given his Majesty two years to reform in; but in 1851 the Resident reported: "His Majesty continues to show the same utter disregard of the sufferings of the many millions subject to his rule. He associates with none but women, singers and eunuchs."

In 1854 Lord Dalhousie chose Colonel Outram to be Resident of Lucknow, a man fond of the natives and wise and just in judgment. He was to report on the condition of the inhabitants of Oudh and on the native Government.

In four months Outram reported that the country was a prey to perpetual civil war of a most cruel and barbarous kind. The number of persons killed or murdered exceeded two thousand annually. Whole towns and villages were frequently burnt and many crops destroyed: the wives and children of the peasants were driven off in hundreds, and those who escaped death from cold and hunger were sold as slaves. The average number of villages burnt each year was seventy-eight. The King continued sunk in that gross debauchery which is characteristic of Muhammadan monarchies when their military virtue has become extinct.

In the discussions which followed as to the wisdom of annexation, Sir H. Lawrence exclaims, "Is the fairest province of India always to be harried and rack-rented for the benefit of one family? or rather to support in idle luxury one member of one family? Forbid it, Justice—forbid it, Mercy! In every Eastern Court the sovereign is everything or nothing. The King of Oudh has given unequivocal proof that he is of the second class; there can



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therefore be no sort of injustice in confirming his own decree against himself, and setting him aside." Again, he speaks of native chiefs generally as "Mere children in mind, and as children they should be treated."

The King of Oudh, however, behaved with more dignity than had been expected of him; he resolutely refused to sign the paper which dethroned him. They tried persuasions and threats—all in vain. He uncovered himself and placed his turban in the hands of Outram, declaring that now his titles, rank and position were all gone, it was not for him to sign a treaty—he was in the hands of the British Government, which had seated His Majesty's grandfather on the throne, and could at its pleasure consign him to obscurity."

The old principle of allowing a native prince to sit on the throne and administer home affairs, while an English Resident really governed, had to be changed to a policy of annexation—and this was chiefly because the Rajah, having no responsibilities, usually sank into sloth and vice, or became a grasping, grinding tyrant.

For instance the Resident at Nagpur reported:—

"Of late years all the anxiety of the Rajah and of his favourite Ministers has been to feed the privy purse by an annual income of two or more lacs of rupees, from fines, bribes, confiscations and sales. The Rajah has done many cruel acts, and even carried war into the country of his feudal dependents—all this has aggravated the low tone of his mind; he acts and thinks like a village chandler. His choicest amusement is an auction-sale, when some unfortunate widow is ruled not to be entitled to her husband's estate."

Of this man Lord Dalhousie wrote: "We set up a Rajah at Nagpur. We afforded him every advantage a native prince could command. His boyhood was trained under



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our own auspices. For ten years, while he was yet a youth, we governed his country for him, we handed it over to him with a disciplined and well-paid army, with a full treasury and a contented people. Yet, after little more than twenty years, this prince has left behind him a character whose record is disgraceful to him alike as a sovereign and a man. He has lived and died a seller of justice, a drunkard and a debauchee."

Lord Dalhousie spent much larger sums in constructing roads and canals than any of his predecessors had spent. The Ganges canal extends 525 miles, and is useful both for navigation and irrigation. The electric telegraph lines extended over 3,000 miles; a cheap post was established for all India, the making of railroads was encouraged and assisted.

The one great danger, which few at that time suspected, was the great size of the native army compared with the English—233,000 men might easily have wiped out the poor little band of Europeans. And there had been one or two small mutinies which should have given a warning of what might, and what did follow.

Two regiments of the Madras army rose in the dead of night in July 1806, without warning or suspicion of their fidelity. White and brown formed part of the same garrison, mounted guard on the same ramparts; yet suddenly the dark race rose and murdered in cold blood every European they could find with true Asiatic treachery. And it was all about some military regulation—the shape of a turban, the wearing of ear-rings, the cut of a beard: this was the mutiny and massacre of Vellore, eighty-eight miles west of Madras. It was thought by the Sepoys that our purpose was to do away with caste. They were suppressed by relief forces from Arcot under Colonel Gillespie.

Sir Charles Napier thought there was no danger in the



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Indian troops being massed, but Lord Hardinge alone foresaw the peril of the Sepoy. The former, however, did note that the Brahmans were at the bottom of most of the discontent among the Hindu troops. "All the higher Hindu castes are imbued with gross superstitions. One goes to the devil if he eats this, another if he eats that; a third will not touch his dinner if the shadow of an infidel passes over it; a fourth will not drink water unless it has been drawn by one of his own caste. Thus their religious principles interfere with their military duties. . . . Military duty sits light on the low caste man, and as a soldier he is superior."

Lord Dalhousie had warned the Court of Directors of the danger that lay in the Indian army, but they had neglected his advice. He also warned the officials in India, and mentioned the peril in his last address to the citizens of Calcutta.

We have only touched on a small part of Lord Dalhousie's acts of government: there has been no room to speak of the conquest of Lower Burma, the storming of Rangoon with 6,000 men against 18,000, and the picked guards, known as "the Immortals of the Golden Country," whose pride it was to die at their post. But the Pagoda fortress fell, and in 1852 Lower Burma was annexed, and the country at once began to prosper under the able direction of Sir Arthur Phayre. What manner of men the Burmese are has been well described in Mr. Fielden's book, *The Soul of a People;* the gentle followers of Buddha are glad to be free, we believe, from the old wars of rapine and conquest which troubled their fathers.

For they live in a country which teems with vegetation, and little exertion is needed to support life. They are consequently rather lacking in moral fibre and too content with their primitive state of society. Since Lord Dalhousie's conquest, other races have entered the country,



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notably Chinese, Japanese and Indian merchants: so that gradually the male Burman is being ousted from employment. Their women have great business capacity, like the French ladies, and attend to the stalls in the bazaars, The lovely park at Rangoon, named after Dalhousie, seems to recall something of that statesman's energy, for here in the evenings cricket and rowing are in full swing.

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## CHAPTER XVI

# SIR HERBERT EDWARDES, THE CHRISTIAN KNIGHT

HERBERT BENJAMIN EDWARDES was born in 1819 at Frodesley, not far from Shrewsbury: his father was the Rector of the parish and sent his son to King's College, London, where he distinguished himself in modern literature and languages. As he was unable to go to Oxford, he obtained a direct appointment to the 1st Bengal Fusiliers from a family friend, Sir Richard Jenkins. The first Kabul war was just over when he reached the Punjab. Edwardes set to work and studied native languages, passing successfully the interpreter's examination. Then he wrote critical letters on the late war to the *Delhi Gazette* and won the notice of Sir Henry Lawrence, who persuaded him to come to Lahore and act as private secretary. From that time dates Edwardes' great admiration for "the father of my public life," as he called Sir Henry.

Instead of giving a sketch of this hero's life, we propose to give in more detail passages from one year's experience in an Afghan valley. The greater fulness of description will set more clearly before the reader what such a life embraces in its manifold duties and dangers and delights, and will bring us into closer contact with our hero. It was to Bunnu, on the borders of Afghanistan, that Herbert Edwardes was sent by Sir Henry Lawrence in February



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1847, to collect the revenues from the reluctant tribes for the Sikh Government, and to conciliate the Bunnuchis if possible, and not to use force unless it were absolutely necessary. Formerly Sikh armies had gone through the country from time to time, to collect the revenue and taxes, but they had indulged in any amount of looting for their own gain ; now an English officer was to go with the force and see that order was well kept. The march from Lahore took up a month, and in March the hot season of the Punjab begins. Edwardes was all his time, during the first fortnight in Bunnu, chasing and punishing his own plunderers. "The Sikh soldiers could not believe that they were no longer to be allowed to help themselves from every farmer's field, pull firewood from every hedge and drag a bed from under its slumbering owner, in order that they might take a nap on it themselves." But the Sikh plunderers learnt at last that the English officer meant to be obeyed. After six weeks toiling in the sun he returned with only a small revenue collected, but with maps of the country and the knowledge that the natives were beginning to trust the British. In the cold season Edwardes returned to the Afghan valley.

Bunnu is quite on the east of Afghanistan, shut in on three sides by high mountains; two streams at times flood and irrigate the valley, which grows all the Indian grains, barley, wheat, sugar and various fruits.

The people are mixed: every status is found among them, from that of the weak Indian to that of the tall Doorânee: every complexion, from the ebony of Bengal to the rosy cheek of Kabul: all are armed to the teeth, refuse to pay, run away when the collecting army comes, live in walled villages 400 in number: each tribe has its hereditary khan, or chief, or malik, to whom all paid a tenth of the produce of their fields. They were very superstitious: "The vilest jargon was to them pure Arabic



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from the blessed Koran, the clumsiest imposture a miracle, the fattest fakir a saint."

A native traveller, Agha Abbas, found it useful to pretend to be a saint in passing through Bunnu. He once sat down by a stream to refresh himself, when he saw four men advancing towards him. "Fearing they might be thieves I had recourse to my detonating powder, and placing some on a stone at my feet, I awaited them. I rested my stick on the powder, as they drew near and exclaimed: 'Ya Alee Madad!' (Help Oh! Allah). The powder exploded and the thieves paused, then approached me with great reverence and requested that I would bless them by clapping them on the back."

Another time a man came up to Agha and said he had a daughter who went mad every Sunday and Wednesday: was engaged to be married, and her fiancé did not like the mad fits: he wished Agha to come and cure her.

He went to the man's house and found the girl stretched on the ground, heaping abuse on all her relations. Agha thought she was shamming; so he wrapped some brimstone in a rag and told his servant to light it and hold it to her nostrils, while he covered his head and commenced incantations. The girl objected to the burning brimstone and promised in the devil's name that he (the devil) would not return. Agha then asked to see her in private, and the girl told him the truth, which was that she was pretending to be mad in order to be rid of the man to whom her father had engaged her: there was another whom she dearly loved. Agha promised to help the girl, saw the betrothed and assured him that if the devil left the girl it would fasten on him: but if he married her sister all would be well. This was arranged and the true lover came forward and showed his gratitude by acting as Agha's guide for some stages. He says, "I left Ustarzye with



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the satisfaction of having caused the happiness of two beings at very little expense."

The four classes which made up the population of Bunnu were the mongrel and vicious peasantry, ill-ruled by maliks; the greedy Syuds, or religious mendicants, who were sucking the very blood of the people; the mean Hindu traders, ever ready to outwit and cheat their Muhammadan employers; and the Vizerees, half pastoral, half agricultural, lawless but having some sense of honour. When Edwardes came the second time, following a proclamation in which he bid them fear nothing so long as they paid their revenue, many maliks from the west rode in, looking as wild as hawks and prepared to mount their jaded steeds at the least hint of suspicion. They were so uncivilized that they thought his watch was a bird and called the "tick" its song: one asked if it was true that the English could not tell lies, and seemed full of commiseration; another asked if he had been reading books for twelve years without sleeping. It was resolved to order the people to cast down their forty strongholds, and build a Crown fort for the English army. But it was no easy work, for the mud of Bunnu is so tenacious, that to break the wall was next to impossible. A cannon-ball made no impression, only lodged quietly in the hard mud. In the upper part it went through and left a round hole. You might make the wall look like a sieve, still it stood firm. The only way to take such forts was to throw in shells or blow down the gate and rush in.

Edwardes first built a fort for himself and then ordered the people to cast down their walls within fifteen days. He had to extend this time, for the work was so terribly hard.

While trying by court-martial in December some men who had been mutinous, a disagreeable interruption occurred. A Bunnuchi, armed with a naked sword, tried to force his way into the council-tent, where Edwardes was sitting



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on the floor in the midst of the Sikh officers, and inflicted three severe wounds on the sentry at the door. The noise made all look up, and seeing what was the matter Edwardes called out to the sentry to run the fellow through with his bayonet. He therefore brought it to the charge and the Bunnuchi fled; but outside the tent a Sepoy caught him in his arms and hugged him like a bear, tripped him up and fell on him. A crowd of angry soldiers came up and would have killed him had not Edwardes interfered. The sentry died two hours after; his skull had been cut right through.

This was only one of several attempts, and many soldiers who had gone out at night were killed, so that Edwardes henceforth carried a double-barrelled pistol in his belt. He also got permission to disarm the people, for they were constantly quarrelling amongst themselves, cutting off one another's water from their lands and causing a famine.

Little by little they began to see that Edwardes was trying to do them good and they ceased to squabble and fight and took to tilling and sowing. "The peace that ensued came home to so many, and the cultivation it permitted sprang up so rapidly under that genial sun, that one's good wishes seemed overheard by better angels, and carried out upon the spot before charity grew cold. And, indeed, this is the great charm of civil employment in the East. The officer who has a district under his charge has power to better the condition of many thousands . . . his personal influence affects their state as rapidly as the changes of the air do the thermometer."

As the fifteen days were ended, Edwardes rode round to stir up the people; as he drew near any fort, the natives jumped on the walls and made a great show of levelling. "Shabash! well done!" he cried, to encourage them. But three forts did not even render this homage; they



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were closed and silent, and their occupants had made no attempt to level their walls.

So Edwardes quartered five horsemen upon each, saying to them, "You are not to come away without twenty rupees, and mind you live free and well till the fine is paid." Before noon the chiefs of all three had paid the fine, glad enough to get rid of their expensive visitors.

In December 1847 Lord Hardinge sailed for England, and Edwardes received this gratifying proof that his chief had not forgotten him.

"The Governor-General has been pleased to raise the salary of Lieutenant Edwardes to 1,000 rupees per mensem as a testimony of his approbation of services rendered since he has been in the Punjab. "J. LAWRENCE."

Lieutenant Edwardes had much trouble to prevent the Sikh soldiers from cutting down the mulberry trees for firewood. "The wantonness of soldiers is very great in the way of plundering supplies of all sorts, for they are birds of passage and feel that they will not miss to-morrow the shade of the grove which they injure to-day. But though I have seen a soldier of Hindustan pull the door off an empty house to cook a chupatti (cake) with, I do not think the same man would have cut down a graceful poplar, or plane tree, for he would have been too civilized and have felt the enormity of the act. A Sikh, on the contrary, has no feeling on such a subject—no love of nature. He sees no aspirations in the towering of the cypress, no sadness in its bending before the wind; he views it with the eye of a carpenter, and would tell you to a foot how long it would last him and his comrade for firewood.

In January 1848 Edwardes was warned that there was a plot to kill him as he entered one of the forts: "We should get rid of the Sahib, and then the force would go away from Bunnu"—so the people reasoned.



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On January 21 Edwardes was sitting in his tent after cutcherry (office) business, talking with native officers over Bunnu affairs, when the cry arose, "Swords are going!" Edwardes cocked both barrels of his pistol and went outside, for the row was quite deafening. Scarcely had he got outside than a fanatic Mussulman forced his way through the sentries and entered the tent at the back door. Hearing the rush Edwardes looked into the tent and saw a Bunnuchi with a naked sword plunging after him like a mad bull. The outside door of an Indian tent turns up and is supported on props during the day, like a porch, to keep off the sun. It is very low and the fanatic had to stoop as he came out; so here Edwardes took his stand outside with pistol ready. "His turban was knocked off in stooping at the door, and when he stood up outside, he glared round for his victim like a tiger who had missed his spring. Then his eyes met mine; seeing no resource, I fired one barrel into his breast. The shock nearly knocked him down, for there could not have been two feet between us. He staggered but did not fall, and I was just thinking of firing the other barrel at his head, when a stream of soldiers rushed in and bore away the wretch towards a native's tent, where they hacked and chopped in every direction. My tent was immediately besieged by officers and men, some half naked, just as they had rushed from the works: it was really quite sufficient compensation for the danger to see the unfeigned anxiety of the men and hear their loud greetings and congratulations. All discipline was lost in such a moment of strong feeling. Thirty swords at least, covered with blood, were held out among the crowd, and as many voices shouted: "I hit the dog this way!" "I cut him like this." Then came officers and sirdars of the force, throwing down nuzzurs (gifts) and whirling money round my head—as is their custom on occasions of triumph or deliverance. and the sun set before I could get rid of the assembly."



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The body of the fanatic was ordered to be exposed on a gallows, because the Muhammadans believe that this takes away the virtue of martyrdom, and excludes the hero from the Paradise he sought in killing an unbeliever.

This story shows us that Edwardes had done something more than keep order and collect revenue; he had won the love and admiration of his own men, and had taught the natives that an Englishman's word is to be trusted. Ruskin, in his *Bibliotheca Pastorum*, Vol. IV, describes Edwardes as "a modern military Bishop. . . officially a soldier, practically a Bishop—a first-rate fighter of men in war: a first-rate fisher of men in peace; a captain whom all were proud to follow, a prelate whom all were eager to obey." And to his Christian fervour he added a vein of gaiety which attracted at first sight: those who came to know him well found out that there lay deep down a reservoir of deep religious feeling. This too was welcome to the wild and savage native, who under all his fierceness acknowledged the necessity of obeying and suffering the will of Allah.

The very fanatic who tried to kill him was prompted to do his furious act by the thought that he was doing God's service, and would be rewarded hereafter. One morning two Pathans were brought to his tent; they were dressed in the commonest white clothing, and had an air of misery mingled with "ashamed to beg." They talked of far away places across the Indus and seemed to have known better days, so Edwardes gave them ten rupees between them. They took the money gratefully, salaamed and departed. In February of the following year the two Pathan beggars again appeared and asked if they might travel under Edwardes' protection. He consented, and on the march picked their brains as they sat during the heat of the day under some shady trees. The talk fell upon Tak, and with his finger on the map Lieutenant Edwardes asked who knew anything of that country?



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One of the two Pathans modestly lifted up his head and said, "I do, my father was once king of that country." It was indeed Shah Niwaz Khan, the son of that king from whom the Sikhs had taken Tak, and grandson of a greater king who had brought streams from the mountains to turn a desert plain into a land flowing with milk and honey. And now his grandson was a wanderer and a beggar.

"As his tale unfolded," says the Lieutenant, "I thought of my miserable ten rupees at Jummu, and felt deeply grieved at having given such paltry relief to such great misfortunes. On inquiry, I found he had had no food for two days, after selling his arms and a few remaining accoutrements; so I ordered him 500 rupees out of the treasury, and sent him on rejoicing to Bunnu, to see his exiled family and bring me tidings from the valley."

Edwardes wondered how he could help this unfortunate prince, and as luck would have it, there was a vacancy in the Tak Government soon after, and Edwardes begged the Resident, Sir Henry Lawrence, to give it to the Pathan, Shah Niwaz. He would not be an independent prince like his father, and he would have to collect revenue for the Sikhs instead of for himself; but it would make him fairly rich, would restore him to his home and country, and it would place over the people a grandson of that Surwur Khan, whose memory was so dear to them.

Sir Henry was delighted at the proposal, so poor Niwaz Khan, who yesterday had no clothes, received a dress of honour (not much moth-eaten) and was despatched with a bounding and grateful heart to administer the government of his native country. This took place in the summer of 1847: at that time Tak was on the verge of ruin, for the Afghan chiefs had screwed the last penny out of the cultivators, till many of them had abandoned their lands.

In six months' time Edwardes revisited Tak and saw that Shah Niwaz had recalled the fugitive farmers, was sitting



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daily in his own durbar and transacting his affairs with great ability ; in short, he so ruled the country that it prospered and was happy. Niwaz had also found in the mountains a band of outlaws who had once been his father's soldiers and had been expelled by the Sikhs. Peera, their leader, had become the terror of the country-side, for he seized on all traders and "bumped" them off to the hills, where they were made to write for a ransom suitable to their wealth : no Hindu dare go out of his village for fear of Peera.

Shah Niwaz took off the ban of outlawry and invited them to come home to Tak, with pardon for all past offences if they would live honestly in future.

Peera joyfully agreed, and came riding on his fleet mare into Tak as proudly as any Roman consul, for whom a triumph was waiting in the streets of Rome. All the town flocked out to meet their Robin Hood, and dancers and musicians led the way to his old home, where trays of sweetmeats were presented to him : the high-bred mare, the dear creature that by her speed had so often saved his life, was rubbed down and caressed by admiring boys and girls : all night long, under the bright moon, the most graceful dancers of Tak were striving who could win most smiles from the good-humoured and repentant outlaw.

So the meeting of the Pathan beggars with Lieutenant Edwardes was a blessing to many others beside the beggar prince. When we read of such things we cannot but see how large a field India presents for doing good and for making people wiser and healthier and better. A benevolent despot in such cases can do so much more than a committee sitting (and often squabbling) in an English city.

In March 1848 Edwardes had to march against some rebellious Afghans, and a mêlée took place during which a tall ruffian came suddenly up to the Lieutenant and thrust his juzail, or long gun, into his stomach, so that he was



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nearly pushed out of his saddle. The ruffian then fired! The priming flashed in the pan and the gun missed fire. "As he drew back the gun, I cut him full over the head: but I might as well have cut at a cannon ball, the sword turned in my hand; and the fellow, without even resettling his turban, commenced repriming his juzail—an operation which I did not stay to see completed. I have always looked back to the moment when that juzail missed fire as the one of all my life when I looked death closest in the face."

It was towards evening of April 22, 1848 that Lieutenant Edwardes was sitting in a tent near the Indus taking evidence about a robbery. Loud footsteps, as of some one running, were heard without, came nearer and stopped before the door. The court and witnesses looked towards the door, where there was a whispering, a scraping of shoes and brushing off of dust from the runner's feet: then the purdah, or curtain, was lifted, and a Kossid, or running messenger, stripped to the waist and streaming with heat, entered and presented a letter-bag, whose crimson hue proclaimed the urgency of its contents. It was, he said, from the Sahib in Multan to the Sahib in Bunnu, and was on important public service.

Edwardes saw it was addressed to "General Cortlandt, in Bunnu, or wherever else he may be." The General was under his orders, so Edwardes had a right to open it and did so. Something in the Kossid's manner forbade him, he says, to question him before the crowd in and about the tent.

He opened it deliberately and found a letter within directed to himself. It was a copy taken by a native clerk of a letter addressed to Sir F. Currie by Mr. P. Vans Agnew, with a postcript in pencil written by Agnew himself which ran as follows—

"My Dear Sir—You have been ordered by Sir F. Currie



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to send one regiment here. Pray let it march instantly, or hasten it to top-speed. If you can spare another pray send it also. I am responsible for the measure. I am cut up a little, and on my back. Lieutenant Anderson is much worse. He has five sword wounds, I have two in my left arm from warding sabre cuts, and a poke in the ribs from a spear. I don't think Mulraj has anything to do with it. I was riding with him when we were attacked. He rode off, but is now said to be in the hands of the soldiery.—Yours in haste, P. A. VANS AGNEW."

During the perusal of this letter, Edwardes tells us, he felt that all eyes were on him, for no one spoke, not a pen moved, and there was that kind of hush which comes over an assembly under some indefinite feeling of alarm. "I never remember in my life being more moved, and feeling more painfully the necessity of betraying no emotion. At last I looked up at the Kossid and said, 'Very good! Sit down in that corner of the tent, and I'll attend to you as soon as I have done this trial.' Then turning to the gaping munshis, I bade them go on with the evidence. The disappointed crowd once more bent their attention on the witnesses. But from that moment I heard no more. My eyes were fixed mechanically upon the speakers, but my thoughts were at Multan with my wounded countrymen, revolving how I ought to act in order to assist them."

In an hour Edwardes had resolved what to do, and how to do it, and broke up the court. Horsemen were despatched in all directions to seize and bring all ferry-boats, and the camp was ordered to get ready to cross the Indus.

Edwardes wrote to Agnew—"I have one infantry regiment—two horse artillery guns, and between 300 and 400 horse. This is a small force, but such as it is, you are welcome to it, and *me*. Your position is one of imminent peril; but God will bring an honest man out of worse



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straits; so trust in Him, and keep up your pluck. . . . With all my heart I hope you are both safe at this moment." But the Kossid who took it heard the tidings of the death of Agnew and Anderson on the road, and brought the letter back.

Then came the crossing of a branch of the Indus by moonlight, a tedious operation, to ferry over 1,200 soldiers with guns, camel-swivels, horses, carts and camp followers in one punt which would only hold forty men at a time.

Almost the last time it crossed, the punt foundered and obliged the Sikh regiment to ford up to their chins, with arms and clothes in a bundle on their heads: but all behaved merrily and well, and they reached the main river by noon of the 23rd. Three boats, a rapid and wide river, a storm at sunset—no hope of crossing that night—when loud shouts proclaimed that thirteen more ferry-boats had arrived, but in the end one went down with fifty men, of whom eight only were swept away. Edwardes' influence over the men was immense, but he found the Multan Sikhs had written to his Sikhs to mutiny and kill him, and then join their comrades at Multan.

"In the dusk of the evening, while I was eating my dinner, the adjutant of the artillery, a Hindu, came in and besought me on his knees to move his guns to the right, as the Sikhs were conspiring mischief. 'They have a prophecy,' he said, 'that in two years and a half from their defeat on the Sutlej, their independence shall be restored. That time has exactly come!'"

Soon after this, news came that Mulraj with his guns was advancing, so Edwardes, feeling it a desperate and useless thing to fight 4,000 men with eight guns, took his force back across the Indus; and he was the only man in the whole camp who wanted to retreat! he had a thousand who would have played the traitor if he had not put the Indus between himself and Mulraj.



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SIKHS CROSSING THE INDUS BY MOONLIGHT

This was at first effected by means of a punt—a tedious operation, for it would only hold forty men at a time, and there were over 1200 to cross, besides all the guns and other baggage. The punt at last foundered, but the men good-humouredly stripped and waded across with their bundles on their heads.

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"The Sikh soldiers had sold me: my very price had been agreed upon; 12,000 rupees to the regiment for joining the rebels in the battle, and 12,000 more if they brought over my head with them. So there I stood alone among my soldiers; some traitors, some true men, but all urging me to prove a fool, all fearing I might prove a coward."

So there Lieutenant Edwardes waited—waited ever so anxiously for General Cortlandt and his reinforcements. It was a custom of Sikh armies, if they wished to find out the position of an ally, to fire two guns at nightfall. This Edwardes did, and listened. Scarcely had the echo died away when eight guns and countless muskets rent the air, but not in the desired direction. It was the enemy who fired in defiance for a whole hour. Dismay fell on the little camp —no help is coming—none! When hark! due north there rolls down the Indus the deep boom of a distant gun; a minute's pause, and then another boom is heard. Surely it was the answer to their signal—the English friends were coming at last!

The reason for the delay was this: when Cortland's force heard the two signal guns they were floating down the river; they had to pull to the nearest shore and disembark a gun before they could fire in reply. By seven next morning the reinforcing fleet of twenty-six boats were safely anchored alongside.

We cannot follow the course of the war; for nine months Edwardes and Cortlandt held Mulraj at bay and defeating drove him into Multan. Lieutenant Taylor, who had been left in Bunnu, kept sending all the help he could, for he too was a king of men, firm and gentle and strong.

At the battle of Kinyeree, which has been called the Waterloo of the Punjab, fought on June 18, 1848, Edwardes wished to wait for Cortlandt's guns, but the wild Pathans could not be controlled; he implored the infantry to lie down a little longer, and ordered his horsemen to ride



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in a compact body and charge down on the rebel cavalry. "Put off the general engagement by charging home Foujdar, or not a man of us will leave this field." Gladly did these brave men get the word to do this desperate deed. Spreading their hands to heaven, the noble band solemnly repeated the creed of their religion, as though it was their last act on earth, then passed their hands over their beards with the haughtiness of martyrs, and drawing their swords, dashed out of the jungle into the ranks of the enemy's horse, who, surprised and scared, turned round and rode away. But after a time the enemy rallied—their whole force advanced to annihilate Edwardes and his little band; there was a moment of awful suspense, a hush and a silence as of prayer. Hark! What is that? Hark! again: it is the bugle-note of artillery in the rear! Thank God! the guns have come at last. Soon the rattling of the wheels is heard, the crack of whips and clank of chains, as they strain at the carriages, and now amid shouts of welcome the foremost gun gallops to the front. "Oh! the thankfulness of that moment!" exclaims Edwardes, "the relief, the weight removed—after waiting seven hours for a reinforcement that might never come! Our chance now is nearly as good as theirs." The six guns were round in an instant—down sank the enemy in the long stalks of the sugar—they were astonished! Where had the Sahib got those guns? Then, after most of the enemy's guns had been silenced, Edwardes called for a charge. But before the regiment could reach the battery, half a dozen horsemen rode out from a clump of trees behind Edwardes and threw themselves on the guns. Their leader received a ball full in his face and fell over the cannon's mouth. Alas! it was Shah Niwaz Khan, the beggar Pathan prince, who had been recalled from exile to rule over his own country. Poor prince! his heart was so full of gratitude that he gave his life for the English.



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Later, a sad accident happened to Lieutenant Edwardes. He had just loaded his pistols and went on cramming them into his belt, as he listened to a horseman's report. The hammer of one got entangled, but without looking he seized the barrel in his right hand and pulled the pistol into its place. A loud report, a pang of pain, and he had lost the use of his right hand for life! Quickly the news spread: Edwardes was reported dead, and Mulraj made a handsome present to the messenger who brought the news, saying, "He was a stout youth; it is a pity he should be cut off so young!" The native doctor sewed up his hand with a packing needle! pain, swelling, inflammation ensued till Dr. Cole came and cut the stitches.

At last Mulraj was confined to his fortress and General Whish set to and bombarded the place: Sir Henry Lawrence returned from England in time to see the opening of the second siege. On December 30, a shell from a mortar laid by Lieutenant Newall of the Bengal Artillery pierced the dome of the Grand Mosque in the citadel and blew the vast fabric and the magazine into the air. In this explosion 500 of the garrison and about 400,000 pounds of powder were said to have been destroyed. In January Mulraj had had quite enough: he wrote to General Whish offering to surrender. "Your slave desires only protection for his own life and the honour of his women—you are an ocean of mercy; what more need be said?"

He protested that he never meant to rebel, that it all began by an accident, and that his own troops forced him to fight the English.

Edwardes tells us how he did all this—how he raised his army by personal influence, how he won their gratitude, admiration, love, how he ruled them kindly but with a strong will—with a determination to make many barbarian wills give way to one that was civilized: no man helped him without being rewarded, no man opposed him without



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being punished. So when he held up his hand for soldiers, the soldiers came.

And his army was fed and paid out of the revenues of the country which it conquered. He divided his army into brotherhoods and gave each a flag: they picked their own officers. The only strict discipline enforced was to abstain from plunder. "The officers sat twice a day with me in durbar; I learnt to know them all, their characters, circumstances, prejudices, wants; by living the same life that they did, by wearing the same dress, talking the same language, and sharing with them all dangers and fatigues, they became attached to me, and I to them. The crowded city has its virtues, but so has the desert and the mountain; and he who walks the world aright will find something good wherever he finds man."

I think we now know something of this—one of the greatest of our Indian heroes, of whom Sir H. Lawrence wrote: "Since the days of Clive no man has done as Edwardes, nor do I know of many who could and would have acted as he did on the Multan outbreak."

He returned to England in 1849 to find himself feasted as a national hero, and at the Mansion House, when returning thanks for the drinking of his health, he turned to Major Nicholson by his side and exclaimed, "Here is the real author of half the exploits that you have attributed to me." On his return to India in 1851 as Brevet-Major and C.B. he was chosen Commissioner of the Peshawur division, and Lord Dalhousie wrote to him—

"Holding it, you hold the outpost of Indian Empire."

In 1857 came the Indian Mutiny, when he raised a thousand Multani horse to go anywhere with Nicholson to lead them. In June he wrote to his wife: "I am overwhelmed with offers of men for service from every wild tribe on the surrounding hills. . . . It must be a dull heart indeed that does not acknowledge that nothing but God's mercy has



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saved us. . . . Sir John Lawrence has steered his province through the storm with courage, and I hope the Punjab has set a good example to the rest of India. It was, I always thought, one of the standing wonders of the world that we held India by an Indian army. The fabric of a hundred years, piled up unreflectingly, province on province, kingdom on kingdom, upon the bayonets of a single race, has subsided in a month, and nothing short of this would have ever brought about the reorganization of the army of India on a more solid footing. So it's all for the best, but alas! the price that has been paid!" And again he writes: "No doubt an overruling God has some vast good in store that all this bloodshed is to usher in. The natives are confounded. They don't know what to attribute it to. They say it is our unanimity, our resolution, our devotion to the public service, our good destiny, and so on; and I then wind up by saying, 'Yes, it is all these, no doubt. But who gave those virtues to us rather than to you? Why, God! And those who counted the English as few at the beginning of the war forgot to ask on which side God was to be counted.'" Edwardes believed that it was our duty to spread the Christian faith, not as a Government, or by force, but as individuals and by example.

He wished to encourage Christian schools in his province. "The great city of Benares was a far more bigoted capital of Hinduism than Peshawur is of Muhammadanism, yet it is now filled with our schools and colleges and missions, and its pundits are sitting at the feet of our professors earnestly and peacefully, though doubtless sadly, searching after truth. What may we not hope to do with the Afghans? They have much more in common with us—a one and a living God: Mosaic traditions; nay, a belief in Christ. . . . Above all we may be quite sure that we are much safer if we do our duty than if we neglect it."

In 1865 he finally left India: but his memory will not



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soon die away: the Edwardes gateway of Peshawur, and the Edwardes Memorial School record some small part of what men felt who witnessed his life lived so nobly for God and country.

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## CHAPTER XVII

# SIR HENRY LAWRENCE, THE DEFENDER OF LUCKNOW

THE Lawrences were sprung from that sturdy medley of Scot and Irish that peoples the north and north-east of Ireland. In them is often contained the cool-headed caution of the canny Scot, together with some of the humorous vivacity, the generous devotion and versatility of the Irishman. In some families different members inherit either one or the other side of these characteristics. It was so with Henry and John Lawrence. The late Mr. Bosworth Smith, in his *Life of Lord Lawrence*, alludes to this: "In the wide circle of that illustrious brotherhood which sprung from the marriage of Alexander Lawrence and Letitia Catherine Knox, it is hardly fanciful to say that Henry Lawrence was essentially an Irishman, but with a substratum of those deeper and sterner qualities which we generally consider to be Scotch; that John was essentially a Scotsman, but possessed also much of what is truly loveable and admirable in the typical Irishman."

Their father, Alexander, had been left an orphan at the age of ten, and started off at seventeen as a volunteer to India; after four years of hard fighting he bought a commission and distinguished himself at Cochin and Colombo and, as we have seen, at the storming of Seringapatam, where he received two bullet wounds. On his return to England, after some trifling appointments he was obliged to sell



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his commission, and a generous Government gave him a pension of £100 a year! Such was the life reward of a man who had been a hero indeed, and who had given to the service of England five sons of the same mettle as his own.

"If you are ever brought before a court-martial, sir, never let me see your face again," said he to his son George on his departure for India.

Of their mother Sir Herbert Edwardes quotes one of the sons as saying, "She had great administrative qualities. She kept the family together and brought us all up on very slender means. She kept the purse and managed all domestic affairs. . . . When I was coming out to India she gave me this advice: 'Don't marry a woman who had not a good mother, and don't be too ready to speak your mind. It was the rock on which your father shipwrecked his prospects.'"

That mother claimed to be descended from John Knox; she was the daughter of a clergyman in Donegal, a girl brought up to homely thrift, and endowed with common-sense and deep religious feeling.

Their home was constantly changing: Ceylon, where Henry was born; Richmond, Guernsey, Ostend, Clifton, were their several headquarters.

In 1813 the three elder sons, Alexander, George and Henry were sent from Guernsey to the Grammar School of Londonderry, which was presided over by their mother's brother, the Rev. James Knox. It is now called Foyle College, as a new site was chosen in 1814 upon a hill in the suburbs, commanding a fine view of the fortress and the wide River Foyle. There they stayed the whole year round, without holidays or change of scene, in the Headmaster's house, their master and their uncle.

There they drank in the spirit of old Derry, and had the ancient watchword of the city, "No surrender," engraven on mind and heart.

Fortunately Mrs. Lawrence had a connexion, Mr. Huddle-



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stone, who was a Director of the East India Company. From him Colonel Lawrence obtained cadetships, and commissions in the cavalry. In 1820 Henry entered Addiscombe, and was offered a cavalry appointment; but he said he would rather go through the Addiscombe Course, and took a good place among the cadets selected for the artillery. While at Addiscombe he was nearly drowned, for he was seized with cramp whilst bathing in the canal, and no one at first noticed that he was in difficulties. "Pat Lawrence is drowning!" shouted one of the cadets, and at once Robert Macgregor dived into the water and fished the sinking Irishman to land.

In 1822, Henry Lawrence, having been appointed to the Bengal Artillery, arrived at Calcutta and was sent to Dum-Dum. He had not been there three years when the Burmese War called him forth under Colonel Lindsay to help in driving the Burmese out of Arracan. It was a long and harassing march over ravines and jungles, and through unhealthy swamps, to storm the Mahattie stockade; and Lawrence, with many others, was down with fever—a fever which recurred at times all his life. He recovered enough to be sent to the sanatorium at Penang, and thence to Canton, where he improved his mind in the Factory Library.

It is worthy of note that all these officers and civil servants who rose to distinction were hard workers in their spare moments. "*Attention suivi*" is the French definition of genius, and it certainly is its best ground-work.

At Canton, Lawrence began to study surveying; from Canton he returned home, as the Arracan fever was still in him; and at home he joined the Irish Survey, and gained much experience which served him well later on.

It was now that he first met his cousin, Honoria Marshall, a girl of culture and deep religious feeling, whom he afterwards married.

Then, returning to India, he met his brother George at



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Cawnpore, and passed in the native languages, thus qualifying himself for employment on the Staff. Lord William Bentinck soon appointed him assistant to the Revenue Survey of India, recently instituted; and he became a good friend of Mr. Reade, I.C.S. Lawrence's house and Mr. Reade's were in adjacent compounds; a plank bridge led from one to the other, and Mr. Reade's kitchen was between the two bungalows. Lawrence, so full of work and schemes and ideas, often invited friends to dinner and forgot to tell his cook. Friends came and the cupboard was bare! Mr. Reade had to fill up the deficiencies; in time his major-domo would ask in all gravity in whose house dinner was to be laid to-day. Bachelors take these little things full lightly.

Lawrence took great interest in a school for poor boys at this station; it was the first beginning of a great work to be established later. But for some years his savings were to go towards making his mother more at ease; in this duty his brothers were bearing their part.

When engaged on survey duty he would pitch his tent in some noble mango grove; a tent twelve feet square, furnished barely with an iron stove, a truckle bed, a table and three chairs, and the floor was generally littered with papers, plans and maps; natives were employed on the survey and had to mark the fields down as rich, moderate or poor; this gave an opportunity for the offering and accepting of bribes, and Sir Henry spared no pains to catch one of his men cheating. Then strange forms of punishment were invented; sometimes he would suspend the culprit from a tree by the waist, to reap the harvest of contempt from his comrades; or he would tie him in a thorn-bush, where tigers were to be looked for, and light a fire that should keep burning till morning. Mrs. Lawrence often accompanied her husband in these excursions, and would help him by reading aloud, or making notes of his observations. One who was his assist-



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ant for some time wrote : " She was one in a thousand ; a woman highly gifted in mind, of a most cheerful disposition, and fell into his ways of unbounded liberality and hospitality. She would share with him the wretched accommodation of the huts and be the happiest of the happy."

It was in these survey expeditions that Henry Lawrence learnt to know the natives of India, especially the tillers of the soil. Instead of living in a European station, imbibing, perhaps, racial pride and prejudice, he pitched his tents among the people, under their trees and by their streams, for eight months out of twelve. He saw the Indians in their homes and daily life, and thus grew to sympathize with them in their every-day needs. Here he learnt the good policy of light assessments, learnt not to crush hope out of the poor cultivator ; recognized the importance of making good roads and bridges and canals, a great help at all times, and most in time of famine. During these five years he learnt to value the good in the Indian character ; and if we had possessed more men in India like Lawrence, there would in all probability have been no Mutiny.

Both Henry Lawrence and his wife were penetrated by the thought that their business in India was to serve for the good of others.

Once when reclining on the side of the Sonawar Mountain, it occurred to them how splendid a site that would be for a sanatorium for the children of European soldiers. That was the origin of the famed " Lawrence Asylums," which have saved so many white children from early death. For the poor sickly things used to languish in the heat of the barrack squares and die off like flowers that have been forgotten ; or if the girls grew up they were exposed to scenes and talk that robbed them of their young innocence. So Sir Henry's thought of transplanting them from the steaming plains to the hills, to guard them there, teach them and make them able to enjoy life took practical shape ; soon it



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became a Government institution, and records how nobly he lived for the good of others.

From the peaceful field of survey he was removed in 1841 to march with a Sikh contingent into Afghanistan. Lawrence was to keep an eye on the Sikhs and see they did not play us false, as they were now apt to do when the tide of failure had been running sharply against us.

A long halt at Peshawur proved to him how unstable were both Sepoys and Sikhs; only when it became clear that General Pollock was pushing his way to Kabul, did the Sikhs return to their allegiance. George Lawrence was a captive in the hands of Akbar Kkan, and Henry was naturally anxious to go forward to his help. They did go, and the Sikhs, under Henry's skilful management, did good service. But honour or reward for him there was none. He says: "I was disappointed at the distribution of honours . . . but I have tried to hold my tongue. I suppose I must fag away for another year on the same pay as when I went to Peshawur, being less than if I were with the regiment."

But it was not long before Lord Ellenborough made him Resident at the Court of Nepal; here he had more leisure and wrote articles for the *Calcutta Review*, which had just been started; in this he was ably seconded by his wife, who sometimes sent in work of her own, inciting the English women in India to be active in promoting the welfare of the Indian people.

The Governor-General, Sir Henry Hardinge, used to read and study these articles, and having no prejudice against "fellows who rush into print," took the opportunity, when the Punjab was in a blaze and the Sikhs had crossed the Sutlej, to appoint Henry Lawrence to be political officer on the frontier.

So Lawrence hurried to the English camp and was in time to see the battle of Sobraon fought and won. For a year, as Resident at Lahore, he kept the turbulent population in



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check, risked his life more than once by trusting to the faith of the Sikhs, induced Golab Singh, the Jummu Chief, to abolish Suttee and slavery throughout his dominions, which were bordering on Kashmir, and so interested the Rajah in the Lawrence Asylum sthat the Hindu Chief gave largely to their support at a critical time. In 1847 Lawrence went to England with the returning Governor-General, as simple and unaffected as when he first left home. The Queen made him a Knight Commander of the Bath; but he did not stay in London to be lionized, and cared not for the pleasures of Society.

He had not been long amongst the friends of his youth when news came of the murder of Vans Agnew and the Sikh rebellion. The Duke of Wellington told him that he ought to return to the Punjab, and this is just what he felt himself, in spite of shattered health. So he arrived in time to see the disastrous victory of Chilianwallah, and to dissuade Lord Gough from quitting the battlefield; for, as he said, that retirement would be looked upon as a confession of defeat, and every rebel would take heart again.

After this came the real victory of Gujarat, and then Lord Dalhousie annexed the Punjab, and proceeded to govern it by a Board of three, Sir Henry being the President, with his brother John and Mr. Mansel as colleagues.

Since the death of Ranjit Sinh the soldiery had been dominant in the State; but now they were dispersed and disbanded and they were roaming about, spreading discontent; while the Sirdars, or nobles, were impoverished and disaffected.

If any one could restore harmony and content, it was the man who had the largest sympathy for the natives, the man who could feel for those who had been stricken down by the strong arm of the alien—Henry Lawrence. In a letter to Sir J. W. Kaye he writes: "It has been our aim to get as many natives of the Punjab as possible into office . . . to



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make a light assessment and form an un-interfering police. . . . We have hunted down all the Dacoits (robbers). During the first year we hanged nearly a hundred, six and eight at a time, and thereby struck such a terror that dacoity is now more rare than in any part of India. . . . Not one shot has been fired within the Punjab since annexation. Hundreds of Sirdars have lost their employment. Liberal life-pensions have been granted ; but still there is distress in the higher circles. . . . I have been twice all round the Punjab, visiting every station—each day riding usually thirty or forty miles, with light tents, and sometimes for days with none at all."

However, differences between the three members of the Board began to appear. The chivalrous spirit of Sir Henry Lawrence was grieved by the prostration of the Sikh nobility, and he was ever fain to help them in their need. He did help them, too liberally for his brother John's approval, who had more of the stern Scot in his nature. Lord Dalhousie agreed with John ; these vigorous statesmen did not see that internal peace and order are worth buying at a high price : they remembered too well the rebel spirit of the Sikhs and could not so easily forgive their enemies. So the Board was swept away, and the Governor-General chose the younger brother, John, to preside over the Punjab. This was a heavy blow to Henry ; he felt an injustice had been done him, but his sense of duty sustained him.

He was sent to Rajputana ; there he began by visiting all the gaols and got some hundreds of prisoners released and many gaols rebuilt. He was the John Howard of that part of India, and mightily stirred up the Rajput princes, sunk mostly in sloth, opium and debauchery, to do some good to their people. In a year he had put down widow-burning, ordered men and women in future to be kept apart in gaols, and introduced ventilation and washing places. But a



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great trial came to him in Rajputana ; his beloved wife fell ill and died, the helpmate who had done so much to lighten his work and keep him in health and good spirits.

He asked leave to go home—to Ireland. But a new Governor-General, Lord Canning, offered him in 1857 the Commissionership of Oudh. This offer quite raised his spirits and improved his health ; he was delighted at the change. The only thing against it was that Sir Henry was being sent there too late. When he arrived at Lucknow he found the seeds of rebellion already sown broadcast over the land ; he found the princes and the nobles of the land bowed down to the dust, in abject poverty ; the native ladies and gentlemen driven to go out after dark and sell their shawls and jewels in the bazaars. At once Sir Henry began to pay the stipends of the old nobility—a thing which we are told had been neglected before his coming. It was too late now ; all the great land-owners, feudal barons with large bodies of armed retainers, were against British rule ; disbanded soldiers were all against us, lawless and desperate men, and lastly, our Sepoy army was largely drawn from the small yeomanry of Oudh, mostly disaffected.

When we consider that the Indian Mutiny was caused in part by our own lack of sympathy and kindness, we may rejoice to know that every young civil servant who now goes to his lectures at Oxford, before setting out for India, is impressively warned by his lecturer never to treat the native with arrogance or contempt, but to deal with him as his fellow-man.

Sir Henry wrote at length to the Governor-General on the wrongs of the Sepoys ; it was not merely the suspicion they entertained that the English were attempting to destroy caste by greasing the cartridges with cow's fat ; that was only the last straw which made the rest unbearable. The Sepoy's privileges had been gradually taken from him ; he received no good rewards for faithful service ; his pay



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was poor, his pension he could not have until worn out and incapacitated; he was horrified by being sent to places like Aden, across the salt water, or to Burma, where he died of fever. The veterans did not like being ordered to do recruit drill by mere boys fresh from English schools. At first the bad feeling was chiefly among the Hindu Sepoys, where the Brahmans had been exciting them on the score of caste, but the native Press had a great share in stirring up ill-feeling, as it has in our day.

Meanwhile, Sir Henry Lawrence was doing all that was possible to prepare for the evil day; it was to his foresight and energy that the safety of the Lucknow garrison was due. Three weeks before it ever occurred to any one that Lucknow might be besieged he began to make ready, got in all the treasure from the city and stations, bought up grain and supplies of food and stored them in cellars, hauled the mortars and guns to the Residency, collected powder and ammunition, shot and shell, formed strong outworks, and cleared a space round the Residency.

He writes: "Religion, fear, hatred, one and all have their influence, but there is still a reverence for the Company's prestige. When that is gone, we shall have few friends indeed. The tone and talk of many have greatly altered within the last few days, and we are now asked, almost in terms of insolence, whether Delhi has been re-captured, or when it will be. . . . The Brahmans think we are ungrateful, and that we no longer respect their religion or care for their interests."

Before this letter was finished the native troops in the cantonment had broken out into open mutiny. When the staff were at dinner, on the evening of May 30, 1857, a faithful Sepoy rushed in and announced that there was a rising in the Lines.

Lawrence at once ordered out a party of Europeans, with some guns, and rode out to the mutineers. Sharp fighting



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took place, and for a time the mutiny was quelled; sixty prisoners were brought in, and some were hanged after trial by court-martial. The garrison had at least a month's provisions laid in, and hoped all would be well when Delhi was re-taken.

But the work and the anxiety were telling on Sir Henry's health; he lost appetite and sleep, and every one marked his changed and care-worn face. They could get no messages from Delhi or Cawnpore; General Wheeler at Cawnpore had asked Lucknow for help, but the natives held all the boats and commanded the Ganges. "It is deep grief to me to be unable to help Cawnpore; but an attempt with our means would only ruin ourselves without helping Cawnpore . . . a single European regiment with artillery would enable me to take the field and knock to pieces all rebels and mutineers."

The Governor-General was writing home, "Sir Henry Lawrence is doing admirably at Lucknow; all safe there." So the Court of Directors named Sir Henry Governor-General, in case Lord Canning should die, or retire. He was the man in whom they had the most confidence. It is sad to think that Sir Henry never knew of this honour. Such a recognition would have amply made up for all the crosses and neglect which he had been called to endure. No soldier of the Company had ever been so honoured before. But Sir Henry was preparing for his death, not to receive honours and titles. "If anything happens to me, I recommend that Colonel Inglis succeed me in command . . . there should be *no surrender*. I commend my children and the Lawrence Asylums to Government." The month of June was wearing to its close with varied assaults and keen defence, with deaths of brave men and brave women and sad-eyed children. On the last day of June, as it was reported that large bodies of mutineers were approaching the city—some 15,000 men—Lawrence was persuaded to go out and meet them. Some six miles from Lucknow he halted his force, dis-



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mounted and walked into a grove—some said he prayed there for half an hour. Then came a terrible scene; our native artillerymen cut the traces of their guns and went over to the enemy. Sir Henry rode from point to point amidst a terrific fire of grape, round shot and musketry. He was deeply moved by the losses of his regiments and was heard to exclaim, "My God! my God! and I brought them to this!"

This was the Battle of Chinhut, in which we lost five guns, four officers killed and many wounded. It seems that though our guns had checked the rebels for a time, yet we had omitted to guard the line of groves on the left, and their right wing had advanced unseen behind the grove and attacked in mass.

The 32nd were driven back, the 8-inch howitzer was taken; but not all the gallant charges of the volunteer cavalry could force back the enemy. Indeed, they very shortly after this fight surrounded the Residency, so that the garrison in the Mutchi Bhown outpost could not then be withdrawn.

But order was given by semaphore to withdraw to the Residency at midnight; this was successfully done by Colonel Palmer, and the two large magazines were blown up immediately after.

Sir Henry spent the early hours of the next morning in going round the defences; he then retired to his room—an upper room, exposed to the enemy's fire. The officers about him had tried to persuade him to move to a safer part of the building, but Sir Henry refused to move, as he could see better from the upper room and superintend the defence. His nephew, George Lawrence, describes what followed: "On July 2, about 8 o'clock, just before breakfast (which was laid in the next room at my suggestion), when uncle and I were lying on our beds, side by side, having just come in from our usual inspection, and while Wilson was reading some orders to uncle, an eight-inch shell thrown from a



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howitzer came in at the wall, exactly in front of my bed, and at the same time burst. There was an instant darkness, and a kind of red glare, and for a second or two no one spoke. Finding myself uninjured, though covered with bricks from top to toe, I jumped up; at the same time, in answer to my inquiry, uncle cried out that he was killed.

Assistance came, and we found that Sir Henry's left leg had been almost taken off, high up by the thigh—a painful wound. We carried him from the Residency to Dr. Fayrer's house, amid a shower of bullets, and put him in one of the verandahs. There he seemed to feel that he had received his death-wound, and calling for the headpeople he gave over the chief Commissionership into the hands of Major Banks and the charge of the garrison to Colonel Inglis, saying, "Never give in!"

"How long have I to live, doctor?" Sir Henry asked Dr. Fayrer.

"About three days, Sir Henry," was the reply.

"I don't think I shall last three days," the sufferer murmured. "Ask Mr. Harris, the Chaplain, to administer the Holy Communion to me."

So, in the open verandah, exposed to a heavy fire of musketry, the solemn service was performed, many officers of the garrison being in tears.

Sir Henry then bade an affectionate farewell to all, and of some he asked forgiveness for having at times spoken harshly—one or two being quite young boys. As he mentioned his hope soon to rejoin his wife he burst into a long fit of weeping; and so again, when he sent his love and blessing to his daughter.

Again his thoughts went back to the siege: "Let every man die at his post; never make terms. God help the poor women and children—God help them!" Again he remembered the motto of Derry, and kept saying, "No surrender!"

He thought, too, as he lay in his agony, of the poor chil-



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dren in the Lawrence Asylums—"Do not let them forget the Asylum," he kept on murmuring.

"Bury me without any fuss, Chaplain, in the same grave with any of our men"—and later, as if speaking to himself of his epitaph, he said—

"Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty. May God have mercy upon him."

He died about eight o'clock a.m. on July 4, like a little child falling asleep. His face bore a beautiful expression of calm joy; he had entered the Kingdom of Peace. When some European soldiers entered to lift the couch on which he lay, one of them raised the sheet and kissed his beloved chief reverently on the forehead. The others stooped down and did likewise. The body was buried that evening with four others; and so fierce was the storming of the enemy just then that none could quit his post to go to the funeral.

Wordsworth's portrait of the Christian warrior, so often studied by Henry Lawrence, depicts accurately his heroic life. He was unlike other soldiers in feeling, like a glow of romance, a rich and tender sentiment that softened and hallowed all his thoughts and deeds—in him romance and reality were aptly blended. He himself wrote in the fourth number of the *Calcutta Review*: "We would urge on the young especially, not that they should repress enthusiasm, but that they should cultivate and direct the feeling. Undisciplined romance deals in vague aspirations after something better and more beautiful than it has yet seen, but it is apt to turn in disgust from the thousand homely details and irksome efforts essential to the accomplishment of anything really good, to content itself with dreams of glorious impossibilities. . . . Reality pursues a straight path to a practicable result; while romance beguiles the road by pointing out its beauties; and by looking forward to a light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."



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There was a certain outside ruggedness in Sir Henry which at first concealed from view the gentle, loving, compassionate nature of the man. To all he was courteous, to the weak chivalrous, to the erring tolerant. Religion was the mainspring of all his actions, and prayer was his constant resource and delight. He had great moral courage, and the opinion of the world weighed not with him when conviction urged him to act. His courtesy was thus displayed to natives equally with Europeans.

William Russell in his *Diary in India* wrote: "What a grand heroic mould that mind was cast in! What a pure type of the Christian soldier!" And one who had served with him in the Punjab said, "His whole energies were devoted to the amelioration of his fellow-creatures, whether black or white. He showed the deepest feelings of compassion and tenderness towards the nobles and chiefs who, having fought for their country, had lost it, and come under our rule. . . . I believe that his influence did much towards the loyalty of the Punjab in 1857. . . . He was known as the Howard of the Punjab. After a party at Government House of an evening, it was a common thing for him to say to the guests, 'I am going down to the gaol: come with me and see the prisoners.' And down all would go—discussing gaol matters and how best to provide for the better care and reformation of the criminals."

If there had been no Henry Lawrence, we should have lost Lucknow: he made that defence possible till in September Havelock and Outram came to the relief; but if no Henry Lawrence had shown the men of the Punjab that an Englishman could feel for them in their distress as keenly as one of their own nobles, we might have lost India for a time. The wave of rebellion would have surged over all the North-west Provinces, and many a Cawnpore would have been added to the scene of our shame, and the embitterment of our remorse.



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## CHAPTER XVIII

# SIR JOHN LAWRENCE, THE STRONG ADMINISTRATOR

JOHN LAWRENCE, five years younger than his brother Henry, who was to be his great friend, though with such difference of character that they often fell out in later life, began to show the spirit he possessed at the age of five. It was when he was staying with his father and mother at Ostend, and was sent out with the old Nurse Margaret to buy food in the market. Margaret and John were great friends, for she used to tell him all kinds of weird stories that he sucked in with awe and admiration. Now Margaret had had a £5 note given her, and when she got to the market and tried to change it, the French folk suspected the poor body of having stolen it. What poor woman could possess so much? Whispers grew to loud-voiced accusations, and at last so great was the hubbub among the retailers that a policeman took Margaret, protesting her innocence in vain, and brought her before the magistrate. "Who are you, dame? Who is your master? What is your occupation?" The questions confused and frightened her, for she had but little French. "Colonel Lawrence is my master, and this is his little son, John," she sobbed out. Master John, who had been hiding behind his nurse, on hearing his own name, and the sobs of his nurse, felt all at once that the first crisis of his life had come; so he stepped forward and said in English, "Why, sir, it's our old nurse, Margaret; she is a very good woman indeed, and all she says



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is quite true. I came to the market with her to buy our food, and papa gave her the money. I think that if you will let her go, you will do right, for my father knows that what I say is quite true." A long speech for a little boy! It was evidently understood, for the magistrate turned to John and said, "Well done, little man! You have spoken up for your nurse bravely." They left the court with flying colours, and Lord Lawrence used to confess when he told the story that he stalked homewards that day feeling immensely important, and thinking that in future he must take care of Margaret, and not she of the little boy.

As, soon after, the Lawrences went to live at Clifton, Henry and John were sent to Mr. Gough's School in College Green, Bristol, near the Cathedral. John was eight and Henry a strong, bony boy of thirteen; they used to trudge along four times a day to this school up and down the steep Clifton hill, glad enough to lie down on the hearthrug when the day's work was over.

One day Mr. Gough called all the boys together and made a violent speech, in the course of which he denounced his Usher, O'Flaherty, as "a viper he had been harbouring in his bosom"; he then proceeded to denounce one of the boys, not named, as "an assassin who had deeply wounded him"; this boy had taken O'Flaherty's part against the Head-master.

As John trotted home beside Henry that afternoon, his little brain was struggling with the momentous problem of poor O'Flaherty's sin—he had liked the Irish usher and was sorry for him; so he looked up and said—

"I say, Henry, who is the assassin that has wounded Mr. Gough?"

"I am the assassin," replied his brother very quietly; and, after a pause, "to-morrow I am going to Brandon Hill very early to fight that bully Thomas, who made all the row about O'Flaherty."



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"May I go with you, Henry?" asked John in breathless excitement.

"Yes, if you like—and you can be my second."

So the next morning very early they started out for the scene of combat, and waited on the ground for the truculent Thomas; this gentleman's prudence was greater than his valour, for he did not appear, and had to eat humble pie among his schoolfellows when the story was told.

The discipline at this school may be inferred from Lord Lawrence's grim admission: "I was flogged every day of my life at school except one, and then—I was flogged twice." From Bristol John Lawrence went to Foyle College—a small school, but the "Nurse of Heroes," as Homer says; such were Lord Gough, the brave and reckless conqueror of Gujarat, Sir George Lawrence, Sir Henry and John, and Sir Robert Montgomery. In his youth John read much history, biography, Plutarch's lives, stories of sieges and battles; and no doubt the story of Londonderry was imprinted with all its local colour upon his memory.

When John first went to the Clifton School he was nicknamed "Paddy," and received many a kick for being an Irishman; now on going to Foyle, he was nicknamed "English John" and kicked abundantly for being an Englishman.

Though the Lawrences tried to evade their aunt's religious lectures, yet when they grew up they were both of a distinctly religious character. John hardly ever talked of religion, but "levity and irreligion stood abashed in his presence."

After Foyle, John was sent to Wraxall Hall in Wilts, six miles from Bath, and his friend Robert Montgomery went with him.

In time he received a letter saying that Mr. Huddlestone had offered him an appointment in the Indian Civil Service. He was disgusted, wanted to be a soldier like his father and



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brothers; but at last his eldest sister, Letitia, persuaded him to accept this, as being a grander field for his energies; and Henry, just invalided home from the first Burmese War, advised the same. So John went to Haileybury College, accompanied by Henry, who coached him up to the last moment before the examination. Here he spent two years, being neither very idle nor very industrious. He won prizes for history and Bengali, and finally passed out third for Bengal. Batten, the son of the principal, had taken a great fancy to him from the first, but his father told him he was "sorry to see his son loafing about with that tall Irishman, instead of sticking to the more regular students."

At this time John was somewhat rugged and uncouth, but his face was intelligent and his temper good; he preferred roaming about the wild heath to playing games, though he liked fives and skittles; there was also bathing in the Lea, and for the more daring spirits driving a tandem.

In the year of the Mutiny (1857) Batten called on Le Bas, who had retired from Haileybury and was living at Brighton. Said he, "Batten, who is this John Lawrence of whom I hear so much now?" Batten replied, "Don't you remember a tall, thin Irishman with whom I much consorted, who once kept an Irish revel of bonfires on the grass-plot; and whom you forgave on account of his Orange zeal and his fun?" "Aha!" said the old Dean, "I do remember the man—not a bad sort of fellow!" and then he drily added, "But what has become of all our *good* students?"

A lady with whom John used to stay at Chelsea says he was then full of an exuberance of innocent glee, of mad frolic, and when he showed her his prizes he would say: "They are Letitia's books—all hers. I should not have had one of them but for her. I work with her in my mind; she shall have every one of them."

John was eighteen years old when he went out to India with his brother Henry, who had come home after five years



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in India and Burma, fever-stricken and so reduced by sickness and suffering that he looked more than double his age. They sailed from Portsmouth in September 1829 with their sister Honoria, going round by the Cape and meeting many storms, but able at intervals to study the native languages. They did not reach Calcutta till February 1830. Here they parted company, Henry going to Kurnal, a military station north of Delhi, John to Fort William College to complete his study of the native languages. Here he moped and grew ill and loathed the climate and the social attractions of the Capital, feeling as miserable as Clive had done at Madras, or Charles Metcalfe. After passing in Hindu and Persian he applied for a post at Delhi and started at once by palanquin dawk with relays of bearers, accomplishing 900 miles in eighteen days, instead of going the easier and slower way up the Ganges. For he seems in ten months to have shaken off the first ague fit of indolence; henceforth for thirteen years at Delhi he seeks the most exacting field of labour.

Delhi, situated on the River Jumna, which flows into the Ganges, is on the direct line of advance into Northern and Central India. The inhabitants of the north are spirited and active but fanatical; a medium between the soft and supple Bengali on the east and the ferocious and treacherous Afghan on the west. Delhi had been the scene of many conquests: "Turk and Tartar, Persian and Pathan, Mogul and Maratha," writes Bosworth Smith, "have swept down upon Delhi in ghastly succession, have plundered it of its wealth, massacred its inhabitants, levelled its buildings with the ground; or, again, have made it the seat of a long dynasty of kings and lavished upon it all the magnificence and gorgeousness of the East." When Lord Lake entered this city of the Moguls he found the aged Emperor blind and impoverished. The English conquerors treated the fallen monarch with sympathy and generosity; they



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gave him back his palace and a large piece of land and a lac of rupees (£10,000) every month. They even restored him his title of King, and, though he had only the shadow of power, yet invested him in the eyes of the natives with a sacred authority. It was more generous than wise, as we soon discovered. Very soon the Imperial Palace became a sink of iniquity, a motley crowd of intriguing courtiers, assassins, coiners, concubines and eunuchs.

The Resident of Delhi when John Lawrence arrived was a younger brother of Sir Charles Metcalfe, whose duty it was to keep in touch with the great Rajput chiefs and the protected Sikh states; he and his five assistants had to keep order in the British territory, collect the revenue, develop the resources of the country and administer justice. Sir Charles Trevelyan describes John Lawrence at this time as being old-looking, with strong lines in his face, having a hungry, anxious look, restless, fond of riding at a hand gallop and eager to be up and doing.

His first appointment was assistant judge, etc., over the city and district, some 800 square miles. The criminal class was large, and English authority did not penetrate the palace where reigned slavery, polygamy and torture. Sometimes a pair of half-naked slave girls, their backs bleeding from cruel stripes, would escape from the windows of their gilded prison; John Lawrence enjoyed the satisfaction of declaring to the Imperial pursuers that the girls, having once touched British soil, were now free.

He discovered that the King's Lord Chancellor had set up outside the palace a factory for forging deeds; this was easy for him as he possessed a whole series of seals belonging to former emperors. Lawrence sent a body of police to the place and caught my Lord Chancellor in the very act. So my Lord the ex-Chancellor was tried and condemned to five years' labour on the public roads.

At the end of four years spent in Delhi John Lawrence was



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transferred to a northern district whose chief station was Panipat, not far from Karnal, where his brother Henry was posted. Here he rode about redressing human wrongs ; here he talked and chatted with the natives and made them love, or at least respect him. Charles Raikes describes him at this period as being wiry, tall, muscular, rather dark, dressed almost like an Indian, a kindly despot, well-armed but loath to kill. "Jan Larens knows everything," said the folk, and more than once arrested a murderer with his own hand. Once when a village refused to pay their share of the revenue because they "were too poor" he placed his police all round the walls with orders to turn back the cattle into the village as they came out to pasture.

The poor cattle lowed and mooed and became hungry and tiresome ; a deputation came out to see the Sahib, but he was inexorable. If they could not pay the cattle could not go to pasture. By two o'clock in the afternoon the villagers had found the money, and the cows went wondering to their fields.

Once when Lawrence was lying ill in bed, feeling very depressed, an old Haileybury friend dropped in and tried to cheer him up. He did not succeed until he began to tell Lawrence how he had met a fakir that morning and entering into conversation with him, asked if anything new was stirring hereabouts.

"Indeed there is," replied the fakir ; "old Sahib is gone, and everybody regrets him ; for one Larens Sahib has come in his place—quite a different sort of man—all the rogues get punished now, all the revenue is collected—it is terrible for the country."

"Such a recognition of my efforts by such a man," said John Lawrence, as he told the story, "acted upon me like a tonic, and I began to mend from that hour."

One day a sheikh brought a batch of Arab steeds to his station, and Lawrence, a lover of horses, must needs go and



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see them. One horse, named Chanda, took his fancy, but the price asked, 3,000 rupees, was beyond his means. He tried to beat the sheikh down, but in vain. On reaching home, he thought he would make one more attempt; so he put his all in two bags, 2,000 rupees, and drove back in his buggy. He shook and jingled the coins so artfully that the Arab smiled and gave in; Lawrence returned penniless, but with the noble Chanda.

Doubtless he sometimes felt a twinge of conscience for having been so prodigal over an Arab horse; but the Arab proved his worth and value.

John Lawrence was galloping home one night in the dark when the Arab came suddenly to a dead halt, and nearly shot the rider over his head. Neither voice, whip, nor spur could make Chanda go forward. The noble beast backed and snorted and shook his head, and finally he broke away to one side and resumed his homeward course. Next day Lawrence rode back in daylight to see what skeleton of wild beast could have so affrighted Chanda. He found to his horror that Chanda's footmarks led straight to an open tank, some thirty feet deep. One step further would have plunged them both headlong to their death. The horse, with his large, full eye could see in the dark the danger which his learned rider could not detect.

After two years at Panipat, restoring order, collecting, judging, curing the sick, tracking criminals, making many friends and enemies, Lawrence was superseded and returned to Delhi; and many are the stories of his adventures with robbers and murderers that were told.

One who lived and worked with Lawrence at this period writes: "I observed the clear and decided way in which he formed a judgment upon all subjects, and the energy with which he set about his work. His resemblance to Cromwell in these and other respects struck me so much that I used to call him Oliver in jest."



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Lawrence was truly like Cromwell; severe, but just; his grey eye, deep-set and capable of softness, glared terribly when he was aroused by anything mean or base. A native officer said of him: "When he is in anger his voice is like a tiger's roar, and the pens tremble in the hands of the writers all round the room."

Whilst he was still at Etawa, a district south of Delhi, he was down with jungle fever and was on the point to die. The doctor told him he feared he could not live till morning and said good-bye.

"Good-bye, indeed!" muttered Lawrence. "I'll not die yet awhile; there's a bottle of Burgundy under my bed, boy; give it me, and a glass—quick!"

He drank it off and resolved to get better. Next morning the doctor looked in, "Is all over?—Good gracious!" The strong will had prevailed; there sat Lawrence at his desk, clothed and busy, doing his settlement accounts.

After this he took his furlough and went to England in June 1840. He had passed through all the grades of the young civilian; without any help from birth or fortune he had risen steadily in these ten years and made a name. Sir Herbert Edwardes says that: "Thrown upon the natives for help, obedience, success, and even sympathy—it was thus the John Lawrence of great days was trained. . . . Work over, out into the fields with horse or gun; for his strong frame and hardy spirit loved wild sports. But ever an eye to business—some jungle lair of cut-throats to be explored, some scene of crime to be examined by the way, some underling to be surprised. And so home at sunset, with fine appetite for the simple meal that he eats who has others in the world to help. . . . Then in the bright moonlight the grey-beards of the district drop in; and squat, Eastern fashion, on their heels and ankles, as in a feudal ring, each wishing him 'peace' as he sits down."

And so the great Irishman gathered knowledge useful on



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the morrow, and awoke in the simple hearts of the villagers a sense of loyalty and fealty.

So John Lawrence returned to Clifton ; but his father was dead, and his eldest sister, Letitia, was married ; his mother was supported by her sons, though she knew it not ; old Margaret, the nurse, who had lived with the family so long, had at last passed away ; but John, the boy who had defended her before the French magistrate, must needs go on pilgrimage to her grave. He visited Scotland, Ireland, Foyle College of course, and while visiting a friend in County Donegal he met Miss Hamilton and was fascinated by her. Then he visited Bath, where he saw his sister, Cheltenham and Lynton. None of the beauties there had charms for him ; he said he must have, in the girl he loved, good health, good temper and good sense. So again, in June 1844, he went to Ireland and met the girl whose life had been passed in the wilds of Donegal, simple, vivacious, graceful—Harriette Catherine Hamilton. Her father was a clergyman and a very plucky justice of the peace, who had hunted down the "carders" of Meath, as those midnight assassins were called, because they tortured their victims with iron combs.

John came, saw and conquered ; was engaged for two months, married in August 1841, and thirty years later he wrote : "My wife has been to me everything that a man could wish or hope for."

They went to Belgium, France, Switzerland and Italy ; it was when they were at Naples that the terrible news of the Afghan rising came. His brother George a captive—perhaps dead ! So the honeymoon ended in sore anxiety and fears for their loved ones, George and Henry, and they hurried back to London. Here Lawrence fell dangerously ill and the doctor said he must give up all idea of returning to India.

"If I can't live in India," John remarked, "I must go and die there."



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John Lawrence and his wife arrived at Bombay in November 1842, and finding that a war had broken out on their direct route to the north-west provinces, they resolved to travel to Allahabad through the central provinces. Cholera attacked them en route, and with difficulty they reached Nagpur, starting usually about 4 p.m. and pushing on till late at night, when they slept in their palanquins. One servant only they had, but forty bearers; and often Lawrence or his wife had to play butcher or cook; she never once complained of the hardships. At Allahabad they were hospitably received by Frederick Currie. At Cawnpore they spent a month in the house of Richard, the youngest of the Lawrence brothers, who was busy raising troops there.

John had bought two pairs of horses, a buggy, tents and stores; but as yet he had no billet and knew not whither to march.

One day as they were driving towards their tents, sent on before them, they saw a large encampment by the road-side. Out came an Afghan, by his dress, who shouted in English, "Is that you, John?"

"Yes—but who on earth are you, sir?"

"Well—I am your brother George—free after a long captivity!"

We can imagine the surprise, the joy, laughter mellowed by tears, talk as of Babel—such an outpouring of hearts, such interchange of news! "Go to Delhi, man," said George, "to Delhi, where you are known; you are sure to get work there."

So they drove towards Delhi, and on the way John heard he had been appointed Civil and Sessions Judge at Delhi, with headquarters at Karnal; he was delighted to be in familiar scenes.

In October his brother Henry with his wife stayed with them. The two wives had not met since they had been young playmates in Donegal.



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## THE STRONG ADMINISTRATOR

In November 1845 the new Governor-General, Sir Henry Hardinge, was at Delhi and got to know John Lawrence; it was a fortunate meeting for both of them. In a month the first Sikh War had broken out, the Governor-General, short of guns, ammunition and provisions, wrote in hot haste to Lawrence to help him. The hour had come for the strong man to show what he could do. In a very few days Lawrence had collected 4,000 carts, each to be driven by its owner, and full of the necessary provisions; in the great magazine of Delhi men were set working day and night, moulding bullets and cannon-balls—all were despatched the 200 miles in time to take part in Hardinge's crowning victory of Sobraon. The Punjab was ours—who was to govern it? Sir Henry Hardinge wrote to ask that John Lawrence should be sent up for a high appointment in the cis-Sutlej North-West States already annexed. Thomson, the Lieutenant-Governor, said: "John Lawrence can't be spared; we will send up another well-qualified officer." But the Governor-General despatched the well-qualified man back to Delhi, with the sharp, peremptory message, "Send me up John Lawrence."

The Governor-General had made up his mind to send to that difficult post the man with whom he had ridden about the plains of Delhi, from whom he had learnt so much about the life of the natives, and whose energy, courage and fine feeling he had observed and weighed. John Lawrence was now thirty-four years old, and this post of honour took him at one leap over the heads of many of his seniors, placing him in authority over the Jullundur Doab, a rich country inhabited by Jats, lying between the rivers Sutlej and Beas. Here he enforced his three commandments: "Thou shalt not burn thy widow"; "thou shalt not kill thy daughters"; "thou shalt not bury alive thy lepers."

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## CHAPTER XIX

# LORD LAWRENCE, RULER OF THE PUNJAB, AND VICEROY

WE must pass over the period in John Lawrence's life when he was at Lahore and on the Punjab Board; some mention of that time is made in the chapter on Sir H. Lawrence. In 1853 John was made Chief Commissioner of the Punjab; under him were two "Principal Commissioners"—judicial and financial—Montgomery and Edmonstone, while John Nicholson was keeping order amongst the wild tribes of Bunnu, "well worth the wing of a regiment," as Lawrence wrote. Sir Richard Temple wrote of his Chief thus: "He had an open countenance, an expansive forehead, a frank, genial bearing and a vivacious manner. He described what he had seen in graphic, pithy, rugged sentences. He had a discriminating insight for all that related to animal life—the elephant, tiger, deer, buffalo, eagle—he had a sound knowledge of horse-breeding . . . great insight into character and was full of good-humoured fun." Temple became Lawrence's secretary and relieved him of a great strain, especially in the matter of writing out the long reports which were usual. Gradually, like his brother Henry, John gathered round him a team of splendid men: the weak and shiftless he got rid of, but all who had any grit in them he helped and even humoured; for he recognized that all human nature is a compound of faults



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and virtues, and would not lightly take offence if a strong man proved restive.

He had some trouble to keep Nicholson and Chamberlain from quarrelling, and many letters passed in which he tried to reconcile those worthy officers—for instance, he writes December 2, 1855: "My dear Nicholson, I am much vexed at the estrangement which has taken place between you and Chamberlain, and I earnestly desire to see you reconciled. Two such soldiers ought not to be in a state of antagonism. . . . Chamberlain in his last letter says: 'I shall be happy to receive Nicholson with the same feeling of respect and admiration which I have all along borne towards him. He has only to come within reach for me to extend both hands towards him.' I think such sentiments do honour to Chamberlain, and I hope you will reciprocate them, forgiving, if you cannot forget, the past." It is pleasant to know that Lawrence at last succeeded, and when the Mutiny came, he sent them both down to Delhi, where they did the work of heroes: when Nicholson received his death wound, it was Neville Chamberlain who nursed him with more than a brother's care during his last ten days of agony.

In the autumn of 1855 Lawrence had hoped to visit Kashmir, but it was put off by the serious illness of his wife; however, she refused to go to England, declaring that if she was not equal to Indian life with her husband much less would she be equal to life in England without him. So she stayed to help her husband in the stress and storm of the Indian Mutiny.

As Lord Dalhousie was on his way home to England he wrote the following letter:

"H.C.S. *Feroze* at sea, March 20, 1856.

"MY DEAR LAWRENCE—The home news at Ceylon showed me your name in the *Gazette* as K.C.B. at last. You would take for granted my joy in this recognition of your merits



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and services. But I must give you joy nevertheless in words, and I do it from my heart. No man ever won the honour better, and of all your relatives and friends not one has greater gratification in seeing honour done to you than I have. Pray offer my warmest congratulations and my kindest wishes to Lady Lawrence."

Lord Canning was the new Governor-General and Lawrence met him at Calcutta and wrote to Dalhousie: "I like Lord Canning very much. He is kind, courteous and considerate as well as prompt and able."

In July 1856 the English Government sent an ultimatum to Persia intimating that an attack by Persia upon Herat would involve her in war with England. Canning wrote privately to Lawrence, asking whom he recommended for the command of the Persian expedition. Lawrence in his reply recommended his own brother, Henry, giving reasons for it, and concluded his letter thus: "Pray, my Lord, do not think there is anything like a job in what I have now written. If I know myself, I would revolt against such conduct. My brother and I have, I believe, a real and strong affection for each other, but in public life we have often disagreed, and to some extent, for a time, we were estranged from each other." A letter like this shows some moral courage, for he hated jobs from his very soul: but still more did he hate the moral cowardice which shrank from saying or doing the right thing for fear it should be misunderstood. As to popularity, Lawrence cared not for it: "If we act," he says, "only to gain an ephemeral popularity, we shall never do much good. In India, of all places, it is hopeless to do one's duty and please the multitude."

In September 1856 he wrote to Lord Dalhousie: "Everything seems to prosper with us. The border is quiet, and improvements are going on steadily." And yet in Eastern India there were signs of the brewing of the storm; if that



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mutiny came when the Afghans were our foes, what power could withstand it! It must have been some such feeling which prompted Sir John to meet Dost Muhammad at Jumrood. News had come that the Persians had taken Herat just before the Commissioner started for Peshawur with 3,000 troops, General Cotton and Harry Lumsden of the Guides. The Afghan Prince, fearing treachery, asked Lawrence to meet him some miles within the Khyber Pass: so he went with a small cavalcade and met in Durbar "a collection of cut-throats and villains such as I had never found myself among before." Two days later the Amir entered British territory and passed through a line of 7,000 British troops, a mile long, drawn up to do him honour. The Amir said he wished to recover Herat and would do so if the English would send warships into the Persian Gulf.

As they conferred together a horseman galloped up with a telegram for Sir John from Lord Canning, to inform him that 5,000 troops were about to be sent to the Persian Gulf. This pleased the Afghans: but it was settled that they should not try to retake Herat for the present, but remain on the defensive and receive 4,000 stand of arms and money from Britain. "I have made an alliance with the British Government," said the Amir, "and come what may, I will keep it till death." And he did. Meanwhile mysterious messages were passing from bazaar to bazaar: little "chupattis," pancakes of flour and water, were going from village to village, placards proclaiming a holy war were nailed up on mosque and temple, weird prophecies were quoted, and fires were lit in strange places. Then came the Enfield rifle in the place of the old "Brown Bess," and the cartridges "greased with blood of ox and pig." "The English are striking at all our most sacred institutions": so the story went from mouth to mouth. The Commander-in-Chief, General Anson, spoke kindly to the



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men, but it was decided that they must handle and fire the cartridges.

Sir John had been staying at Lahore and on his way back stayed at Sealkote, a depôt for the new musketry instruction: he had seen no signs of discontent amongst the Sepoys: they seemed highly pleased with a weapon which would kill an enemy at a thousand, instead of a hundred yards' distance. He gave some prizes to be shot for. A few days later came the fateful telegram from Delhi: "The Sepoys have come in from Meerut, and are burning everything. Mr. Todd is dead, and, we hear, several Europeans. We must shut up." In fact the operators had only just time to get clear and run. Delhi, the seat of the Mogul, and the capital of India, was already in the hands of the mutineers!

Montgomery at Lahore no sooner received the news from Delhi than he at once disarmed the three Sepoy regiments and one of light cavalry, though he had only five companies of the 81st European regiment and twelve guns to depend on. At a general parade the order for disarmament was read to the Sepoys as they faced the white men: then the 500 Europeans fell back and disclosed the twelve black throats of the cannon, already loaded with grape, while the gunners stood by with port-fires lighted.

"Eighty-first load!" The command rang out sharp and clear. It was a thrilling moment for the officers on the ground: would the Sepoys obey, or would they resist? The ring of the ramrods argued for submission; in a few moments 2,000 muskets lay piled upon the ground, and the dusky faces hid their sullen discontent behind a mask of indifference. Within forty-eight hours of hearing the news from Delhi, Lahore and Amritsur had been saved and other garrisons warned or strengthened.

Sir John wrote: "Your Lahore men have done nobly. I should like to embrace them—all of them pucca trumps."



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DISARMING THE SEPOYS AT LAHORE

Montgomery had only five hundred Europeans and twelve guns to enforce his order against the two thousand; but when the command was given to load, the ring of five hundred ramrods, and the forbidding-looking muzzles of the guns, all loaded with grape, proved too much for the Sepoys, who with a kind of sullen indifference threw down their arms.

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Sir John did not take long to think out and act upon a policy to meet the dangers of mutiny. It was to trust the irregulars and the natives of the Punjab, but utterly distrust the regular army: to bring in men from the wild frontier, and to raise fresh regiments; to isolate and, if needful, disarm the regulars: to enlist the sympathy of the Sikh chiefs, collect camels, arrest all fakirs, guard all ferries, examine Sepoy's letters.

Whilst Sir John was in the first whirl of excitement about the Mutiny, the neuralgia from which he had been suffering disappeared: but in a week or two it came back, and many letters and reports had to be thought out in an agony of suffering. After the Sepoys had been disarmed at Lahore and, later, at Peshawur, "friends were as thick as summer flies, and levies began from that moment to come in"; every idle vagrant or professional robber was anxious to join our levies: while beyond our border villainous Afridis and Mohmunds, who had spent their lives in robbing and killing our subjects, came flocking in, delighted to pay off old scores upon the Sepoys, "those niggers," as they called them.

Meanwhile, John Nicholson was riding from point to point, disarming, fighting, pursuing, taking his own imperious way in spite of orders to the contrary.

On May 29 Sir John wrote to Lord Canning: "We are all right in the Punjab . . . we could raise 80,000 troops in the Punjab alone." He had already sent many to help in the siege of Delhi, and was to send more. He never lost his head, or cried for indiscriminate vengeance: for he knew how much was due to the Sepoys' state of panic, to their credulity and love for their religion, which they believed we were attempting to destroy. So he set his face against putting to death large numbers and tried to separate the more guilty from the less and writes to Edwardes: "I think the arrangement to shoot every tenth man of the



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deserters of the 51st is good and reasonable. The example will prove efficacious, and there is nothing revengeful in the measure. But the first intention of blowing away all the 55th seems to me horrible, and I entreat you to use your influence and get Cotton to modify the decision." So forty men only, instead of 120, were blown into fragments from the guns in the presence of the garrison of Peshawur. The garrison at Multan, having many Hindustanis amongst them, was a source of anxiety, but Crawford Chamberlain disarmed them in time.

Sir John wrote to thank him: "It was, I assure you, most delightful news hearing that it had been done. It was a most ticklish thing, considering that it had to be effected entirely by native troops. I shall not fail to bring it to the special notice of Government."

Sir John had sent to Delhi the "Guides," trusty natives of the North-West, mounted on camels, two on each, for greater speed: but they had been obliged to leave their wives and children behind at Murdan, and many of the men expressed their anxiety for what might befall them.

On hearing this, Sir John told them, when they halted at Rawal Pindi that he might wish them God speed, that he would himself look after their wives and children and have them down to Rawal Pindi: and a letter followed, saying: "The ladies are all safe under my protection, in my compound. I will give them the sums noted out of their husbands' pay."

These "ladies" belonged to various tribes and spoke half a dozen different dialects: one can imagine with what loyalty the Guides would fight after such kind treatment from the Chief Commissioner. And when Delhi was at last taken, Sir John wrote: "Let the Guides come back if you can spare them, I shall be glad to see their old battered faces again." Perhaps he took such interest in this regi-



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ment because it owed its existence to the ever-active brain of his brother, Sir Henry Lawrence.

While making mention of the way in which Sir John Lawrence almost depleted the Punjab to send his best men, such as Chamberlain, Daly and Nicholson, to help the besiegers to take Delhi, we must not omit the name of Alexander Taylor of the Bengal Engineers, who had served through both Sikh wars, had been with Robert Napier at the Siege of Multan, and then had settled down to carry the Grand Trunk Road from Lahore to Peshawur, over 250 miles.

One day Edward Thornton, the Commissioner of the District, saw Taylor at this work of road-making and said to him: "Why, Taylor, you ought to be at Delhi, working in the trenches instead of on this road!" "I would give my eyes to be there!" he replied. "But my work is here and I do not think it right to volunteer." Thornton went to the Chief Commissioner and said: "Sir John, there is a splendid Engineer officer, Alec Taylor, working on the Grand Trunk Road: he would like to go to Delhi."

"Send him! Send him at once!" said John Lawrence briefly and sharply.

Thornton went back to Taylor, and said, "Sir John orders you to go to Delhi." "All right," said the Engineer officer, "who will lend me a sword?"

In an hour or two he was off on his way to Delhi, sword and all. There he became the life and soul of every forward movement in trench and battery, ever cheery, ever active and hopeful: he was soon the idol of the younger officers; and on the night before the final assault John Nicholson said, "If I survive to-morrow, I will let all the world know that it was Alec Taylor who took Delhi."

When there was a want of gunners at Delhi, Sir John called out the old Sikh artillerymen to leave their ploughs and go to serve our guns against the rebellious city. They



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were not trusted in vain: they did splendid service there. Again, he sent a large body of the sweeper caste to act as sappers and miners: they were afterwards enrolled in the 27th Bengal Pioneers. Two siege trains also were fitted out from the Punjab arsenals of Phillaur and Ferozepur, and escorted by troops from the Punjab and Sind they breached the walls. In short, elephants, camels, bullocks, carts, money to pay the troops, sand-bags, saddles, tents—all came from the Punjab.

There had been no time yet to get all these from England: so that if the Punjab had not been well affected to us and in good order, owing to John Lawrence's wise, strong and sympathetic rule, we must have lost a great part of India, at least for many months, if not for ever.

Some years afterwards, when Sir John had risen to be Viceroy of the Empire, and was talking to Lady Trevelyan, the sister of Lord Macaulay, about the Mutiny and its perils, he confessed that for a whole month he had doubted in his heart whether we could weather the storm. "But, my dear Lady Charles," he said, "when I felt disposed to be downhearted, I used to repeat to myself your brother's lines:—

> How can man die better
> Than facing fearful odds,
> For the ashes of his fathers,
> And the temples of his Gods?"

When it became known in England early in July that the whole of the Bengal army was in mutiny and that General Anson was dead, the Ministers woke up from their pleasant dream and hurried out reinforcements. The chief command was offered to Sir Colin Campbell, and he was asked, "When will you be ready to start?" "To-morrow," replied the brave old soldier; and on the morrow he actually went, saying he could get his outfit in Calcutta. Sir Colin and Sir John Lawrence were old friends: the latter writes to him on October 15—



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"We have indeed had a terrible storm, and it is, I am persuaded, only by the mercy of God that a single European is alive on this side of India. At one time I began to think that all must be lost. We have now, so far as I can judge, weathered the gale: but until the troops arrive from England our position must continue to be precarious."

In January 1858 Sir John wrote to Lord Dalhousie: "For myself, my thoughts are bent on home. I can never hope to retire at a more auspicious juncture. My wife left Multan a few days ago for England in very delicate health. India for many a day will be no place for Englishwomen. My brother Henry died nobly at his post. To his intelligence and foresight the whole of the Lucknow garrison owe their lives."

In March 1858 Sir John was informed that the freedom of the City of London had been conferred upon him, and in the autumn he was made a baronet and offered a seat in the newly formed Indian Council: the Court of Directors also resolved to grant him an annuity of £2,000 whenever he retired from the service.

When there was talk of conferring a peerage, he wrote: "I am now too old and too worn to make even a moderate fortune for my eldest son. I have seven children, and all that I can do is to leave my wife and them a very humble competence. In my day I have had more work than pay." He therefore begged that his pension might be extended to the second generation.

We have come now a long way from the times of Clive and Warren Hastings, when civil servants returned after a dozen years of service full of wealth and riches. But Sir John had to stick to his post until February 1859, when Montgomery took up his duties. He sailed down the Indus, spent some days with Sir Bartle Frere, the Chief Commissioner of Sind, who had given him such timely help, and was met in Paris by his wife and two eldest daughters. Very quietly



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and unostentatiously he entered London, but had to undergo the ordeal of several great public meetings, and received honorary degrees from Oxford and Cambridge. He was invited to Windsor and was treated with marked distinction by his royal hosts. In August he took his first holiday in Ireland, visiting Lady Lawrence's two brothers in the north, and later his birthplace, the Yorkshire Richmond; thence to Inverary Castle, where he was the honoured guest of the Duke and Duchess of Argyll.

Three quiet years of peace he spent at Southgate, where he had sixty acres and could play at farming; there they lived the simple life—*fallentis semita vitae*, the path of the retiring life, taking no share in party politics and still loving horses. He used to go up to the India Office to his work, and one day—it was November 30, 1863, Sir Charles Wood put his head in at the door and said, "You are to go to India as Governor-General. Wait here till I return from Windsor with the Queen's approval."

Lady Lawrence says: "My husband did not come home by his usual train, and I became very anxious, and so restless that I could not keep still for a moment. At last, when he arrived quite late at night, he brought the news that he was to go to India as Viceroy. I could think of nothing but our broken-up home, another separation from our children, and all the risk of climate and hard work for him." His youngest child, Bertie, had been a great pet of his father: the boy, a little over two years old, used to follow his father about the garden, like a dog, imitating his walk, with his hands crossed behind him and bent head.

"I shall never see Bertie again," he exclaimed, and burst into tears.

Time and space would fail to tell of Sir John Lawrence's career as Viceroy. When the time came for him to make way for Lord Mayo, people in India remembered how



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noble a character had been shown them in their Viceroy. His biographer, Bosworth Smith, says in that earnest eloquent way which marked his rare utterances at Masters' meetings in Harrow School, "Vice of all kinds stood abashed in his presence. Men, aye and women too, 'saw how awful goodness was.' The gambler, the profane, the profligate, the flippant, the self-indulgent, felt that his Court was no place for them." Once a lady, sitting at his table, allowed herself to sneer at the Bible. Sir John looked steadily at her and said with sorrowful dignity: "How can you speak like that of God and God's book in the presence of these young men!" The rebuke made a great impression and was much talked about afterwards.

At another time a young officer in the army, who was talking contemptuously of the natives, happened to speak of them in Sir John's hearing as "those niggers." "I beg your pardon," said the Viceroy sternly, "of what people were you speaking?" Of course such open rebukes did not make for popularity, but Sir John did not count that very high in comparison with reverence and modesty, and purity and charity.

He landed in England on March 15, 1869, looking much broken by illness. Gladstone, on the suggestion of the Duke of Argyll, took the Queen's pleasure that a peerage should be offered him: and he selected the title of "Lord Lawrence of the Punjab and of Grateley," Grateley being a small estate in Salisbury Plain left him by his sister. Five years had passed, and his eldest son had taken his degree at Cambridge, while Bertie was just old enough to go to school. They lived now in London and, to show that he still had some work left in him, Lord Lawrence became Chairman of the London School Board, though he hated Boards and disliked much talking, for he was not a ready speaker.

In January 1875 Lord Lawrence sent his youngest son



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to Harrow, where he lived in Dr. Butler's house. There, too, the daughter of Sir Henry Lawrence was living, being the wife of Mr. Henry Hart, one of the masters. So it fell out that Bosworth Smith saw much of Lord Lawrence and became his biographer. In this year Lord Lawrence's eyesight began to show signs of failing: an operation for cataract did him no good: a second operation was more successful, and soon after he was able to enjoy a trip to the New Forest.

He seldom spoke in the House of Lords, except on Indian affairs, in which of course he took great interest: he was in favour of leaving Afghanistan alone, because any advance made by us only served to render that nation more suspicious. Sir Bartle Frere was advocating the "forward policy," the occupation of Quetta and the construction of a railway to the Bolan Pass. Lord Lytton was sent out in 1876 to carry out the "forward policy." In 1878 many old Anglo-Indians met at Lord Lawrence's house in Queen's Gate Gardens to discuss the coming Afghan trouble, and many newspapers were abusing the old Viceroy for his opinions. But when our mission, led by Sir Neville Chamberlain, was refused admission into Afghanistan, Lord Lawrence braved a nation's resentment and wrote several letters to *The Times* exposing the folly and injustice to the Amir of the "forward policy"; he also became Chairman of a Committee to bring pressure upon the Government to postpone hostilities. But they laboured in vain: we shattered the power of Shere Ali in order to rectify our frontier and put Sir L. Cavagnari at Kabul.

"They will all be murdered—every one of them," exclaimed Lord Lawrence. And they were murdered—Cavagnari and all his escort; and General Roberts had to be sent to wipe out the disgrace and take revenge.

In June 1879 Lord Lawrence caught a chill, tried to make a long speech in the House, and was almost inaudible.



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The next day, during his walk, he said to his lady secretary, "I feel so worn out, I can hardly stagger along."

They happened to be passing a shop full of splendid fruit: a basket of strawberries tempted him; they went in and asked the price.

"Spend ten shillings on myself for such a purpose!" he exclaimed. "I never did such a thing in my life."

He gradually grew weaker and more drowsy, could not take his food, but did not wish the doctor to be summoned.

Yet he still enjoyed having the newspapers read to him. But it was seen that the end was approaching; the few absent members of his family came around him; he lay now helpless on his bed, the once strong man who had amazed the Afghan chiefs by his strength of muscle and brain and will. "Do you know me?" whispered his wife. "To my last gasp, my darling," he replied quite audibly.

Then came his last words—"I am so sorry." And in a very short time this most indefatigable of workers for England and for India entered painlessly into the land of rest.

From Bosworth Smith's *Life of Lord Lawrence*, by kind permission of Mrs. Bosworth Smith and Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co.

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## CHAPTER XX

# SIR HENRY HAVELOCK, THE TRAINER OF SAINTS AND HEROES

HENRY HAVELOCK was born at Bishop Wearmouth, near Sunderland, on April 5, 1795. His grandfather lived at Grimsby, the Danish City on the Humber, and migrated into Yorkshire, where Henry's father was born. This latter moved to Sunderland and made a small fortune in ship-building; here he married Jane Carter, the daughter of a conveyancer of Stockton-on-Tees and of the family of Ettrick, which held lands in Durham.

Henry's mother was a woman of deep religious character, and her early lessons doubtless sank into the boy's heart and prepared him for the life he lived.

In 1799 his father bought Ingress, near Dartford in Kent, and they all went south; there were seven children, of whom William and Charles Frederick also served with distinction in India.

In 1801 William and Henry went to school at Dartford, three miles distant, trotting on their ponies to and fro. Here Henry stayed three years, and began to show a great interest in military affairs, stories of sieges and battles.

No doubt the fame of Napoleon, then at its height, impressed the ardent reader and inflamed his imagination. He used to sit under a tree in his father's park and plot out the plan of campaign in his mind's eye.

As a boy he was quiet and peaceable and rather silent, and



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the calm way in which he bore pain, or met danger, caused his schoolfellows to give him an eke-name of "Phlos," short for philosopher. But Master Phlos one day grew so indignant with a big boy who was bullying a younger that he hit out, and received in turn a black eye.

The story does not throw much lustre on the discrimination of the schoolmaster; for, on seeing Havelock's black eye, he asked what caused it.

"It came there," said the boy, probably with a look of defiance, and feeling that it was hardly etiquette for a master to invite him to tell tales.

"Came there, sirrah!—but how did it come?" said the learned bungler.

The boy hung his head and kept silence; the master grew angry at his obstinacy and administered a sound flogging.

No doubt poor Henry rode home that evening at no break-neck speed; his heart was sore, and a sense of being in an unjust world must have driven him to his seat on his favourite oak, there to meditate bitterly on the rewards and punishments that ignorant men dispense to one another; perhaps he took his rankling smart of wrong to a Higher Court and prayed for divine sympathy.

At the age of nine he was sent to the Charterhouse, to the house of the Headmaster, Dr. Matthew Raine. Some of his friends at school were Julius Hare, Connop Thirlwall, afterwards Bishop of St. David's, George Grote, the historian of Greece, Sir William Macnaghten, our envoy to Kabul, and Eastlake the artist. In course of time Henry Havelock's religious opinions and feelings drew upon him some sneers: "canting hypocrite" and "Methodist" were epithets flung at him from time to time; but this form of persecution only drove him into a firmer resolve to stand up on the side of God and right.

Friends came round him, as they recognized his earnest purpose, and religious meetings were held regularly in one



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of the bedrooms. In 1810 he lost the mother who had taught him so lovingly.

In 1814 he left school and became, with Talfourd, a pupil of the celebrated special pleader, Chitty. But his brother William was at this time writing home stirring descriptions of his doings in Spain under Wellington; how once, when the Spaniards had halted, as if afraid to face the French, William Havelock was despatched by General Altern to find out the cause of delay. There the Spanish soldiers stood still in their ranks, not caring to follow their officers, who were urging them forward in vain. Enraged at their cowardly conduct, young Havelock waved his hat over his head, and shouting to the Spaniards to follow him, he buried the rowels in his steed's flanks, leaped over the abattis and rode headlong towards the French regiment in front. The Spaniards, excited by the daring of the English stripling, broke into a cry, "The fair boy—follow the fair English boy!" and dashed after him, breaking as they ran through the French ranks. Stories like these, and the escape of Napoleon from Elba, rekindled in Henry Havelock's mind the old Danish inherited passion for war, and he begged his brother to get him a commission. After the Battle of Waterloo he was able to obtain this through his Colonel, and Henry was appointed second lieutenant on the 95th Rifle Brigade, where Sir Harry Smith, the future victor of Aliwal, was his captain.

But, with Napoleon at St. Helena, there was peace in Europe, and Havelock spent eight years, in England or Ireland, France or Italy, ever learning Hindustani and Persian, in case he should go to India. It was not until 1823 that he got transferred to the 13th Light Infantry and sailed for Calcutta. With him sailed Major Sale, afterwards known as the defender of Jellalabad, and James Gardner, a fellow-lieutenant, who had great influence on Havelock during the long voyage. It was through him, Havelock



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says, that the Spirit of God came to him with offers of peace and a mandate of love.

He landed at Calcutta in April 1824, and when in garrison at Fort William, he used to get the men together for religious instruction and prayer. Hardly had a year elapsed when news came that the Burmese had invaded the Company's territory and slaughtered the British guard in the island of Shapur. Sir Archibald Campbell was to lead 11,000 men, sail up the Irawaddi and take Rangoon ; Havelock went as deputy assistant-adjutant-general. The Burmese, who had expected it would be an easy job to sweep all the English into the sea, felt uncomfortable when they saw the fleet coming majestically upstream. The Governor of Rangoon ordered "all who wore English hats" to be thrown into prison. By this order some American missionaries found themselves in gaol. But the *Liffey* anchored abreast the only Burmese battery near Rangoon and fired a few shots ; the battery opened a harmless fire on the frigate, but would not yield. Then, Havelock writes, "the *Liffey* opened her fire in earnest, not with a broadside, but in one long, loud, steady, continuous roar—killing, shattering, crashing, splintering, dismantling. The effect was theatrical. In a moment the battery was silenced, and the Burmese were driven in panic from their guns." But the poor prisoners had run great risk of being killed by the shot, or executed. For the Governor had ordered them all to be beheaded the moment the first gun was fired.

As the frigates drew near, the executioners began to sprinkle sand on the floor of the prison where the white men and women were made to kneel ; they were busy sharpening their knives and feeling the necks of their captives, as though they had been so many animals ; all was ready for the last act, when the *Liffey* sent two thirty-two pound balls crashing through the prison and letting in sunlight and a peep of shining water and black vessels crowded with "devils." The



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executioners dropped knife and sword and bolted with many a howl. In a few minutes Havelock and the others were beating down the prison doors and receiving the thanks of the captives. One cannot but think that the gentle Burmese, as we know them now, must have been at that time represented, in their army at least, by men of Chinese origin. A few days after, Havelock was attacking some field-works, when the Burmese "fought bravely and fell in heaps under the bayonet." The next day Sale with a few men climbed the parapet of a stockade and threw himself, sword in hand, amongst the spearmen within. The rest of his men followed, and the stockade was taken.

Young Havelock distinguished himself by coolness and daring. He was one of those who do not lose their heads in critical moments.

But this brilliant beginning was soon overcast; slow progress was made through the thick jungle that bordered the stream, while the enemy's bullets came whistling through the leafy screen; but more deadly than the bullets was the malarial fever, which soon halved our force, so that the Burmese took heart again and attacked in three columns.

Havelock tells us how the English destroyed some works thrown up to bar our advance. "The bugles sounded the signal to advance. The thrilling call was repeated by each corps with the regularity of a day of field exercise. At once the mass was in motion. It passed the screen of thicket. In an instant the bullets of the Burmese were whistling round our heads. The column made its way across the plain, knee-deep in mud and water, but rapidly and steadily. It reached the work—the ladders were fixed. Then each section unslung its firelocks and fixed its bayonets, with the precision of the platoon, and began to ascend in the face of the barbarians. Section after section, leaping down, disappeared inside the work. . . . A Burman chief singled out a soldier of the 13th, and aimed a blow at his head. Major



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Sale, who was near, interposing his own sabre, parried the cut. He in his turn made a cut at the chief; the blow made the Burman stagger; but the Major's sabre shivered like glass to the very hilt. But instantly closing with his enemy he wrested from him his broad, gilded weapon, and striking the Burman with his full force below the ribs, nearly severed his body into two portions."

After this for many months there was little fighting, but much sickness. Havelock had to get leave of absence and went to Bombay.

By the time he had recovered the English had fought their way to Prome, the second city in the kingdom. In November Havelock helped to storm the entrenchments, two miles in length. Sale saw with admiration the gallant bearing of young Havelock, and from that hour formed an attachment for him that ended only with life. But as they approached the city, cholera broke out in both armies, for fifty miles up the river and all along the road by which the enemy had retreated, unburied bodies lay festering in the sun. Dogs keeping watch and ward over their dead masters, broke with their dismal howls the solitude and silence of the scene while the stench from the countless corpses tainted the air and increased the sickness. Many mutilated bodies of peasants floated down the streams of the Irawaddi and a line of crosses could be seen in the valley, over which crows and kites were hovering, ready to strike the bodies suspended by the hair, or wrists and ankles. It was a terrible scene for young soldiers, and must have suggested to them that the most cruel of all animals is man.

Fortunately, as they drew near the capital proposals of peace met them. But the King of Burma changed his mind, and the fighting was renewed; a double flank movement took the "Lord of the Earth and Sea" by surprise, and General Sir Archibald Campbell sent Lumson, Havelock and Knox to bear presents and get the King's signature to terms.



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They had to mount the great staircase of the palace with bare feet; in the hall, amid low chants and frequent prostrations to the marble floor of his attendants the King advanced. The presents were given; then three trays of sweetmeats were brought in, on each of which was a superb ruby ring for the officers. Then a Burmese officer came and bound a fillet of gold leaf on their heads, on which was printed a title of nobility. After this came a grand dinner, at which Dr. Judson, the famous American missionary, and his wife were placed in a seat of honour. Dr. Judson had been cruelly treated in prison for a long time, and Mrs. Judson's recital of their wrongs made a deep impression on Havelock.

On his return to Rangoon he held religious services in the great pagoda, and more than a hundred men used to meet him there. Havelock's Saints were no longer the subject of jest and ridicule, for during this campaign the General had ordered out a certain troop to resist a sudden onslaught of the enemy. The officer of the troop saluted and said, "Very sorry, sir; my men are all drunk."

"Drunk! then call out Havelock's Saints; they are not drunk, I'll swear; and what's more—Havelock is always ready for anything."

The bugle sounded, the ranks of the Saints closed sternly up; and with the young officer at their head who had so often led them in prayer, the troops charged on the enemy, and promptly scattered them in flight.

From the end of the Burmese war, in 1826 to 1838, when Havelock joined the army sent to invade Afghanistan, nothing very exciting occurred. Twelve years were passed in study of military science and in learning the Oriental languages, and not least in improving the minds and hearts of his men.

In 1828 Havelock married Hannah, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Marsham, a lady worthy of him, and to whom he was devotedly attached.



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When he was applying for the post of adjutant under Colonel Sale, many letters were written to Lord Bentinck, describing Havelock as a wild fanatic. On the other hand, Havelock's friends wrote pressing his claims.

Lord Bentinck, in his perplexity, ordered a return to be made of the offences committed in every company of the regiment. This settled it, for Havelock's Saints were found the most sober, obedient and best-behaved men in the regiment. The next year Havelock's regiment marched to Agra, seventy miles north of Delhi, but as Mrs. Havelock was not strong, she and her young family went up to the Himalayas for change of air. But she had not been there long before the bungalow which she occupied took fire, being merely light bamboo and dry thatch, and was quickly consumed. The poor mother rushed into the flames and was literally wrapped in fire when she bore her two little boys safe into the open air; the baby was so badly burned that she died. The next morning while Havelock was at breakfast, an officer came in and handed him a letter. He grew pale, rose and left the mess-room. The men wanted to subscribe to replace the things lost; he thanked them and of course declined their kindly offer. For six weeks Havelock nursed his wife, and together they learned the lesson of submission to the divine will.

His next experience was when in Afghanistan, a march through the Bolan Pass, extremes of heat and cold, hunger and short rations at Quetta, horses dying as they marched, fatigue parties dragging up the guns, camels licking the sand for water, a glimpse of the River Dooru through the trees, and then a rush helter-shelter for a good drink. After this Candahar, which surrendered to a bribe; then Ghaznee, and a gate blown in, and a forlorn hope leading the way to victory.

Dost Muhammad's men began to desert, and he with a small band fled, pursued by Colonel Outram. We had driven out a good and brave prince in order to put on the throne a



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feeble puppet, Shah Soojah, who was conducted to his palace through the streets of Kabul in ominous silence. After two months in Kabul Havelock rode back through the Khyber to the Indus. He left on record this note, "The citadel (Bala Hissar) is the Key of Kabul." We soon suffered one of our greatest disgraces in war by not attending to this criticism.

Lord Elphinstone who, having high connexions, was made Commander-in-Chief in Afghanistan, placed his men outside the city in cantonments surrounded by ramparts so low that any pony could have clambered over them. All the provisions were stored in a fort a little way off. Havelock had to return to Kabul with reinforcements and gazed in horror at these military arrangements; a year passed, the officers enjoyed skating, and the Afghans looked on in wonder; the men reeled about drunk and disorderly; the Afghans grew sullen and threatening. Sale was sent after Dost, Havelock asked leave to go and join his brigade.

A few days after, on November 2, the city was up in arms, Burnes murdered, English women and children were butchered; 6,000 English soldiers sat still in camp, and Elphinstone only said, "I wonder what can be done!"

After gutting the city, the Afghan mob took away the stores of our army, and still the General did nothing. Even the feeble Shah Soojah looked out from the windows of his palace and cried, "Surely the English are mad!"

Our men, in their rage at seeing the stores looted, demanded to be led against the enemy. Elphinstone sent fifty English and 200 Sepoys, but soon recalled them for fear of danger! "Oh! if only Sale and Havelock would come back!" many a brave soldier must have said to himself. Three weeks went by; Sale sent word he could not yet return. There were brave officers, like Shelton, who did wonders as far as they could. But little by little our men lost heart and Macnaghten went forth to negotiate with



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Akbar Khan, son of Dost. A treaty was made—all the men were to leave the country, Shah Soojah was to go into exile, and Dost to be King once more, and the Afghans would let the British army march back in safety.

But Macnaghten, after signing this treaty, tried to bribe some chiefs to give him better terms—to be traitors in fact. It is no wonder then that the next time Akbar caught our envoy in conference, he killed him, and with a pistol which Macnaghten had given him shortly before. The next minute the envoy was hacked to pieces by Afghan knives. What followed we have seen in former chapters and we need not repeat the tale of shame and sorrow.

Meanwhile Sale, with Havelock, Broadfoot, Dennie and others, had fallen back on Jellalabad after some fierce fighting. They proceeded to fortify it and rebuild the fallen walls and to force back the Afghans who menaced them from without.

On January 2 a letter came from Pottinger announcing that the English were about to retire on Jellalabad. Poor Sale murmured, "And my wife and daughter are with them!" for he thought of the horrors of the Kabul road in mid-winter. Soon after another letter came, ordering the garrison to quit Jellalabad and march for India; on no other terms would the Afghans treat. Sale and Havelock and the others took leave to disobey, and for the sake of England's honour they upheld the flag above the battered walls.

On January 13, the sentry saw a single horseman coming along the Kabul road. Glasses were levelled by the officers who lined the ramparts. A white man mounted on a miserable pony came reeling, tottering on. Sale sent some horsemen out to meet him—it was Dr. Brydon, the sole survivor of the British force at Kabul, and after rest and food he told his countrymen the pitiable tale which we know, of treachery and cruel onslaughts.

We were suffering for a foolish and selfish policy, which the



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historian says " was conceived in injustice, cradled in error, and executed in incapacity."

We cannot go through the long defence of Jellalabad, with its sallies and earthquakes more than a hundred, its crumbling walls so quickly rebuilt that the Afghans thought it useless to fight against the magic of men whom earthquakes could not shatter or daunt. At last came Pollock, after the garrison had fought a battle and driven the besiegers away. Havelock's band played them in to the tune, " Oh! but ye've been lang o' coming."

Then Pollock led them on to Kabul once more, and they saw the sad remains of Elphinstone's army in the Khoord Kabul Pass, where they had to fight Akbar again. Sale was thinking of his wife and daughter as they drew near Kabul; but the prisoners had been sent away to the steeps of the Hindu Kush. Pollock despatched Shakespear and 600 horse after them, and then Sale with his brigade. The English prisoners had bribed Salab Muhammad to set them free, and as they toiled along for Pollock's camp they met Sale's column. Sale, at the first sight of the dust on the road had galloped forward—and in a few minutes the brave commander was clasping his beloved wife in his arms.

The 13th, as they came up, saluted the wife and daughter of their leader with loud cheers, a royal salute was fired, and many an eye was wet from sympathy. Lord Ellenborough received " the illustrious garrison " of Jellalabad with great honour at Ferozepore, where Sale and Havelock, Broadfoot and Seaton were treated as heroes: Havelock was promoted to be major and received the cross of Companion of the Bath: so ended the year 1842.

Next year Havelock was appointed Persian interpreter to Sir Hugh Gough: a war broke out with the Marathas, and after this Havelock was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel. He enjoyed a short rest at Simla and then the Sikh War called him out again: in the battle of



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Moodkhu he had two chargers killed under him, and seemed to bear a charmed life. But after the battle was over he rode to a well and took a long draught of water: he then offered some to his steed, but the animal snorted and turned away in disgust. The well had been poisoned by the Sikhs, and if Havelock had offered his horse the first drink, he would have been saved a serious illness.

On that day Sale was mortally wounded by grape-shot, and so Havelock lost a good friend and a kind commander.

In the next battle, of Ferozepore, Broadfoot tried to leap into the enemy's intrenchments—his horse fell, and before he could extricate himself three Sikhs rushed upon him and buried their knives in his breast.

So Havelock lost another dear friend: the poisoned water was making him suffer, but he still kept up. The next battle, of Aliwal, fought under Sir Harry Smith, saw Havelock's men forcing the foe to the banks of the river.

On February 10 the battle of Sobraon was fought, further down the river; a round shot struck Havelock's horse, passed through the saddle-cloth and sent the rider to the ground. All thought, "Well! now he is killed for certain!" but Havelock jumped up and called for another horse. In this battle our loss was 2,400, while the Sikhs lost 8,000 or more, and the waters of the Sutlej seemed to be crimsoned by the fearful carnage.

After this Sir Hugh Gough recognized Havelock's great ability and was ever his true friend. Once when some officers came to complain that Colonel Havelock was baptizing some of the soldiers, "Well," replied the veteran commander, "give my compliments to the Colonel, and tell him I wish he would baptize the whole army."

It is very strange how attempts to make his men sober, God-fearing, obedient soldiers were, time after time, scorned, suspected and even hated. Havelock's discipline and training had made victories more easy in the Crimean



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War; the Indian troops were proved to be more fit and better trained—the men recognized their great leader's worth, but rank and fame came late.

A Persian campaign, a shipwreck, a visit to England occupied some time. On June 6, 1857, Havelock was standing on the beach of Ceylon, offering up thanks among his troops for their escape from shipwreck, on the very morning that Nana Sahib opened fire on the Cawnpore garrison.

The next time we see him, he is leading a column to Allahabad in a storm of drenching rain. As the avenging column slowly defiled through the city the Muhammadans who lined the street and crowded the house-tops scowled and groaned and swore. When the news of the fall of Cawnpore was confirmed and it was reported that a rebel force of some 3,000 was advancing, Havelock pushed on to rejoin Major Renaud, who had gone on in front; he made a forced march of twenty-four miles without stopping to rest. Then they all halted for breakfast, pipes were lit, tea was brewing, arms were piled and tired men lay lazily on the ground when suddenly some horsemen sent out to reconnoitre came galloping back, with a round shot bowling along the hard road close after them.

Drums beat the assembly, the soldiers jumped up, seized their muskets and fell into line: it was the Sabbath and very hot, but what of that? There was Cawnpore to avenge! As Havelock rode down the ranks of the 78th, he shouted—

"Highlanders—I promised you a field-day in Persia, but the Persians ran away: Highlanders, we will have that field-day to-day—let yonder fellows see what you are made of." A ringing cheer was the loud reply.

Then was fought the battle of Futtehpore, in which Maude with his gun-fire sent the Sepoys sprawling. Our irregular cavalry refused to charge and had almost been fired on by



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our infantry for their disobedience. Many English ladies dresses were found in the spoil and twelve guns were taken. After the battle the men enjoyed a rest in a mango grove. Havelock ascribed his victory under God to the rapidity and precision of his artillery, to the new Enfield rifle and to pluck. A second battle was fought a few days later at Aong, lasting two hours and a half; and on the same day the bridge of Pandu Nuddi was captured in the scorching mid-day sun. Only twenty-four miles now to Cawnpore, and a hope of finding their fellow-countrymen and women still alive made all eager to start at dawn. They marched fourteen miles and waited for breakfast; then left their baggage behind and set forth again in the July sun, reeling in their ranks, with set faces and pale. Was Havelock going to risk all by sending 1,000 exhausted men against a position defended by seven guns, 5,000 fresh Sepoys and a numerous cavalry?

He saw only the suffering women and children as he rode along the lines of his men; he had committed his cause to the God of battles and still rode on. The Fusiliers with two guns were in front: the Highlanders, with Maude's battery, came next—then followed the 64th and 84th with two more guns.

Havelock turned off the road to the right behind a clump of mangoes, and as we got clear of the mangoes the enemy's artillery opened with shot and shell, most of which went singing over the men's heads. Our artillery was delayed by sinking into ploughed fields, and as three guns posted behind an intrenchment were harassing us, Havelock rode up to the 78th Highlanders and cried, "Now, my lads, go and take that battery."

With sloped arms and measured tread they swept on through the iron storm in grim silence, till at 100 yards' distance the word "Charge!" rang out.

Then they cheered, then they dashed forward, as the



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pipes played the pibroch—in a few minutes they had climbed the mound and taken the deadly guns.

On the left wing, as they drew near a grove about a mile from the cantonments of Cawnpore, they became exposed to a hot fire, and Havelock rode up.

"Come! who'll take this village—the Highlanders or the 64th?"

Away went the Highlanders, sweeping through the village street like a tornado. But in another part the men had to lie down, so hot was the fire. They lay there until the fire of battle oozed out of them and they cared not to rise.

But again Havelock came up on a hack—for his own charger had been shot under him—and cantering over the deadly zone of fire he shouted, "Get up, my lads, and take those guns." All fear and vacillation fled at the sound of their leader's voice: they sprang up and charged against the 24-pounder, led by Havelock's son. The father led the Highlanders, but the men in the centre kept saying, "The General is in front; don't fire." Yes, he was always in front—not a General's place, as a rule—but to-day let us excuse him, for the men were very tired and needed encouragement. Away fled the Sepoys in the gathering gloom of twilight, and as our men saw the old barracks ahead, and listened to Havelock's glowing words of praise they rent the heavens with their cheers. Poor fellows! they had marched 130 miles in seven days, fought four battles and taken twenty-four guns.

The baggage, however, had been left behind, so without tents, rations or grog, they had to sleep on the naked earth —while the wounded suffered fearful agonies, untended, groaning through the awful watches of the night.

Early next morning Havelock was up, planning his attack on Cawnpore, when a column of smoke went up, and the sound of an explosion followed.

Nana Sahib had blown up his magazine and retreated.



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Our men stepped joyously forth—they were going to relieve the 200 women and children—it was for this they had marched and suffered thirst, and fought and bled. As they passed through a gate where the English prisoners had been kept, the officers were told that all had been massacred.

The men were halted, the awful news was passed along the ranks—then some entered the paved court and saw the blood and the torn fragments of dresses and long locks of hair torn out—they entered the rooms and saw blood an inch deep in one chamber, saw more fragments of clothing and children's socks, bullet marks and sword-cuts low down on the walls, showing how the poor creatures had crouched down before their assassins; in one place they saw a row of childrens' shoes arranged with care—and in every shoe was a little bleeding foot.

Who can wonder if the men were maddened by these sights to take cruel vengeance on a race that had so maltreated helpless women and children? The writer remembers how the narration of these ill deeds of the Sepoys stirred every town and village in England—meetings were held, and appeals sent to London to inflict a stern punishment upon the rebel troops.

The massacre was done by order of Nana Sahib, who promptly retired to Bithur, whither Havelock followed him after giving the troops one day's rest. But the Maratha Chief fled over the Ganges and his palace was given to the flames. On their return from Bithur to Cawnpore they heard the sad tidings of the death of Sir Henry Lawrence. So, leaving General Neill at Cawnpore, Havelock crossed the Ganges with his gallant 1,500 men and set off for Lucknow through a deluge of rain, and over swamps and floods and nullahs full of water. A letter from Havelock written on July 31, 1857, says: "I write to tell you that by God's blessing H. (his son) and I are still well and safe. On



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the 29th I had two more combats, at Unao and Bussarat Gunge, in which God gave me the victory, and I captured nineteen guns. Lieut. Seton, who was acting as my aide-de-camp, was shot through the face, and his under-jaw was fractured. You do not know the lad, but may feel for him. Pray for me and trust in God."

Havelock had to return to Cawnpore to escort his sick and wounded. General Neill generously sent him all the men he could spare and he advanced again. Three times he advanced, fought and won battles, but from want of cavalry could not follow them up. But still his faith was firm and his courage true. In September General Outram arrived with reinforcements and hope sprang up in every heart. Outram waived his superior rank, knowing how hard Havelock and his men had striven to relieve Lucknow; he accompanied the force in his civil capacity as Chief Commissioner of Oudh, and Havelock in an order to the troops spoke of General Outram's kind and generous resolve.

We cannot follow the details of heavy marching and rapid firing and the last struggle through lanes and by loop-holed houses. The garrison at the Lucknow Residency had almost given up hope of being relieved: but they meant to resist till death.

One day at daybreak they heard shots fired, not the usual sound of the muskets but a sharp crack: they listened, breathless with expectation.

Ryan, who was sentry, shouted back, "Oh! boys, them's our chaps!"

"Pooh! he is mad!" said an officer. Then came a regular volley, such as no Sepoys could give. "Men, cheer together"—and they jumped upon the walls and cheered like mad things. Soon a cheer came back to them from the streets outside, and Havelock and Outram had won the Residency.



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In a letter to his wife Havelock says: "The famished garrison found mock-turtle soup and champagne to regale me with as their deliverer. But the rest of my force and guns could not be brought in until the evening of the 26th, and by that time I had lost 535 killed, wounded and missing. Since that night we have been more closely blockaded than in Jellalabad—tea, sugar, soap and candles are unknown luxuries."

On November 12, the garrison heard of the advance of Sir Colin Campbell from Cawnpore; and from the 15th those who mounted the tower of the Residency could mark by the smoke and fire or sound of guns how the relieving force was slowly carving its way towards them, taking on their way mosque and palace at great cost. In the last letter which Havelock ever wrote, he says—

"Dear H. has been wounded a second time in the same left arm—a musket-ball in the shoulder: he is in good spirits, and is doing well. Love to the children. I do not after all see my elevation in the *Gazette*, but Sir Colin addresses me as Sir Henry Havelock. . . . We all came into this place with a single suit, which hardly any have put off for forty days."

Soon after writing this letter Havelock became very ill: they removed him to Sir Colin's camp at the Dilkoosha, where the air was better: but dysentery set in, and he lay in a tent nursed by his own wounded son.

Outram came to see him and heard him say: "For more than forty years I have so ruled my life that when death came I might face it without fear—to die is gain; I die happy and contented." "So be it," was Outram's grave and solemn reply, as he turned sadly to go. They buried their hero in the beautiful grounds of the Alumbagh, the Highlanders, the 78th and 93rd, giving him the last salute. Severe he had been in discipline, exacting, reserved, taciturn —but the soldiers loved him, for Havelock knew not what



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fear was. They at least respected his deep religious character, and they recognized his military greatness long before his countrymen at home, or the War Office, awoke to his high merits.

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## CHAPTER XXI

# SIR JAMES OUTRAM, THE BAYARD OF INDIA

JAMES OUTRAM was born at Butterly Hall, Derbyshire, in 1803. His family were sprung from yeomen farmers or small landowners: an ancestor of his, Dr. William Outram, was a Prebendary of Westminster in the days of Charles II. The father of James, Benjamin Outram, was a clever engineer who founded the Butterly ironworks, but died before he had made them pay, so that Mrs. Outram was left with very small means on which to bring up her young family. She was the daughter of Dr. Anderson, a scientific agriculturist, who at the instance of Lord Melville undertook a circuit of the north-western coasts of Scotland and drew up an able report on their value. In this he incurred great personal expense and was too proud to ask Government to remunerate him. Margaret Anderson was clever and had to educate herself, as her father disliked girls' schools. When she was left a widow with five children, in 1805, she lived for three years in Worksop; in 1810 they went to Aberdeen for the schooling, and owing to Mrs. Outram's bold and proud appeal to Lord Melville she obtained a pension from Government. "I never had such a lecture in my life," said Lord Melville to a friend, after the interview.

Her eldest son, Francis, went to school at Christ's Hospital and after to Marischal College, Aberdeen. An Indian cadet-



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ship offered by Mr. Elphinstone cut short that career as a student, but he did well at Addiscombe and went to Chatham an officer of Engineers. James was only three when his father died; he is described when a boy of eleven as pale but healthy and good-looking, having his mother's black, glossy hair and dark hazel eyes. He was clever and fair in classics, but had especial talent in mathematics: at games he excelled and became a noted wrestler. A school-fellow writes, "He was always kind to me, and protected me from the bullying of elder boys. In every adventure of daring he was the leader." His sister tells us that he loved to associate with the soldiers at the barracks and with the sailors: One year these latter mutinied: magistrates and soldiers with loaded muskets faced the malcontents. But between the two marched Jemmy Outram, hands in trouser pockets, stumping about proudly from one side to the other, as if protecting his sailor friends, and resolved to receive the fire first, if firing was to be. Another day he returned home with a face so bruised and swollen that they hardly recognized him.

To his sister, putting many excited questions, he replied: "Never mind, Anna, I've licked the biggest boy in the school in such a manner that he'll not ill-treat any of the youngsters again, I'll be bound." Outram's mother could not at first get her son a cadetship, and she thought of educating him for Holy Orders. But Jamie said to his sister: "You see that window? Rather than be a parson I'm out of it, and I'll list for a common soldier!" However, Captain Gordon offered a direct commission, and the boy snapped at it; for he had seen the troops come back from Waterloo in all their glory, and this sight determined him to be a soldier.

He was now only five feet one inch in height and apt to brood over his puny frame; but he no sooner arrived at Bombay than he took to hog-hunting with great zeal. Soon



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he became adjutant in a native regiment and then learned to sympathize with the Sepoys. In 1821, after fever, he was going by boat to Bombay, and accidentally blew up some fireworks he had with him; the contents of the boat were scattered about, and James was picked up a "hardly animate mass of blackened humanity." A charitable Parsi had him placed in a palanquin and conveyed to his own house; after a time they made out who he was and took him to Mr. Willoughby's. The explosion entirely cured him of fever! In a letter to his mother dated 1822 he writes—

"When I see now how many privations you had to put up with at home, I think you made wonderful sacrifices for your children, whose duty it is to make you as comfortable as they possibly can. I am sorry I have not been more prudent, for I certainly ought by this time to have been able to send you something."

It may have been his prowess in hog-hunting that gained him the esteem of his colonel, for Outram, unlike Havelock, was chosen to lead a wing when only a junior lieutenant, and bore the nickname of "the little General."

For a few years he was employed in disciplining the Bhils, an unruly race of hill folk, and in pursuing marauders. He writes to his mother: "It is not dangerous hunting tigers on an elephant, as I do: it is as safe as firing at the monsters from the top of a tower," and he promises to be careful for her sake.

In 1829 his Engineer brother died at the age of twenty-eight. Francis Outram was very able, unselfish and generous. When leaving England for India he exchanged his first-class ticket for a second-class, so as to be able to send parting presents to his sisters. But after some years of splendid work he resented an order given by his superior officer, was brought before a court-martial, and sentenced to the loss of six steps. The severity of the sentence surprised



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many. Francis Outram brooded over the injustice, for he was morbidly sensitive and proud of his good name: soon after, when he discovered that a native officer had been stealing and feared that he should be held responsible, in a fit of delirium he shot himself. James wrote to Sir John Malcolm, asking that a strict inquiry might be held into his brother's accounts: "It is my sacred duty to stand by my brother." Sir John wrote a kind reply: "Your brother was as distinguished for zeal and integrity as he was for professional talent."

Outram, by his scorn of danger and prowess in the chase, won the admiration and affection of the wild men amongst whom he lived for so many years. They were like dogs following at their master's heel, for he excelled all in tiger-slaying, the sport they loved best. And he could trust their honour as no other official had ever done. The old men spoke of him long with kindling eye, having heard hunting-stories from their fathers of the brave Sahib Outram.

In April 1825 Outram's shikari came in with news that a tiger had been seen under the Mussulman temple among some prickly pears; Lieutenant Outram went forth on foot, another sportsman mounted. As they were searching through the bushes, Outram's friend fired and missed, on which the tiger sprang forward with a roar, seized Outram, and they rolled down the side of the hill together. Being released from the claws of the ferocious beast for a moment, Outram, with great calmness and presence of mind, drew a pistol from his belt and shot the tiger dead.

The Bhils, on seeing that he had been injured and was bleeding, began to utter loud cries of grief and regret, but Outram only said, as he bound his arm, "Quiet, boys! what do I care for the clawing of a cat!" This speech became a household word among the Bhils for many years. Lieutenant Douglas Graham, adjutant of the Bhil corps, calls Outram the boldest and best sportsman in Western



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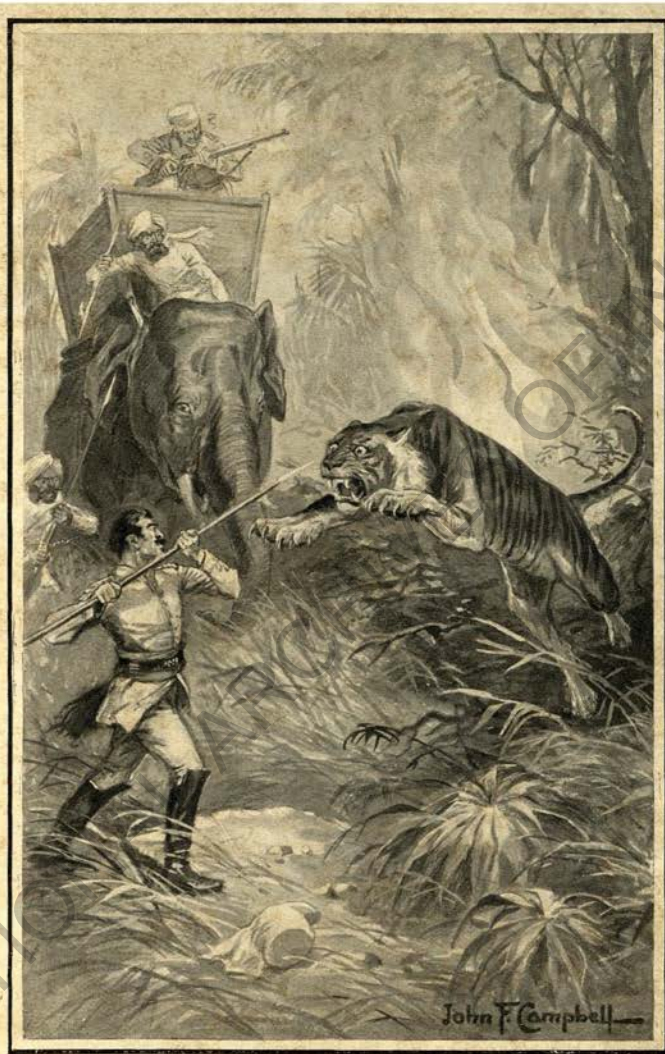


OUTRAM AND THE TIGER

Outram had declared that he intended to kill a royal tiger on foot, at which his friends laughed. This was no idle boast, for on reaching the spot where a tiger was reported, he slipped from the howdah of his elephant, and armed with nothing but a Maratha spear, waited until the beaters should drive the brute out. With an angry growl it sprang out ; the spear pierced its neck and broke off short, and the tiger was preparing for another spring, when a couple of shots from his friend Graham's gun drove it into the thicket.

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India. "We have lived together for seven long years without having had a difference. He has saved my life; I have done the like good office for him," and he tells us how in June 1828 they were about to start on a tiger-hunt, when he saw Outram was filing and sharpening a long Maratha spear, and he remembered his commandant declaring the night before that he meant to spear a royal tiger on foot. Others had laughed at the saying, as if it were an idle boast. But Outram's resolve was taken and he went down the nullah (river-bed) spear in hand. There were only two elephants out that day, and each took a side of the nullah. Graham's elephant was on a bank in a small tope, or wood, with a very steep fall to the river of some twelve feet. Suddenly a startling volley came from the centre of the thicket, and a tiger-roar made stirring music. "Shove old Hyder at the slope," cried Graham to the mahout, or driver. "No, Sahib: Hyder not go down there—too much steep, Sahib."

"Nonsense! shove him at it," cried Graham, threatening the mahout with the butt-end of his rifle. At this the driver began to wield his ankoos, or goad, to such good purpose that poor Hyder with a groan got down on his belly in his most scientific manner, stretched his forelegs to their full extent over the side of the bank, and felt for the bottom, like a wise beast. But Hyder could find no bottom, and not having been trained at any Franco-British Exhibition, he promptly withdrew from an untenable position. Thrice did the mahout use his goad, and thrice the faithful brute went down on his belly, with the same sage preference for safety. But the third time the bank gave way, and down they went—elephant, howdah and riders: but luckily landed in safety on the soft bed of the nullah.

They found in the tope one tiger mortally wounded, and two others fiercely charging from a thicket of prickly creepers. The hunters followed there until their pug, or footprint,



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led right into a porcupine's earth. "I was indulging in the idea of enjoying a novel sort of sport, when I saw my commandant's eye turn to the Maratha spear, and the condition of my nerves was not improved on seeing him alight from his howdah, and on his knees creep a little way into the hole, to look, as he said, for the glittering of the eyes." They blocked up one of the entrances to the den with thick bushes and with one of the elephants; then Outram took up his station, spear in hand, at the mouth of the other hole, looking like a Roman gladiator in the arena, ready for the throwing open of the wild beast's cage.

The Bhils set fire to the bushes and tried to smoke out the tiger, who kept coming to the entrance for fresh air with much puffing and blowing. This went on for a long time, and the suspense was growing intolerable, when there came a low, angry growl and then a scuffling noise. Out sprang the tiger, and down came the sharp lance into his neck, just behind the right ear. With one stroke of his paw he smashed the spear off close to his head: then he gathered his hind quarters under him for a desperate spring at Outram, who stood on a little mound looking defiant. Graham from his howdah on old Hyder thought the odds were too heavy on the tiger and fired two barrels. The tiger was stunned and shook his head uneasily, but quickly recovered and scampered off into the thicket. They followed him up into the jungle, but he charged out madly whenever they approached; three times he sprang on Hyder's quarter, roaring and screaming; ball after ball was sent into his inside, till at last he gave up the ghost under the very trunk of the elephant. Hyder had stood firm as a rock under the cruel beast's attacks, and made it easy to shoot, or "there would have been an end of one whose like we shall seldom see again: at best it was the happy accomplishment of a very rash vow."

During the ten years from 1825 to 1834 Outram was



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present at the death of 191 tigers, 15 panthers, 25 bears and 12 buffaloes. This kind of hunting has a greater spice of danger in it than any that can be got in our islands: the results too are far more beneficial to humanity. For the number of natives in India who lose their lives from wild animals is still enormous.

In 1835 Captain Outram married his cousin, Margaret Anderson, to whom he had been engaged for some years.

In the same year the Court of Directors administered a rebuke to him for his conduct in dealing with the natives in the Bombay Presidency. "They would not have expected that an officer who had assisted in reclaiming by mildness and conciliation wild tribes which had been driven to desperation by a system of coercion, would have fallen into the common error of supposing that severity must precede indulgence." And a later letter, congratulating the Bombay Government on the success of their just and generous policy in the Mahi Kantha, adds, "In bestowing this commendation upon Captain Outram, we are not forgetful of the fact that on several occasions that officer has shown a disposition to act in a more peremptory manner towards refractory chiefs, and to resort sooner to measures of military coercion than your Government has approved."

Outram chafed a good deal under this criticism; his impetuous and sensitive nature could not brook in silence these severe animadversions, for he felt that a man in his position must often act on his own responsibility; he alone knows the facts, and the temper of the natives, while the intelligent Directors living in London could not possibly realize his difficulties. Later despatches were more complimentary, but Outram did not hear them until he had been appointed to Sir John Keane's staff, as extra aide-de-camp. It was while so engaged that he had to deal with some refractory camelmen from Cutch, who struck work and refused to advance.



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Outram assembled them, to the number of 2,000 or more, selected twenty of their leaders, and put them under arrest. "I then," he writes in his Journal, "ordered the remainder to take on their camels under the surveillance of a body of horse; but they refused. Having warned them, without effect, that we could be trifled with no longer, and of my determination to flog them all round unless they complied, I was under the necessity of tying up one and giving him a dozen lashes; a second succeeded and a third —who got four dozen, as he had been observed checking the others when they began to show symptoms of giving in. This had the desired effect; they promised obedience in future, and took out the camels to graze." The next day the mutineers were quite obedient. This gives us a notion of how Outram dealt with troublesome characters; he checked their revolt at the very outset, if necessary, with harsh and severe punishment. This is the most humane method, for any delay or vacillation only breeds a far greater trouble, which may have to be quelled by the bayonet.

We cannot follow in detail Outram's march from Kandahar; he had two valuable horses stolen from him by the Ghilzais, and though he offered a reward of £200 could not retrieve them. Then came the storming of Ghazni in 1839, and the capture of a banner by Outram from the Moslem High Priest. In August he was at Kabul after the flight of Dost Muhammad, and was sent with troops against the Ghilzais, and surprised a marauding Kanjah tribe in a deep dell by a night march. They would have escaped had not Outram galloped ahead on a swift horse and checked them until more cavalry came up. Then the banditti defended themselves stoutly; even the women helped by handing ammunition and throwing stones. In the evening Outram's force returned with 112 prisoners and 112 camels, nearly all of which had been stolen from the English, as they bore the Company's mark.



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After this he was at the siege of Khelat, and then disguised as an Afghan travelled through unknown regions to carry a despatch to the Governor of Bombay and to ascertain the practicability of the route for troops. This he did, subsisting on dates and water. On arriving at Karachi he surprised his brother-in-law, General Farquharson, by appearing in a small turban, native tunic, trousers and slippers—all very dirty and mean looking.

"Well, my man, what do you want with me?" said the General suspiciously.

"I want a good dinner and a wash! Don't you know Jemmy Outram?"

From Karachi he sailed for Bombay; he was promoted to Major for his services, and was thanked by the Bombay and Supreme Governments for his report on the Ketab-Sonmiani route. He was now made Political Agent in Lower Sind; when in 1842 the Amir of Hyderabad lay sick unto death, he embraced Outram and said, "You are to me as my brother; from the days of Adam no one has known so great truth and friendship as I have found in you."

When Lord Ellenborough came to India Outram found him severe on some of his policy, and felt the smart of wounded honour deeply. He writes to a friend: "I complain not of military supersession . . . not of being bandied like a racquet ball up and down this Pass . . . but I do complain of the *lackey* style in which I am treated by the Governor-General; of the bitter reproofs he so lavishly bestows on me when he thinks me wrong, and I know I am right; of the withering neglect with which he treats the devoted services of those in my department . . . such treatment would have goaded many men to madness; but I verily believe it has been the resurrection of me from the jaws of death."

In the autumn of 1841 Sir Charles Napier assumed a



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command in India, and he at once recognized the merits of Major Outram. "I work with hearty good-will under Sir Charles, because he works heartily with me, and sympathizes in my degradation"—a strong term, showing how keenly he winced under rebuke. But further disgrace came when Outram was remanded to his regiment, and no further appointment was offered him. Lord Ellenborough was offended because he had advocated the cause of Hammersley, one of his officers, too strenuously, and had opposed the disgraceful retreat from Kabul. But the ex-Governor-General, Lord Auckland, stated in the House of Lords on February 26, 1843, "To no man in a public office was the public service under greater obligations than to Major Outram; a more distinguished servant of the public did not exist, and one more eminent in a long career." In fact, Outram alone had made our army's march under Napier possible.

On November 5 a public dinner was given to Major Outram by the Military Society at Sahka ron the occasion of his leaving Sind. Nearly one hundred officers of the three Presidencies were present, and the Chairman, Sir Charles Napier, spoke as follows; "Gentlemen, there are only two toasts to be drunk this evening—one, that of a lady, the Queen, you have already responded to, the other shall be for a gentleman. But before I proceed any further, I must tell you a story. In the fourteenth century there was in the French Army a knight renowned for deeds of gallantry in war, and wisdom in council; indeed, so deservedly famous was he, that by general acclamation he was called the knight *sans peur et sans reproche*. The name of this knight, you may all know, was the Chevalier Bayard. Gentlemen, I give you the Bayard of India, *sans peur et sans reproche*, Major James Outram, of the Bombay Army."

In 1843 Outram distinguished himself by a brave defence of the Hyderabad Residency against vast numbers, though



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he had shown in a letter to Sir Charles Napier that he was quite averse to the Governor-General's policy in Sind. "It grieves me to say that my heart, and the judgment God has given me, unite in condemning the measures we are carrying out for his Lordship as most tyrannical—positive robbery." When he went to Bombay his friends presented him with a sword costing 300 guineas and a piece of plate. On the sword ran this inscription: "Presented to Major James Outram, 23rd Regiment Bombay Native Infantry, in token of the regard of his friends, and the high estimation in which he is held for the intrepid gallantry which has marked his career in India, but more especially his heroic defence of the British Residency at Hyderabad, in Sind, on the 15th February, 1843, against an army of 8,000 Baluchis with six guns."

In this year, being Lieut.-Colonel and C.B., he returned to England after twenty-five years of exhausting toil; but he returned home intending to put before the Board of Control his views regarding the deposed Amirs of Sind, never mind whether by so doing he ruined his own future career.

But he was soon back again in India, having political charge at Nimar, a part of Indore, with a good house and garden and a detachment of troops. Here he suppressed an incipient revolt and got the thanks of Lord Hardinge, and was appointed to Satara, where Mrs. Outram joined him. At this time in his life (1845) he settled down into sedentary habits, and his health suffered.

In 1847 he was made British Resident at Baroda, where he had to contend against a system of bribery and corruption, called Khatpar. This he did regardless of consequences, for our Bayard of India would always do or say what he thought right. However he soon became ill and had to go to Egypt, where he accidentally in the desert met Sir Henry and Lady Lawrence. Sir Henry got out of his van and had ten minutes' talk with Colonel Outram in



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the twilight. Lady Lawrence in a letter to her son says: "They had never met before; there is much alike in their characters; but Colonel Outram has had peculiar opportunities of protesting against tyranny, and he has refused to enrich himself by ill-gotten gains. You cannot, my boy, understand the question of the conquest of Sind . . . but I wish you to know that your parents consider it most unjust . . . Prize-money has been distributed to those concerned in the war. Colonel Outram, though a very poor man, would not take money which he did not think rightfully his, and distributed all his share in charity—giving £800 to the Hill Asylum at Kursowli. I was glad, even in the dark, to shake hands with one whom I esteemed so highly."

After a short stay of sixteen weeks in Egypt, hearing bad news from the Punjab, he felt bound to return to India: "every officer who has eaten the Company's salt is bound to do likewise." But at Aden he heard of Lord Gough's victory at Gujerat, and retraced his steps to Egypt.

Mr. Stuart Poole says of Outram at this time: "His warmth of heart, his great unselfishness, and his fatherly kindness have made a deep impression on me. He seemed to be in full strength of body and mind, and struck me as being not unlike Cromwell in face, though of a far more refined type. He had a soldier's piercing eyes, changing in a moment from command to gentleness. In speech he was hesitating, but when he was warmed by his subject he could speak forcibly." He would seldom speak of his own achievements. Once he said casually, "I have a fancy for that stick, I took a hill-fort with it." The deep scars in his head were admitted to be the marks of claws, but he would never speak of the story which told how his head was once in a tiger's mouth, when a friend released him by a well-directed shot; his only amusement was chess.

How Outram tried to put down bribery at Baroda, how he was not backed up by the Bombay Governor, and



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had to resign and come to England in 1852, is too long to give in detail. He was home in time to attend the Duke of Wellington's funeral, but as a rule he eschewed society and crowds and parties. He was not at all well off, and had to live with his wife and family very simply. Letters from very distinguished men assured him that though seemingly degraded he stood higher than ever in the esteem of all good men. The subject was discussed in the House of Commons and in the Court of Directors, and a promise of further political employment was made. "For the first time in my life I am absolutely in debt beyond the means of repaying in case of sudden death," he wrote, and went back to Calcutta. Lord Dalhousie sent him back to Baroda, and Outram's honour was satisfied.

After Baroda he was sent to Aden, when the Arabs were restless, and then to Oudh in the absence of Colonel Sleeman, where he found the King incapable and the condition of the country "most deplorable." The man who had tried to uphold the government of the Amirs of Sind had to tell the whole truth of the King of Oudh's worthless government—and Oudh was annexed, to Outram's great sorrow and regret. Mrs. Outram joined her husband at Lucknow in January 1855, and remained there more than a year.

Outram, still industrious as ever, used to rise before dawn and worked till the time for the evening drive; he now seldom rode on horseback. The Residency was full of guests always, civil and military, and Outram enjoyed the work. The Crimean War was going on, and he sometimes regretted he was not there; but acute rheumatism made him again take sick leave and go to England.

He had not been long in England when he was offered the command of the army which had gone from Bombay to Persia, which country had sent a large force to take Herat. General Stalker, an old friend of Outram's, and brother



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cadet, was then conducting operations against Bushire, and Outram wrote to ask if he might defer assuming the command until after it had fallen, so that Stalker might not be deprived of the credit of taking the place. This was not the only occasion when Outram effaced himself to gain honour for a friend.

The success Outram won in the short Persian war gained for him the Grand Cross of the Bath. When General Havelock and the 78th Highlanders were leaving Muhamra for India, the men halted outside General Outram's tent and cheered him heartily. Outram came out and tried to address them, but renewed outbursts of cheers so much affected him that he could scarcely speak.

Little did Outram think, as he shook hands with Havelock at Muhamra, that he should meet him soon amid dangers far more terrible in India. Yet shortly after this, Outram heard how his wife and son had had a narrow escape from the mutineers at Aligarh. "Our boy Frank placed his mother behind him on a pony and carried her safely till they overtook a carriage on the Agra road, but all her kit (including her jewels and some of my medals) was sacrificed."

"Write to Sir James Outram, that I wish him to return to India immediately, and the same to General Jacob—we want all our best men here." So Lord Canning telegraphed to Lord Elphinstone, and the latter forwarded it to Outram in Persia. When Outram arrived at Calcutta at the end of July 1857, Sir Henry Lawrence had been killed at Lucknow, and Havelock had fallen back upon Cawnpore, awaiting reinforcements. Major Vincent Eyre by prompt and skilful action had saved Behar at the critical moment, but all that was known of him was that he and his bullock battery were somewhere between Dinapur and Benares.

So steamers towing flats went puffing up the Ganges with the 90th and the 5th, all eager to get to the front, and chafing at the delay for coaling and grounding on sandbanks.



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Lord Canning wrote to the Directors in London, saying he had given Outram the command of the military divisions of Dinapur and Cawnpore, his first duty being to restore order in Bengal and Behar. "Outram's arrival was a god-send. There was not a man to whom I could with any approach to confidence entrust the command in Bengal and the Central Provinces," wrote the Governor-General. With Outram embarked Colonel Napier, of the Bengal Engineers, a staff-officer of priceless value, who was later known as Lord Napier of Magdala. On August 13 the new Commander-in-Chief, Sir Colin Campbell, arrived in Calcutta. He telegraphed to Outram, "It is an exceeding satisfaction to me to have your assistance."

Meanwhile Outram telegraphed to Havelock, "I shall join you with the reinforcements, but to you shall be left the glory of relieving Lucknow, for which you have already so nobly struggled. I shall accompany you only in my civil capacity as Commissioner . . . serving under you as volunteer. . . . Proclaim at Cawnpore and Lucknow that for every Christian woman or child maltreated at Lucknow an Oudh noble shall be hanged."

This is the second time that the "Bayard of India" had surrendered the glory of war to a brother officer; but on this occasion he might well have thought that he was also surrendering the chance of a baronetcy and pension. Also he was losing his General's share of the prize-money; as he put it in a private letter: "The only means of support for the declining years of a life, the chequered vicissitudes of which have afforded me no opportunity of making provision for the requirements of age." So he felt it at the time to have been a great sacrifice; but when in after years the subject was broached, he would laugh and say, "People have made too much of it."

When the forces of Outram and Havelock had won their way to the Residency they found themselves besieged, sur-



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rounded by thousands of rebels, unable to move out. A telegram was sent by Sir James to the Governor-General: "My hopes of a reaction in the city are disappointed; the insurgent Sepoys have inspired such terror among all classes, and maintain so strict a watch beyond our picquets, that we have not been able to communicate with one single inhabitant of Lucknow since our arrival." But one good thing they found out: the food which Sir Henry Lawrence had stored up was much larger in quantity than had been at first estimated, so that it was first and foremost to the foresight of Sir Henry that the safety of Lucknow was due. We must not omit mention of Mr. Kavanagh, who in the disguise of a native passed backwards and forwards between Lucknow and Cawnpore, carrying precious letters and plans of route for Sir Colin Campbell. It was a Scots lassie at the Residency who first heard the skirl of bagpipes of the 93rd Highlanders as they drew near the city. She was not believed, of course, but on November 16 the sound of guns was plainly heard in the distance.

Then came the meeting of the Generals, not without wounds, for young Havelock, Sitwell and Russell were shot as they rode the intervening half mile.

It was resolved to evacuate the Residency by night so quietly that the Sepoys should not know of the movement. Outram held back as if wishing to be "the last man to leave the ship." But Brigadier Inglis said to him, "You will allow me, Sir James, to be the last, and to shut the gates of my old garrison." Outram at once yielded, but as it fell out, Inglis was not the last man; for Colonel Waterman, having overslept himself, awoke to find he was the only live man left in the Residency; fortunately he too escaped scot-free.

On November 23 Outram had a most affecting interview with Havelock, who lay dying of dysentery. "His tenderness," said Outram, "was that of a brother; how truly I



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mourned his loss is known to God and my own heart." It is satisfactory to know that Sir James Outram, who, like Havelock, had suffered many slights in his military life, was honoured by Sir Colin and given the command, in the recapture of Lucknow, only second to the Commander-in-Chief.

From May 1858 till July 1860 he was a member of the Supreme Government, living at Garden Reach, five or six miles from Calcutta. Everybody was ready to do him honour now, from the House of Commons to the City of London, from Calcutta to Bombay. When he was sailing for England, the *Friend of India* wrote: "To-morrow the Indian Army will lose its brightest ornament, and every soldier in India his best friend." He rejoined Lady Outram at Brighton, utterly broken down and in a critical state of health. He visited Egypt and Nice, doing little kindnesses to many. And once, speaking to a friend, Sir Joseph Fayrer, of the little esteem in which army doctors were held, he said: "The day *must* come when your services will be recognized; another great war will end this long controversy in your favour." This was one of his last sayings; but we have not yet recognized that more men die from preventable disease than from wounds.

On March 11, 1863, he died in his chair at Nice, his wife and son being at his side. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, near the centre of the nave, and at Dean Stanley's suggestion the marble slab bore the words—

"The Bayard of India."

There he lies, close to Clyde, Pollock, Dundonald, Livingstone and John Lawrence—a goodly assembly of men who served their country and their God.

Sir Bartle Frere, when he succeeded Outram at the Maratha Residency of Satara, found that Outram had been greatly beloved and respected by the Rajah and all belong-



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ing to him, for he attended with scrupulous care to the rights of the poorest and meanest. "He was in every respect a born soldier, and whether in the field or in the Cabinet, he was the soldier's friend."

Sir Vincent Eyre adds that Outram spent large sums in buying books for regimental libraries, and did his best to introduce healthy recreations for the men in barracks. He was ever actuated by the chivalrous spirit of a true knight errant, and would redress wrongs, and help the weak, regardless of the frowns of his superiors, his principle being, *Fiat justitia, ruat coelum* : let justice be done, though the sky fall!

Let this chapter end with a quotation from a sermon preached in Harrow School Chapel by Dr. Montagu Butler. Speaking of Outram's generosity in giving up the command to Havelock he said: "The fame of that chivalrous deed spread far and wide; but its true nobleness is founded in this fact, that it was not an isolated deed, but a deed felt to be of a piece with the whole character of the man. The more his life is studied in its details, the more it will be found how habitually he made a practice of esteeming others better than himself, of looking less at his own things and more at the things of others."

From Sir F. J. Goldsmid's *Life of Sir James Outram*, by kind permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co.

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## CHAPTER XXII

# JOHN NICHOLSON THE INTREPID LEADER

JOHN NICHOLSON was only eight years old when his father, Dr. Alexander Nicholson, practising in Dublin, died from the effects of a fever. There were seven children left, two daughters and five sons; John was the eldest of the sons, and at an early age showed a tendency to put down evil with a strong hand. For it is said that when he was three years old his mother found him, red-faced and striking with a knotted handkerchief, using all his childish force against some invisible enemy.

"Oh! John, what are you doing, my boy?" said his mother.

"Mamma, dear! I'm just trying to get a good hit at the devil. He wants me to be bad—I know he does; if I could get him down, I'd kill him!"

Mrs. Nicholson was a sister of Sir James Weir Hogg, Bart., Member of the Council for India, and on Dr. Nicholson's death removed for a time to Lisburne, where her mother lived. John was quick to learn, manly and plucky, and of a very affectionate disposition.

"Don't fret, mamma dear, about our being poor," he said once, "when I'm a big man I'll make plenty of money, and I'll give it all to you."

The opportunity came, when his uncle obtained for him a cadetship in the Bengal Infantry. "Never forget to read



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your Bible," were his mother's last words, as the tall, bony son stood clasped in her arms.

His first duty was with the 41st Regiment at Benares, but he was soon transferred to the 27th Sepoy Regiment at the frontier station of Ferozepore on the Sutlej. He wrote to his mother in December 1839: "I set out for my new station on January 1, and expect to be rather more than three months on the road. I am afraid it will prove a very unpleasant march to me, as I go alone, and am unacquainted with the language and country." He was robbed on the way and on his arrival found a perfect wilderness, no houses to sleep in, not a tree or blade of grass within miles, and tigers so plentiful that two or three could be killed in the jungle every day. He had to build his own house and had fever from sleeping in a tent. "I am nearly six feet high now, and expect, if my health continues good, to be three inches taller."

In October 1840, when Nicholson was nineteen years old, his regiment was sent to Afghanistan, to protect a convoy which was threatened by 10,000 Sikhs; these gentlemen, however, thought it wise to retire across the Kabul River, so the 27th returned about 80 miles south-west of Kabul to Ghuzni, which had been captured only a year or two before. In 1841, when the Afghans rose in their might to throw off the yoke of Shah Soojah and his English protectors, an attempt was made to recover Ghuzni from the English. They swarmed round the city, which was defended by only one regiment; soon snow fell heavily and no reinforcements could be sent from Candahar. After a while the British garrison had to retire into the citadel; at last their supply of water failed and they were compelled to surrender under a promise from the enemy to let them go in safety over the Punjab frontier.

But the snow delayed their going and the Afghans, with their usual treachery, attacked the British troops in their



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town quarters. Lieutenant Crauford writes: "Nicholson and I defended ourselves for two days as well as circumstances would permit; the enemy fired our house, and gradually, as room after room caught fire, we were forced to retreat to the others, till at last our house was nearly burnt in halves. We were exhausted with hunger and thirst, having had nothing to eat or drink for many hours; our ammunition, too, was expended and the place was full of dead and dying men. At last we dug a hole through the wall at the back of the house; we had only bayonets to work with and it cost us much labour to make a hole large enough to admit our bodies."

They joined Colonel Palmer and the headquarters. The poor Sepoys, constantly soaked and frozen and unable to dry themselves, grew sickly, and many had feet ulcerated from frost-bites. Every room of the two houses they occupied was crammed with men, women and children; the guns of the citadel kept sending round-shot through the walls, and yet few were killed.

At last Palmer had to agree to give up all arms and surrender; but young Nicholson, with tears of indignant fury in his eyes, thrice drove back the enemy at the point of the bayonet before he would give up his sword.

Palmer and his officers were lodged within the citadel; the poor Sepoys crept away in the night, thinking they could reach Peshawur over the mountains; but snow-storms fell, and those who did not die of cold were caught and sold as slaves. As for the officers, they were robbed of every little thing they possessed and confined, ten of them, in a chamber so small that when they lay down they covered the floor. There they lay in a dark, noisome den, while the linen rotted on their backs. In April Colonel Palmer was tortured by a tent-peg and rope, to make him reveal the spot where a fancied treasure was buried. Nicholson wrote to his mother a year later and said: "I managed to preserve the little locket



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with your hair in it ; I was allowed to keep it because, when ordered to give it up, I lost my temper and threw it at the Sirdar's head—which was certainly a thoughtless and head-endangering act. However, he seemed to like it, for he gave strict orders that the locket was not to be taken from me."

In April 1842 the guards became more civil, for news had come that Pollock had forced the Khyber Pass. In the middle of May they were let out once a week, on Friday, to take an hour's walk on the terrace of the citadel. In June they lost one of their number from typhus fever—Lieut. Davies. Soon after they were removed to another building, which had three rooms and a courtyard where they could sleep under sheep-skins. The Sirdar would come and chat sometimes, giving them hope that when Dost Muhammad was restored to the throne they would be set at large. But month after month went wearily by, and little by little all hope of freedom sank in their hearts.

Then, in the third week of August, they were told that they were to be taken to Kabul. On the night of the 19th they were placed in square panniers slung across the backs of camels and hurried away. With what joy they left their long and weary confinement of thirteen months ! in three days they were at Kabul and taken before Akbar Khan, the brave son of Dost, who was ruling as Vizier in his father's stead. He received the prisoners kindly and bade them be of good cheer ; but they stared at the stout, good-humoured young man, and asked themselves if this could possibly be the murderer of Macnaghten and the leader of the Afghans who had massacred our troops in 1841. Troup and Pottinger, two other captives, were invited to meet them at dinner, of which meal Nicholson wrote : " The day we arrived in Kabul, we dined with Akbar. Many of the principal men in the city were present ; I never was in the company of more gentlemanlike, well-bred men. They were strikingly handsome and made most polite inquiries regarding our health. Im-



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mediately opposite me sat Sultan Jan, the handsomest man I ever saw in my life, with a great deal of dignity in his manner. He had with his own hand murdered poor Captain Trevor ; but that was nothing. . . . I look upon our escape as little less than a miracle. I certainly never expected it, and to God alone thanks are due " ; and again he writes : " Afghans are the most bloodthirsty and treacherous race in existence. With all that, they have more natural innate politeness than any people I have ever seen. Our guard used to ask us of our friends at home : " Have you a mother ? have you brothers and sisters ? Alas ! what a state of mind your poor mother must be in about you now ! " And yet this man would cut his cousin's throat for an onion !

Next morning Akbar Khan rode out with the English prisoners to see Lady Sale, George Lawrence and the other prisoners, whom they found living in what appeared to be a little paradise, with servants, money, baggage and a beautiful orchard to walk about in. George Lawrence describes the meeting : " Their joy at getting among us was very great . . . although lean and hungry-looking they were all in good health."

Sir Herbert Edwardes tells us that Nicholson never could forget the feeling of gratitude he experienced when George Lawrence, on receiving a box of clothes from Henry, gave him a clean, new shirt—the first he had had for months. They had only been four or five days in this elysium, when news came that Pollock and Nott were advancing on Kabul. So Abkar ordered them all to be taken beyond the Hindu Kush under guard ; for as prisoners they were worth keeping safe and sound.

We have seen in a previous chapter how they contrived to bribe the Afghan officer who had them in charge and how they joined Pollock at Kabul. As the army returned to India and were at the Afghan mouth of the Khyber Pass, on November 1, 1842, John Nicholson had the delight of meet-



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ing his young brother, Alexander, who had only recently come from England, and had been posted to one of Pollock's regiments. They hardly knew one another at first, so much had the younger grown and changed. But three days later, as John was riding on rear-guard down the pass with Ensign Dennys, they spied a naked body a little way off the track and rode up to see a European stripped and mutilated. Dennys was saying, "The fragment of shirt looks like an officer's, doesn't it?" As there was no reply, Dennys looked up and saw John Nicholson so moved that he could not speak; he had recognized his brother in the dead youth.

In a letter to his mother John wrote: "Poor Alexander is no more. He was killed in action, when on rear-guard; but I know you will not sorrow as one without hope, but rather rejoice that it has pleased the Lord to take him from this world of sorrow and temptation. Poor boy! I met him only a few days before his death, and a happy meeting it was. . . . A more glorious death he could not have died."

John Nicholson's captivity in Afghanistan had secured him two friends who were able to give him a chance of showing his worth—these were George and Henry Lawrence. After our next war with the Sikhs Kashmir was sold by our Government to the Maharajah Gholab Singh for £1,000,000 sterling, and at this potentate's request two English officers were sent to instruct his troops. Lord Hardinge, at Henry Lawrence's suggestion, selected Captain Broome and John Nicholson for this duty.

They enjoyed the fine climate and beautiful scenery, but the Maharajah gave them nothing to do, and they soon quitted Kashmir.

Nicholson, early in 1847 was appointed Assistant to the Resident at Lahore, the Sikh capital. Here he learned that another younger brother, Charles, had come to join his regiment, and on his way to Multan he tried to see him. When they met they did not recognize one another at all. "I



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actually talked to him half an hour before I could persuade myself of his identity."

In June 1847 he was sent to take charge of the Doab, or country between the Jhelum and the Indus and to make friends with the two Nizams, to support their authority, protect the poor, and put down plundering.

In the spring of 1848 Nicholson was at Peshawur, prostrated by fever, when news came that one of the most powerful of the Sikh chiefs had revolted and was about to seize the fortress of Attock. George Lawrence and he conferred together about it, and the former said, "I should have wished to send you to secure the post, but you are not fit to go on such a service." "Certainly I am," Nicholson replied; "the fever is nothing; it shall not hinder me; I will start to-night." And he set out with sixty Peshawur horse and 150 Muhammadans.

"Never shall I forget him," says a brother officer, "as he prepared for his start, full of that noble reliance in the presence and protection of God, which, added to an unusual share of physical courage, rendered him almost invincible."

He rode at a gallop and few of his escort could keep up with him; some Sikhs at one of the gates of Attock were about to resist him, but he dashed amongst them, arrested the leaders and cowed the rest by his imperious presence.

Having secured Attock, he rode on and checked the rising in other places; at Margulla he found a mutinous regiment with two guns; but Nicholson faced them and said, "I desire nothing better than that you should return to your allegiance, but if you hold out an hour longer, I will punish you as mutineers."

The colonel of that regiment tendered his submission within the sixty minutes, and offered to march wherever Nicholson Sahib should order.

But the Sikhs were resolved to fight for the mastery of



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the Punjab, and Nicholson was in many a fight, and once was knocked over by a stone.

At the Battle of Chilianwalla he was Aide to Lord Gough, carrying orders to the commanders of divisions and keeping the Commander-in-Chief informed as to what was going on all over the battlefield. It is said that while so engaged Nicholson observed an English officer somewhat averse to go near the front. The tall Irishman, in his indignation at what he thought cowardice, seized the reluctant fighter by the shoulders, and kicked him into the firing line!

It was a specimen of the strong will and violent temper which gained for him many successes, but not a few enemies.

Sir Henry Lawrence saw his faults and wrote about this period: "Let me advise you as a friend to curb your temper, and bear and forbear with natives and Europeans. . . . Don't think it is necessary to say all you think to every one, . . . I admire your sincerity as much as any man can do, but say thus much as a general warning; . . . from what I saw in camp, I think you have done much towards conquering yourself; and I hope to see the conquest completed." To this letter Nicholson made a very proper reply. At this time he lost another brother, William, of the 27th Regiment, who died from a fall while sleep-walking. This made him feel that he should like to go home and comfort his mother; so with his friend, Herbert Edwardes, and two of John Lawrence's little girls he went to Bombay; with these he travelled as far as Cairo, and then went north to Constantinople.

Here he met General Guyon, an Englishman who had married a Hungarian lady, and, having sided with the Hungarians in their struggle for freedom, had become a political refugee, while his wife was in an Austrian fortress-prison. This General begged Nicholson to go to the fortress with a letter for his wife: "Poor woman! she knows not whether I be alive or no."



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Nicholson's innate chivalry was stirred, and he promised to make the attempt. He found the Austrian fortress, went straight up to the guard at the gate and asked for an interview with the officer on duty. When they were alone together he frankly said, " I am an English officer, and I would be very much obliged to you if I may see Mme. Guyon, the wife of a friend of mine."

The Austrian looked at the Hercules before him with the open, smiling countenance, hesitated only a moment and then bowed: " You may see the lady alone for a few minutes, sir."

So John Nicholson found himself ushered, with clanking of bolts, into a cell where sat an astonished lady.

" Excuse my presence, madame; I am an English friend of your husband."

" Ah! monsieur! " The lady rose and her white cheeks flushed.

" You will pardon my taking off this boot; I have a letter for you from the General; you have just five minutes to read it, and give me any message for him."

Eagerly, hastily the lady read the letter, giving news of the writer's safety, and asking for news of her; then she hurriedly gave him some messages of wifely love, looking up into the face of her tall visitor with shining eyes of thankful gratitude. Clank went the bolts, there stood the sentry; he must go, but left behind him a heart relieved of anxiety. Then with words of courtesy and thanks to the Austrian officer, who had the heart of a gentleman, he returned to General Guyon.

After visiting Russia, Prussia and Paris, in order to study a little of their military systems, Nicholson came, with a new needle-gun, to London. He wished the authorities to take up the question of re-arming the troops, but the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny had to come before their eyes were open to the new invention. One evening,



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when Major Edwardes of Multan and Nicholson were guests of the Lord Mayor, and Herbert Edwardes was responding to the toast of the Indian Army, Edwardes turned towards John Nicholson at his side and said: "Here, gentlemen—here is the real author of half the exploits which you have been kind enough to attribute to me."

Nicholson's mother was staying now with her brother, Sir James Hogg, M.P., who had a strong liking and admiration for his big nephew. Sir James always had a home for him whenever he could come, and the small boy, Quintin, would listen open-mouthed to his cousin's wonderful stories —Quintin, the future founder of the Polytechnic, and John Nicholson, the scourge of badmashes, of all evil livers in his district. After a visit to Lisburn and seeing the old friends in Ireland, Nicholson returned in March 1851 to Cairo, and from Cairo to Suez, bumping over the stony desert for seventy miles: thence by sea to Bombay and Lahore. Sir Henry Lawrence was still in power on the Board, and as Reynall Taylor was leaving Bunnu for his furlough, Nicholson was appointed Deputy-Commissioner in his place. Bunnu, as we have seen in the chapter on Herbert Edwardes, was a wild corner of the Punjab on the outskirts of civilization. "Of what class is John Nicholson?" wrote Sir Herbert Edwardes. "Of none: for truly he stands alone. But he belongs to the school of Henry Lawrence. I only knocked down the walls of the Bunnu forts. John Nicholson has since reduced the people (the most ignorant, depraved and blood-thirsty in the Punjab) to such a state of good order and respect for the laws, that in the last year of his charge not only was there no murder, burglary or highway robbery, but not an attempt at any of these crimes . . . a brotherhood of fakirs commenced the worship of 'Nikkul Seyn,' which they still continue. Repeatedly they have met John Nicholson since, and fallen at his feet as their Guru, or religious teacher; he has flogged



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them soundly on every occasion, and sometimes imprisoned them; but the sect of the 'Nikkul Seynees' remains as devoted as ever."

It was the worship of force—the Indian Hercules—for these simple folks thought that a man who could make all their world obey him must be divine. In 1854 Nicholson wrote to Herbert Edwardes asking for some humming-tops for his little Waziri children, *some* of whom were so lovable.

But he had found one little boy who had been put up to poison food, and who, on being asked if he knew it was wrong to kill people, replied, "Yes, Sahib, I know it is wrong to kill with a knife or a sword." "Why, my boy?" asked Nicholson, in his kind, sympathetic manner. "Because, Sahib, the *blood leaves marks*."

This poor little rascal was taken away from his relatives, who ill-used him, and given to a good man pointed out by the child as his friend.

"Why do you think that man is good, my boy?"

"Because he never gives any one bread without ghee (butter) on it."

"I have seldom," writes Nicholson, "seen anything more touching than their mutual adoption of each other as father and son; the child clasping the man's beard, and the man placing his hands on the child's head."

Another day a man was brought who had murdered his brother—it was a very hot evening, and the fellow looked dreadfully parched and exhausted. "Why," said Nicholson, "is it possible you have walked in, fasting, on a day like this?"

"Thank God!" said the murderer, "I am a regular faster."

"But why have you killed your brother?"

"I saw a fowl killed last night, and the sight of the blood put the devil into me."



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He had chopped up his brother, stood a long chase and been marched into camp; but he was keeping his fast—thank God!

In January 1856 Nicholson tells Edwardes how nearly he was assassinated.

"I was standing at the gate of my garden at noon, with Sladen and Cadell and four or five chuprassis (native orderlies with brass badges), when a man with a sword drawn rushed suddenly up and called out for me. I had on a long fur pelisse of native make, which I fancy prevented his recognizing me at first. This gave time for the only chuprassi who had a sword to get between us: to whom he called out contemptuously to stand aside, saying he had come to kill me, and did not want to hurt a common soldier. The relief sentry happening to pass opportunely behind me at this moment, I snatched his musket, and presenting it at the would-be assassin, told him I would fire if he did not put down his sword and surrender. He replied that either he or I must die: so I had no alternative, and shot him through the heart, the ball passing through a religious book which he had tied on his chest, apparently as a charm. . . . The Chuprassi replied to his cry for my blood, 'All our names are Nikkul Seyn here!' I am very sorry for this occurrence." It was the act of a madman, and could not be taken as a symptom of an unsettled district.

By this time Nicholson had grown grave and somewhat stern in expression, the result perhaps of his prolonged fight against the devilry of his people—he wore a dark brown beard and moustache, and walked with a firm, vigorous step, holding his head high and looking very masterful. He once said to Sir Neville Chamberlain: "There is one thing in life I have failed in, which I wished to attain—that is, to be popular with my brother-officers: I know I am not." Yet he was very modest about his own doings, and not at all arrogant. General Younghusband, who served



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under him for some years, tells a story of how he put down the insolence of a native chief.

It was when Nicholson first came to Bunnu, and he was in Council with some petty chiefs from over the Afghan border. They had not yet learnt the sort of man Nicholson was, and were giving themselves airs. As Nicholson listened to their complaints, one of the chiefs hawked and spat out between himself and Nicholson. This was meant as an insult, and the Nicholson temper blazed out dangerously and quickly.

" Orderly ! " shouted John, " make that man lick up his spittle, and kick him out of camp."

The orderly seized the chief by the back of his neck, ground him down, and held him there until the floor was beautifully clean.

Strange to say—the other chiefs laughed at the whole affair, and took their lesson in politeness in the best of temper ; being no doubt full of admiration for a brave man who would stand no nonsense.

Another day, as he was riding through a Bunnuchi village with his escort, he noticed that one man, a mullah, or Mussulman priest, sitting in front of his mosque, forbore to salaam as he passed.

Nicholson sent for the mullah and the village barber : " Shave off that priest's beard, Master Barber." Thus the disgraced mullah went back to his mosque a sadder and a wiser man.

So Nicholson ruled his people with a rod of iron, tempered indeed by humour, and gentleness to women and children ; —he was full of energy, nothing tired him—he would ride twenty miles before breakfast to surprise a thief, or detect a crime ; his rapidity and endurance were so marvellous that it became a saying among the people, " You can hear the ring of his horse's hoofs from Attock to the Khyber." Then again, he was very generous and gave away much to



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help real cases of distress ; for he spent very little on himself. And he had some compensation for all his endeavours to rule firmly in justice. He writes in March 1857: "Old Coke tells me that the Bunnuchis, well-tamed as they have been, speak kindly and gratefully of me. I would rather have heard this than have got a present of £1,000, for there could be no stronger testimony of my having done my duty among them. I hear that in an assembly the other day it was allowed that I resembled a good Muhammadan of the kind told of in old books, but not to be met with nowadays. I wish with all my heart it were more true ; but I can't help a feeling of pride that a savage people, whom I was obliged to deal with so sternly, should appreciate and give me credit for good intentions."

In the early spring of 1857 John Nicholson had a feeling that his services in the Punjab were not appreciated. Why he should have had this feeling one cannot tell, for his chief, Sir John Lawrence, liked him and bore with his imperious moods as few men would have done. But Nicholson loved his chief's brother, Sir Henry, so well that when Lord Dalhousie replaced Henry Lawrence by John, he felt indignant and hurt, and never could quite reconcile himself to the change.

So he wrote to his friend Edwardes: "I should like to go to Oudh, if Sir Henry would like to have me." Edwardes was then in Calcutta, seeing his sick wife embark for England. But he went to Lord Canning and told him of Nicholson's wish for a change: then he added gravely, "Well, my Lord, you may rely upon this, that if ever there is a desperate deed to be done in India John Nicholson is the man to do it."

And at that very moment the most deadly danger that ever threatened England in India was on the point of showing itself.

In May 1857 Nicholson was Deputy-Commissioner at



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Peshawur, the outpost of British India towards Afghanistan. General Sydney Cotton commanded the troops at the station, and Colonel Herbert Edwardes was the Commissioner in political charge : the latter had just returned from Calcutta. With these were Brigadier Neville Chamberlain, commander of the Punjab irregular force, and Major-General Reed, who commanded the Peshawur division of the army.

All of a sudden the monotony of their lives was broken by the tragic telegram, telling them that the Sepoys—the native army, had revolted, and that Delhi was already in their hands.

In the council of war which was called on May 13, Nicholson strongly advocated the formation of a movable column to ride from one seat of danger to another. Sir John Lawrence heartily approved of it, and chose Chamberlain to lead it. The other officers were to guard the frontier. Then came more evil news, and more symptoms of mutiny, which had to be met by boldly disarming the regiments—or in some cases the mutineers had to be followed, hunted from village to village, grappled with in dark ravines, and driven over stony ridges.

Once Nicholson had been twenty hours in the saddle and must have ridden seventy miles. Very soon, in June, the death of Colonel Chester at Delhi called Chamberlain away, and Nicholson was chosen to command the irregulars with the rank of Brigadier-General.

In times of danger the best men must go up to the top —but how often do we begin a war with men who were once good and vigorous, but who have lost by age the qualities needed in war. Lord Roberts was at that time a young lieutenant of Bengal Artillery—he was now on the staff at Peshawur and has recorded in his *Forty-one Years in India* what he thought then of Nicholson. "He inspired me more profoundly than any man I had ever met before or have ever met since. I have never seen any one



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like him. He was the beau-ideal of a soldier and a gentleman. His appearance was distinguished and commanding, with a sense of power about him which, to my mind, was the result of his having passed so much of his life among the lawless tribesmen with whom his authority was supreme. . . . Had I never seen Nicholson again, I might have thought that the feelings with which he inspired me were to some extent the result of my imagination, excited by the extraordinary stories I had heard of his power and influence: my admiration, however, was immensely strengthened when, a few weeks later, I served as his staff-officer and had opportunities of observing more closely his splendid military abilities, and the workings of his grand, simple mind."

On July 21 Nicholson told his officers that it had been resolved that the movable column should march with all speed for Delhi. On the 25th they started, moving as fast as circumstances permitted. But General Wilson, who commanded at Delhi, being anxious to confer with Nicholson, he pushed on in advance of his force, and was soon seen upon the Ridge where our camp stood.

The Author of the *History of the Siege of Delhi by an Officer who Served There*, says: "About this time a stranger of very striking appearance was remarked visiting all our picquets, examining everything, and making most searching inquiry about their strength and history. His attire gave no clue to his rank; it evidently never cost the owner a thought. It was soon made out that this was General Nicholson, whose person was not yet known to camp; and it was whispered at the same time that he was possessed of the most brilliant military genius. He was a man cast in a giant mould, with massive chest and powerful limbs, and an expression ardent and commanding, with a dash of roughness—features of stern beauty—a long black beard and sonorous voice . . . his imperial air, which never left



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him, and which would have been thought arrogance in one of less imposing mien, sometimes gave offence to the more unbending of his countrymen, but made him almost worshipped by the pliant Asiatics."

On August 14 Nicholson came into camp at Delhi at the head of his column—flags flying and band playing. How eagerly did our weary men welcome them and him—for they were beginning to feel a touch of wan-hope, under the half-hearted leading of their sick and nerveless commander. But it was thought better to delay the assault until the siege-train came from Ferozepore. Meanwhile the enemy seemed to be intending to attack from our rear. So Nicholson was chosen to go forth and drive them away. After a very difficult march through deep swamps he found the rebels, on August 24, posted with four guns along a front of two miles near a canal. A few rounds from our artillery guns prepared the way for the advance of the British infantry, and then Nicholson charged down upon them, captured the guns and put the whole mutinous brigade to flight. Unfortunately Lumsden was killed just as the battle was over; for he had been sent to drive out a small body of desperate men who were hiding in a hamlet. In one hour at the close of a weary day's march Nicholson had routed some 6,000 trained Sepoys, captured all their guns, stores and baggage and driven them with great slaughter over the canal bridge. An old Sepoy officer begged for mercy, says Nicholson, on the ground that he had eaten the Company's salt for forty years, and would never do it again.

Nicholson and his troops passed the night without food or shelter; luckily it was fine and warm, and next evening the whole column had got back to camp on the Ridge. Then the story went round, how at one time the water was over the backs of their horses, but they saw ahead of them the tall figure of General Nicholson riding on as if on



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parade, and they took heart and made fun of their predicament. Wilson in an order of the day warmly thanked Nicholson and his troops "on the very successful issue of the operations."

From that time no trouble was given us by the Delhi mutineers, who began to quarrel amongst themselves, as their hopes of victory sank and waned, and Sir John Lawrence wrote to Nicholson: "I write a line to congratulate you on your success. I wish I had the power of knighting you on the spot: it should be done."

About this time Nicholson received a letter from Herbert Edwardes at Peshawur on the death of Sir Henry Lawrence, in which are these touching words: "Cruelly was he removed from the Punjab, which was his public life's stage, and he was equal to the trial. His last act at Lahore was to kneel down with his dear wife and pray for the success of John's administration. We who know all that they felt—the passionate fire and earnestness of both their natures, her intense love and admiration for her husband, whose fame was the breath of her nostrils, and his indignation at all wrong, whether to himself or a dog—must see in that action one of the finest and loveliest pictures that our life has ever known. Nothing but Christian feeling could have given them the victory of that prayer." Edwardes had spent eight days with Sir Henry at Lucknow in April, and he tells Nicholson how he found that grief had made him grey and worn, but it became him like the scars of a battle. He looked like some old knight in story. But the great change was in his spirit: he had put away earthly ambitions, and had arrived at a calm and peaceful estimate of time and eternity, which could only come of living near to Christ.

In answer Nicholson wrote on September 1:—

"CAMP BEFORE DELHI.

"I do so wish I could have seen dear Sir Henry under



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the circumstances you mention. If it please Providence that I live through this business, you must get me alongside of you again, and be my guide and help in endeavouring to follow his example, for I am so weak and unstable that I shall never do any good of myself." This is a pathetic confession from one who was to lose his life in less than a fortnight: he had little time given him to subdue his strong passions and follow the example of his chief. But God is merciful.

The siege guns had been making breaches in the walls, but General Wilson wished to wait for reinforcements, contrary to the advice of Colonel Baird Smith, Taylor, Nicholson and the rest.

"Every day's delay," wrote Sir John Lawrence, "is fraught with danger. Every day disaffection and mutiny spread. Every day adds to the danger of the native princes taking part against us. In the Punjab we are by no means strong."

As the days passed, and fresh batteries began to pound the walls, and yet the assault was not delivered, Nicholson in his impatience wrote to Sir John Lawrence on September 11: "The game is completely in our hands. We only want a player to move the pieces. Fortunately, after making all kinds of objections and obstructions, and even threatening more than once to withdraw the guns and abandon the attempt, Wilson has made everything over to the engineers, and they, and they alone, will deserve the credit of taking Delhi. Had John carried out his threat of withdrawing the guns, I was quite prepared to appeal to the army to set him aside and elect a successor. . . . Nothing will induce me to serve a day under his personal command after the fall of this place."

We can see from this letter what a fierce spirit of independence was in John Nicholson, to what lengths a righteous indignation might drive him. On the 13th, all the chief



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officers had been summoned to a council of war in the General's tent: Nicholson was absent, having gone to see the opening salvos of the breaching battery upon the Water Bastion. But during the day Nicholson told a friend that if Wilson should hesitate longer, he should propose that he be superseded. His friend answered, "Chamberlain is *hors de combat* from his wound, so that leaves you senior officer with the force."

"I know that: I shall propose that the command be given to Campbell of the 52nd. I am prepared to serve under him for the time being: so none can accuse me of personal motives."

Nicholson went into the General's tent, and, as Lord Roberts tells us, Wilson agreed to make the assault, and Nicholson was to lead it. A great sigh of relief went up as the news spread through the camp.

John Nicholson and his young brother, Charles, used to meet very often on these days, as they were destined to meet, when wounded, for the last time. Daly told Edwardes afterwards how the big brother would come and see him when he was wounded, and the younger found out the hour and would drop in, as if by accident, and say "Hullo, John! you here?"

And John would say, "Ah, Charlie, come in, boy." And then they would look at each other. Their shyness prevented more expression of their feelings, but you could see the strong affection was there deep down.

On his way home on the 13th, after visiting all the batteries, Lord Roberts tells us that John Nicholson came up to his battery and said: "I must shake hands with you fellows, for you have done your best to make my work easy to-morrow."

So the brave hero went back to his tent happy and proud and thankful: was he not to have the post of honour in the assault? Was he not also chosen to command the



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column of pursuit after the capture of Delhi? Then, too, he knew that Sir John had promoted him to be Commissioner of Leia in the Punjab. Fortune was coming with both hands full. So it seemed to the weary man as he knelt by his bedside to thank God.

In the grey dawn of September 14, 1857, our men stood, drawn up in three columns, waiting for the signal for the assault. The batteries were busy even now, clearing the breaches which had been partially filled in during the night. Nicholson with 1,000 men was to scale the Kashmir Bastion; Jones with 800 men was to storm the Water Bastion on the left; Cambell with 900 was to rush through the Kashmir Gate as soon as our engineers had blown it to pieces. Reid from the right of the Ridge was to force a way to the Lahore Gate. By the time the breaches were cleared the big red sun had arisen above the misty horizon. Then at a signal they rushed forward with a cheer in skirmishing order, followed by the ladder parties. A furious storm of musketry laid many low, but on they pressed, planting ladders, climbing, leaping down beyond the breach, and with wild yells of battle-fever driving the Pandies before them.

At first all seemed to promise success, but large buildings held by numbers of the enemy had to be attacked and taken; windows and house-tops were alive with swarthy figures, many of them armed with rifles. The men grew faint and tired in the great heat: they had had their fill of fighting, and began to hang back.

But Nicholson was bent on carrying out General Wilson's plan, to hold the ramparts as far to the west as the Lahore Gate. He was in a narrow lane and was calling on the 1st Fusiliers to charge against a storm of rifle-bullets and grape. He had turned to wave his sword and call them after him when a shot entered his back and pierced the lung. A sergeant caught him and laid him on the ground in a



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recess of the walls, and Colonel Graydon ran up and gave him brandy. They wished to move him to a more safe retreat, but he said, no, he would die there. Presently Nicholson's aide-de-camp, Captain Trench, went to find men to carry him in a doolie. Yet these, when found, had less regard for his life than for their chance of loot: they set the doolie down to sack a house hard by.

Lord Roberts tells us that as he was riding through the Kashmir Gate he noticed a doolie without bearers: he dismounted, and peeping through the curtains, saw to his great grief and consternation that John Nicholson lay there, with death written on his face.

"I hope you are not seriously wounded," said Roberts.

"I am dying: there is no chance for me," the General murmured.

Roberts with great difficulty hunted up four men and a sergeant, and ordered them to carry General Nicholson to the field-hospital. He had barely been there ten minutes when another doolie was set down by his side: it bore his favourite brother, Charles; and his arm, shattered in leading Coke's Punjabis, had been amputated at the shoulder. There lay the two brothers, helpless, one dying, the other weak and faint, all the glory of manhood gone, all the visions of youth spoilt and blurred by cruel war: sadly they looked into each other's faces and murmured a few last words. Those who survive without a scratch, like Sir Harry Smith, the victor of Aliwal, who went through the Peninsular war, the American and Kaffir wars and Waterloo all unscathed, thank God for His special protection: they deem themselves highly favoured. But it may be very different from what we blindly expect, if death is only the gate to a larger and nobler life, if to be a human being is to suffer a bondage of corruption. Anyhow we need not pity these two Nicholsons because their careers were thus rudely and swiftly interrupted. John was in frightful agony, the



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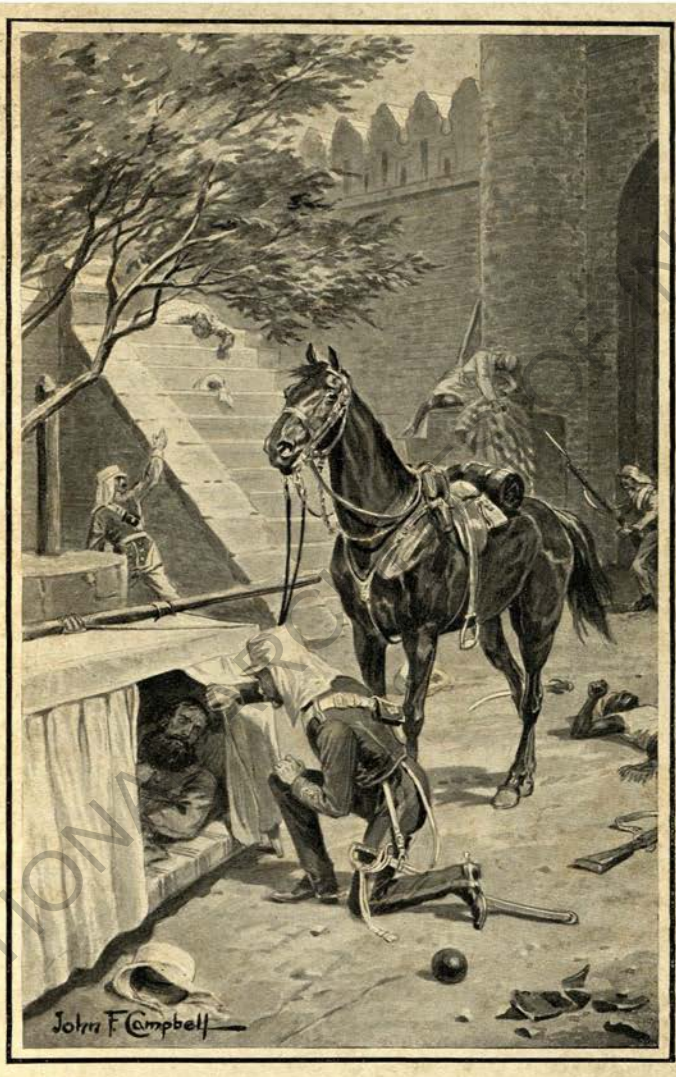


LIEUTENANT ROBERTS FINDING GENERAL NICHOLSON

Riding through the Kashmir Gate after the capture of Delhi, Roberts saw a doolie lying at the roadside without bearers. He dismounted, and drawing aside the curtains saw, to his surprise and grief, General Nicholson lying mortally wounded.

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blood from his lungs flowing from his side. Chamberlain found him lying on a charpoy, or native bed, helpless as an infant, breathing with difficulty, but anxious to hear all about the assault. Talking was bad for him, but he would know what had happened.

General Wilson was in a state of hesitancy and despair, for the loss of nearly 2,000 men out of 5,000 made him wonder if it were not wise to give up what they had gained in the city and retire to the Ridge. His officers were dead against this "fatal measure." When Wilson asked Baird Smith whether we could hold on what we had won, "We *must* hold on," was the Chief Engineer's sturdy reply. On the evening of September 15 Chamberlain again visited John Nicholson's bedside: he was breathing more easily and his face looked more full of life, "so that I began to make myself believe that it was not God's purpose to cut him off in the prime of manhood. . . . On this evening, as on the previous, his thoughts centred in the struggle then being fought out inside Delhi; and on my telling him that a certain officer did allude to the possibility of our having to retire, he said in his indignation, 'Thank God! I have strength yet to shoot him, if necessary.'"

There spoke the old John Nicholson, the terror of evil-doers and cowards and traitors: and the dying man there and then dictated a message to Sir John Lawrence, begging him to depose Wilson and appoint Chamberlain in his stead. Soon after another mood came over him, and he dictated a message for Herbert Edwardes, his great friend. "Tell him I should have been a better man if I had continued to live with him. I was always the better for a residence with him and his wife, however short. Give my love to them both": and Chamberlain adds, "What purer gratification could there be in this world than to receive such words from a dying man? I can imagine no higher reward: and long, my dear Edwardes, may you and your wife be spared to



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each other and to the world, to teach others the lesson you imprinted so forcibly on John Nicholson's true and noble heart!"

For a time the sufferer said he felt better, but internal bleeding was going on, and the doctors thought it necessary to bleed him! He grew weaker, of course, and drowsy: he lost interest in the doings of this life. "Tell my mother," he said to Chamberlain, "that I do not think we shall be unhappy in the next world. God has visited her with a great affliction, but tell her she must not give way to grief."

Herbert Edwardes telegraphed, "Give John our love in time and eternity. God ever bless him! I do not cease to hope and pray for him as a dear brother." Chamberlain tells us that all through those nine days of suffering John Nicholson bore himself nobly: not a lament or sigh ever passed his lips, and he conversed as calmly and clearly as if he were talking of some other person's condition, and not his own. "Painful as it would have been to you, Edwardes, I wish you could have seen him, poor fellow, as he lay in his coffin. He looked so peaceful, and there was a resignation in the expression of his manly face, that made me feel that he had bowed submissively to God's will, and closed his eyes upon the world full of hope. . . . His remains rest in the new burial ground in front of the Kashmir Gate . . . within a few yards stands one of the breaching batteries which helped to make the breach by which he led his column into the town."

The Sirdars of the Multani Horse, and some other natives, were admitted to see him after death, and their honest praise could hardly find utterance for the tears they shed as they looked on their late master. The servants and orderlies also who were in attendance on him, seeing him lie dead, broke out into wild lamentations; for they loved as well as feared him.

He was buried quietly without pomp or show: few men



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have ever done so much at the age of thirty-five, few men have so rapidly won admiration and respect and left behind them a reputation so complete. Charles Nicholson, having been removed to Umballa, gradually recovered his strength and was able to write a long letter with his left hand to Sir James Hogg, the uncle who had given John Nicholson his cadetship.

John's native worshippers in Hazara no sooner heard of his death than they came together to lament, and one of them cut his throat there and then: for, as he said, there was no profit in life when Nickelsain had left it. But a wiser worshipper than he averred that this was not the way to serve their great *Guru*: that if they hoped to see him again in the great beyond, they must learn to love Nicholson's God. On this, the others bowed their heads in assent, and started off for Peshawur, where they told the English missionary their desire. In the end they were baptized. This we learn from a letter written by Sir Donald Macnabb to Sir James Hogg, which is quoted in Colonel Trotter's life of Nicholson.

The loss of Nicholson was keenly felt and eloquently expressed from all parts of India. Sir Robert Montgomery writing to Sir Herbert Edwardes, says: "The two great men have fallen, Sir Henry Lawrence and Nicholson.... They had not, take them all in all, their equals in India. Nicholson did much towards establishing British rule on our advanced frontier. He left a name which will never be forgotten in the Punjab. He possessed all the characteristics and qualities of a man formed to command, and to make an impression on the bold, warlike and martial tribes along our extreme frontier. He had a tall and commanding figure, a bold and manly bearing, an eye that seemed to penetrate all that was working in the heart. His discernment of native character was remarkable, and he selected and had around him the most faithful and devoted followers.



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He was fearless in danger, and was ever to the front and inspired all with admiration. He was as swift to punish as he was quick to reward. He had truly a hand of iron in a silken glove."

Sir Herbert Edwardes writes: "For my own part, I feel as if all happiness had gone out of my public career. Henry Lawrence was as the father, John Nicholson was the brother of my public life, and both have been swallowed up in this devouring war, this hateful, unnatural, diabolical revolt. How is one ever to work again for the good of natives? Never can I hope for such a friend. How grand, how glorious a piece of handiwork he was! . . . so undaunted, so noble, so tender to good, so stern to evil, so single-minded, so generous, so heroic, yet so modest—he was the soul of truth." It is pleasant to remember that Queen Victoria had it officially announced that Brigadier-General Nicholson would have been erected a Knight-Commander of the Bath, had he survived: and the East India Company voted his old mother a special grant of £500 a year.

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## CHAPTER XXIII

# REGINALD HEBER, THE BELOVED BISHOP

AFTER the perusal of so many strenuous lives passed in stress and storm the reader will be glad to finish with a slight sketch of a leader who worked for the highest of issues, and set a brave example to the many devoted men who have followed in his steps—Reginald Heber, Poet, and Bishop of Calcutta.

The Hebers are an old Yorkshire family bearing a name which was formerly pronounced Hayber, or Haybergh. Reginald was the second son of Reginald Heber, Lord of the Manors of Marton in Yorkshire, and of Hodnet in Salop; he was born in April 1783 at Malpas in Cheshire. His religious feeling was shown even at the age of three, when travelling with his parents on a stormy day between Ripon and Craven. His mother was afraid and wished to leave the carriage and walk, but the little boy said, "Do not be afraid, mamma, God will take care of us." He had more than the average number of childish disorders, including inflammation of the lungs and typhus fever: this may account for his early death. He could read with fluency at five years old and soon knew much of the Bible by heart. He had a taste for drawing and



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natural history, but would not keep live pets in confinement, and persuaded his sister to release her caged squirrel. They went together to a large tree that they might witness their pet's joy in recovering its freedom. His father taught him Latin, and his widow assures us that at seven years old he had translated Phædrus into English verse. At the age of eight Reginald was sent to the Grammar School of Whitchurch in Salop under Dr. Kent, and at thirteen he went to Mr. Bristow, who took twelve pupils at Neasdon, close to Willesden. It was here that he met, and commenced a lifelong friendship with, John Thornton, eldest son of the M.P. for Surrey. Reginald's good influence was marked during his stay at Neasdon; his benevolence had to be checked by his parents, or he would give away the money for his coach fare, and he was naturally often the victim of fraudulent beggars.

Mr. Thornton, recalling the memory of the three years spent with him at Mr. Bristow's, describes his friend as endowed with a good memory and a lively imagination, but sometimes distrait in class, as if he let his thoughts wander away from the subject; his verse compositions were superior from the first, Spenser being his favourite English author, in fact a volume of the *Faerie Queen* was always in his pocket when travelling in later years. He was not good at games, but his talent for amusing his companions in the long winter evenings made up for his solitary walks during the day. For the exact sciences he had no taste, was rather uncertain about dates in history, and grammatical accuracy in the dead languages, but all his attention was given to the meaning and beauty of the language he was studying. He liked to study Locke "on the human understanding" after he had finished his evening exercise.

One day he examined the books which the baker had left in his cart, and found to his surprise that this young



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man was in the habit of reading Volney, Voltaire and Godwin. "These are the fruits of circulating libraries!" he cries.

Heber sometimes spent part of his holidays at Vale Royal Abbey, the seat of a kinsman, Mr. Cholmondeley. Unemployment was not unknown in those days, for he writes to Thornton, "The number of robberies in and about Harrogate is very great—and *food alone* was stolen. That want must surely be dreadful which would brave the gallows to obtain a single meal."

The severity of the English law did not always prevent crime, because often a jury were too kind-hearted to convict the offender.

Heber was to be entered at Brasenose College, Oxford, in October 1800, and to have a tutor, principally to keep him out of drinking parties!

Mr. Hugh Cholmondeley, afterwards Dean of Chester, was very kind to him and got him rooms in College, which was then very crowded, and lent him books. In his first year at college he gained the University prize for Latin verse, by his "Carmen Seculare," a poem on the new century.

He used to read with a friend from six in the morning till chapel during the winter, but in the summer chapel began at six! In our days very few men in college can summon up courage to rise for chapel at eight.

We find from Heber's letters to Thornton, who was now a Fellow of his College at Cambridge, that the gentlemen-commoners at Brasenose had a table to themselves in hall and fared well, while the ordinary undergraduates fed on scraps and dishes that would have disgraced the table of a house of correction: "no man is obliged to drink more than he pleases, nor have I seen any of that spirit of playing tricks on freshmen which were usual forty years ago."



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Influenza sometimes laid him low, head and body aching with fever.

In the spring of 1803 Heber wrote a prize poem on Palestine. While he was composing it, Sir Walter Scott and some friends happened to breakfast with him. Sir Walter asked to hear it read, and then made this criticism: "You have omitted one striking circumstance in your account of the building of the temple, that no tools were used in its erection."

Reginald left the breakfast table and retired to a corner of the room, when he produced the well-known lines,—

> No hammer fell, no ponderous axes rung,
> Like some tall palm the mystic fabric sprung.

None who heard Reginald Heber recite his "Palestine" in the Oxford Theatre will ever forget his appearance, or melancholy, faltering voice; all felt that they were in the presence of a poet, not a mere clever youth, and there was his old father listening with pride—a father whom Reginald was to lose next year. "It seems but yesterday that he came to the Act at Oxford with all the sprightliness and mental vigour of youth, as gay and, to all appearance, as healthy as his children—he spoke of the world as a 'den of wild beasts,' that he rejoiced to leave."

On November 2, 1804, Reginald Heber was elected a Fellow of All Souls.

"I have read Lord Teignmouth's *Sir William Jones*, which pleases me very much, though (as the Americans say) rather lengthy. My admiration of Sir William is rather increased than diminished by seeing the tackle and component parts of which so mighty a genius was formed; and his system of study is instructive. It has excited much interest in Oxford, where he is still remembered with admiration and affection by the senior men."

He had given up all idea of standing for honours, as in



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mathematics and logic he felt himself to be weak, but he won University prizes for the English Essay as well as the English and Latin verse, and was elected a Fellow before he took his degree.

In 1805 he accompanied his friend, John Thornton, on a tour to the North of Europe, the Crimea, Hungary, Austria, Prussia and Germany, and has left many interesting letters on his travels.

We will only quote one passage of his journey through the Caucasus : "As we stopped at a small mud fort in the wildest part of the frontier to change our horses and escort, we were told that a Circassian Prince had just swum the Cuban river, and was come to take shelter in the fort, being hard pressed by a victorious enemy. He was tall and thin, as the Circassians generally are, with a stern countenance, but though very lean, he had strong muscular limbs ; his dress was plain, and he had lost his arms in the river. He had been in love, he said, with a girl whose relations asked a thousand roubles for her price, a sum which he could not pay. Unable, however, to live without her, he carried her off with an armed force from her home, and killed four of her father's retainers who attempted to resist him. His retreat to his own fortress was cut off, his party put to the sword and his mistress re-taken. The girl would, he said (and he cried bitterly as he spoke), be sold to the Turks and be lost to him for ever."

Heber returned from the Continent in September 1806, and found a General Election going on : at Hodnet village the farmers killed three sheep and made a feast to honour Master Reginald's safe arrival.

In 1807 Heber was ordained, and given the family living of Hodnet in Shropshire. An extract from a friend's letter, describing his life at Oxford, will help us to realize him more exactly. "He talked and laughed like those around him, entered into the pleasures of the day with them, and with



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their relish: but when any higher subject was introduced his manner became his own.

"He never looked up at his hearers, but with his eyes downcast and fixed, poured forth in a measured intonation stores of every age: the old romances, Spenser, Scott, or verses of his own." He wrote very good nonsense verses; once, as Reginald was on his way to Oxford, he stopped at the *Hen and Chickens*, Birmingham, in order to take a coach thence on the following morning. There happened to be a ball going on in the inn, and all the beds were engaged, and there was such a din that he could scarcely sleep, even in his sitting-room.

He therefore amused himself by writing a Homeric poem on the situation, edited with learned notes. "His sense of the ridiculous was very keen, but I never heard him say an unkind word; he was a very severe student and read hard till late at night. He was uniformly humble, gentle and kind."

To Thornton he writes: "Of course my first sermon was numerously attended, and though tears were shed, I could not attribute them entirely to my eloquence, for some of the old servants of the family began crying before I had spoken a word."

What a contrast to the modern relations between master and servant! The principal faults of his parishioners were drunkenness and a disregard of Sunday after morning church. They at least went to church, while in our day the cows or the lambs forbid our men from coming to morning service. He persuaded the shopkeepers to refrain from selling on Sundays, and the innkeepers bound themselves under a five guinea fine not to allow drinking on that day. The young labourers he describes as a dissolute set.

In April 1809 Reginald Heber married Amelia Shipley, daughter of the Dean of St. Asaph, and they settled down to parochial work and visiting the poor. "You will be amused to hear that reading Luther has afforded me much



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pleasure and many valuable hints for sermons. Yet he is, in some places, inconceivably coarse, and generally displays great want of reading, but his strong mind makes ample amends. He is a sort of religious Cobbett."

It was soon after his marriage that Heber began to write a series of hymns, translations from Pindar and a poem on the Morte d'Arthur.

" Madame de Stael, to whom we were introduced the day after we left Tonbridge, said a good thing on the style of London parties, which she called ' une Société aux coups de poing.' She is not handsome, but certainly not ugly for her time of life. . . ."

They drove home through Oxford, Gloucester and Worcester in a gig, and only broke two springs by the way; that was the age of deep ruts and morasses.

In 1817 the Bishop of St. Asaph appointed Heber to a stall in that Cathedral; henceforth he often rode on horseback into Wales, and beguiled the loneliness of the way with poetical compositions.

There was great distress in the country at this time, which Heber, as the Prince Consort later, thought should be relieved by Government measures. On one occasion he met at dinner two New Zealand warriors, who had been brought over by a Missionary Society. There were roasted rabbits on the table, and one of the Maories exclaimed, " New Zealander eatee hog, him eatee dog, him eatee rat, him eatee warrior and old woman, but him no eatee puss."

In December 1818, they lost their little daughter, Barbara, by convulsions at the age of six months—a great sorrow nobly borne.

About this time he composed the following " on Hope "—

Reflected on the lake I love
To see the stars of evening glow,
So tranquil in the Heaven above,
So restless in the wave below.



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# REGINALD HEBER,

Thus Heavenly hope is all serene;
But earthly hope, how bright soe'er,
Still flutters o'er this changing scene,
As false, as fleeting as 'tis fair!

In the spring of 1820 Heber caught a malignant sore throat from his suffering people and was for some time in danger of his life; seven members of his household took it from him.

In 1822 he was elected to the preachership at Lincoln's Inn, and about this time his wife presented him with a little boy.

For many years Heber had watched the progress of Christianity in India, and the example of Henry Martyn was constantly inspiring him.

In December 1822 a letter came from the President of the India Board, suggesting to him to take the Bishopric of Calcutta; the sacrifice to be made in leaving their child at home made Heber hesitate to accept, but at last he consented, with his wife's approbation. A story was told him before he went of an English officer having found a dying Hindu by the side of the Ganges; the officer forced food down the Indian's throat and saved his life. But the man was a Brahman, and by eating from the hands of a European had lost his caste and was accordingly abandoned by his own family. The choice of starvation or becoming a servant of the officer was set before him; he preferred life, but every morning when he came into camp to get his share of rice, he cursed his benefactor in bitter terms, as the cause of his having become an outcast. Dr. Heber exclaimed, "If I am permitted to rescue one such miserable creature from this wretched superstition, I shall think myself repaid for all I sacrifice."

After Heber had preached his last sermon at Lincoln's Inn, Mr. Butterworth, who held high position and influence amongst the Wesleyan Methodists, remarked to a friend,



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" Oh, sir, thank God for that man ! " This was a good omen for one who would have to conciliate so many creeds and sects in India.

Bishop Heber sailed for India on June 16, 1823. He was able to send some letters home while on the voyage : a letter, as the Persians say, " is half a meeting." He was now busy learning Hindustani and Persian with his wife and found Persian poetry very beautiful.

On arrival he found a great press of work awaiting him, and many delicate questions to solve. On one Sunday he wrote two sermons, preached twice in the Cathedral, baptized a child in the fort and read through a pile of ecclesiastical papers. The ship which was bringing his manuscript sermons was long delayed, and this added to his labours.

In June 1824, the Bishop began his visitation, having with him his domestic chaplain and native servants, three boats with thatched cabins carried his luggage and twelve servants and thirty-two boatmen ! Milch goats were with them, as supplies could not be obtained from the villages.

The Bishop noticed that many poor fishermen paddled away at their approach, and he discovered that it was done because the servants and boatmen of great men were apt to take their fish by force and without paying for them. This he prevented, but exclaims, " It shows how prone these people are to plunder and tyrannize over each other, and how much odium may be unknowingly incurred by Europeans through the rascality of their followers." The complaints of the poor, as he gathered them, were the dearness of rice, the rise of rents and the burden of local taxes.

At that time the Burmese war, which was going on, and a famine at Madras helped to make things dear. At Dacca his friend Stowe died of dysentery, a great loss to him.

One of the first troubles he had to contend with was the



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harsh and intolerant spirit shown by some of the junior missionaries towards the native converts, who wished to cling to their caste after baptism. The missionaries insisted on their dropping the caste, and the progress of the Christian Church suffered. So the Bishop addressed inquiries to an intelligent native of Tanjore, who wrote him a long letter on the subject. The idea of rank, he said, is only that of caste, a purely worldly idea and not connected with religion. If a pariah became rich, the natives would not respect him as one of higher caste, unless he also became learned, when they would respect him as a Pundit.

In churches the higher castes always sat apart from the lower and received the Communion first. The Bishop, after consideration, instructed the missionaries to be more tolerant of native customs. As he went north he came upon a hill people in Bengal quite different from the men of the plains, a fragment of the earliest inhabitants of India: though savages and thieves, they worshipped one God, abhorred falsehood, were chaste and had no caste. The Puharris, as they were named, took kindly to instruction and became valuable converts.

Of his first entry into the holy city of Benares the Bishop says, "I will endeavour to give you some idea of the concert which saluted us as we entered the town:

"*First Beggar.* 'Agha Sahib! Judge Sahib! Burra Sahib! Great lord, great judge, give me some pice: I am a Fakir, a Priest, I am dying with hunger' (this in Hindustani).

"*Musicians.*—'Tingle tangle, tingle tangle, bray, bray, bray!'

"*Chuprassi* (clearing the way with his sheathed sabre) 'Chup! chup! Silence! give room for the Lord Judge, the Lord Priest, out of the way, quick! (then very gently stroking and patting the broad back of a brahman bull) oh! good bull, chulo, chulo! move on! move on!'"



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## THE BELOVED BISHOP

The Bishop left behind him many good impressions, churches were thronged and much religious feeling was shown. Mr. Lushington writes in his journal: "The Bishop seems born to conciliate all parties and to overcome what before appeared impossible. Most great talkers are sometimes guilty of talking absurdities; but though scarcely an hour silent during the day I have never heard him utter a word which I could wish recalled. . . . In coming through a brook of water running across the road, the Bishop's horse thought proper to lie down and enjoy a roll; with his usual kindness, instead of kicking him up, he only patted him and said, "Nice fellow! nice fellow!" Once, when riding, a heavy storm of rain came on; they were wet through, when they reached a hovel.

The scene was rather good when the Bishop arrived an hour late, as his horse had knocked up. There was the Lord Bishop of all the Indies sitting cowering over a wretched fire of wet wood, the smoke of which produced a bleary redness about the eyes, surrounded by a group of shivering blacks, some squatting, some half afraid to come through the doorway, and in the background, close to his head the tail of a horse, with a boy attempting to scrape off some of the mud with which the poor beast was plastered. The travellers' room leaked like a sieve, and their tents and beds were all sodden. Certainly travel in India had its drawbacks in the days before railways.

Dr. Heber passed the Christmas of 1825 at Meerut, having travelled through a dangerous country in which there was much discontent.

Mr. Fisher writes: "Our dear and respected Bishop has left an impression behind him which will not soon pass away. He interested himself about every minute circumstance of this beloved vineyard, accompanied me to my native congregation, visited the native school, and saw and conversed with many of the Christians who were introduced



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to him, with the affability and kindness which we had been prepared to expect."

On his journeys the Bishop wore a white hat with a broad brim lined with green silk and made from the pith of the bamboo; he also adopted white trousers soon after his arrival in India.

At length the Bishop reached Bombay, where he was joined by his wife and family after a separation of eleven months; they found him looking aged and thin after his Delhi fever. The society of his wife and children soon improved his spirits and he liked the climate and sea of Bombay.

"There is no sea in the world more beautifully blue, bordered by more woody and picturesque mountains and peopled with more picturesque boats of fishermen, than this part of the Indian ocean. . . . The seashore is lined every morning and evening by the Parsee worshippers of the sun; Arab and Abyssinian seamen throng the streets, and I met at breakfast with the Governor, an Arab post-Captain. . . . The Governor, Mr. Elphinstone, is the cleverest and most agreeable man whom I have yet met in India, and the public man of all others who seems to have the happiness and improvement of the Indians most closely at heart. . . . In my late journey to Poonah I was made very ill by getting wet. I am still so weak that I have been obliged several times to stop and rest."

In August 1825 he sailed for Ceylon, where he won golden opinions from all. He wished to raise a native clergy and had hopes of "an abundant harvest" of Christianity in that island. He sent some Cingalese and Tamil Christians to study at Bishop's College, Calcutta, with this object. There were many Armenian Christians in India, especially in the South, and with these the Bishop established very friendly relations.

On his voyage to Madras in 1826 he visited and prayed with some invalid soldiers who were on board: "Only think



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of such a great man as the Bishop coming between decks to pray with such poor fellows as we are!" said one of them.

A lady on board lost her little child from convulsions and was inconsolable: the Bishop spent some time in her cabin, and instead of bidding her submit to the will of God, told her the following apologue. "It is one which I have found comforting in a like trouble, dear lady. A shepherd was mourning over the death of his favourite child, and in the rebellious feeling of his heart was bitterly complaining that what he loved most tenderly had been taken from him. Suddenly a stranger, of grave and venerable appearance, stood before him and beckoned him forth into the field. It was night and not a word was spoken till they arrived at the fold, when the stranger thus addressed him: 'When you select one of these lambs from the flock, you choose the best and most beautiful among them. Why should you murmur because I, the Good Shepherd of the sheep, have selected from those which you have nourished for Me the one that was most fitted for My eternal fold?"

Journeying through Madras, preaching, confirming—every day was one of hard and exhausting labour: "Many such days of labour, spent with that characteristic earnestness with which he enters into every new plan of usefulness, would soon exhaust a stronger frame than his."

The question of caste, and how to treat it, was still troubling him: it showed itself among Christian converts by their desiring separate seats in Church, by going up at different times to receive the Holy Communion, by their insisting on their children having distinct sides of the school, and in refusing to eat, drink, or associate with those of a lower caste. He decided on allowing the distinctions to remain, as being of no religious meaning or value. "God forbid that we should make the narrow gate of life narrower than Christ has made it."



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In March 1826 they arrived at Pondicherry after an intensely hot march, and found their tents pitched on a burning sand, a mile from the town.

The French Governor sent a message of welcome and an invitation to dinner, and the Curé, an Italian Capuchin, offered the use of his garden-house.

The Bishop, speaking French well, kept up a playful conversation; this he did because he believed it to be our privilege and duty to be bright and cheerful.

Henry Martyn would have been equally amusing, but in the quiet hours of thought he would have looked back upon such levity as sin to be regretted.

At Tanjore he preached in Tamil to a congregation of 1,300 and, they said, with correct pronunciation; the natives sang the Easter hymn and the hundredth psalm with enthusiasm. "Gladly would I exchange years of common life for one such day as this!" said the Bishop afterwards.

Visits were exchanged between the Rajah and the Bishop, and they were on very friendly terms; the Rajah returned the Bishop's visit in state: rode on a fine elephant bearing a hunting howdah covered with tiger skins and brought his two little grandsons with him. In the Rajah's library the Bishop saw with surprise a large number of books by the best authors of Europe and many scientific instruments, a collection of coins and paintings and an English printing-press.

At Tanjore the English doctor who was accompanying him became so ill that he had to be left behind, but the Bishop ran upstairs, before starting, and knelt by his bedside.

At Trichinopoly they found 490 natives under the care of a catechist; there was no European clergyman and the Church was very dilapidated.

April 3 was destined to be the last day in the good Bishop's life. At daybreak he went in a closed carriage to the fort where service was said in the Tamil tongue, after this the



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Bishop confirmed fifteen natives and addressed them in their own language; he next went to the Mission house and examined the condition of the schools, received an address from poor Christians and replied in his usual happy manner. On his return to Mr. Bird's house, before he took off his robes, he sat by Mr. Robinson, who was ill in bed and spoke of all he had seen with great animation. Then he retired to his own room, took off his clothes and went into a large cold bath. Half an hour after, his servant, alarmed at his long absence, entered the room and found him dead.

A weak heart and the effect of sudden cold on a frame exhausted by heat and fatigue had carried him away from earth in the prime of his life; he left behind him the memory of his amiable manner, his sweetness of temper, his goodness of heart, his universal charity, his splendid talents and, above all, of his deep devotion to the duties of his sacred calling. He was buried on the north side of the altar in St. John's Church, Trichinopoly.

Many meetings were held in Bombay, Madras and Bengal to lament the loss of a Bishop who vanquished all disappointments with a smile, who, though frail and delicate, tired out the strongest in their efforts to keep pace with him; who, devoted as he was to the service and honour of his own Church, always heard with pleasure of the success of other Churches. All sects of Christians held him in the highest estimation, and none who knew him could help loving him.

Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee,
Since God was thy refuge, thy ransom, thy guide;
He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee,
And death has no sting, since the Saviour has died.

In conclusion, after studying these lives of some of the heroes of our Indian Empire, we are impressed by the invariable industry which they one and all maintained in



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preparing themselves to be fit for their duties, they seized their opportunities when they came, because they were fit to take them up. A few men have succeeded by influence of birth or riches, a very few by the brilliancy of undeveloped and untrained genius; the real hero, we find from history, is the man who has wasted no years in idleness or foolish pleasures, who looks upon life as a gift to be employed mainly in making some part of this world better and happier than it was.

We must also be impressed by the strange way in which, from a small trading Company, there has developed, by slow degrees and by rapid rushes of conquest, a vast imperial rule, which seeks no longer private gain, but aims mainly at the improvement of the land and its inhabitants. A higher conscience seems to have been awakened throughout the Empire, and the ideals of Government have been raised, in some measure, by the individual ideals of the noble men who have gone out to serve, first the East India Company, and latterly their Queen, King and Country. President Roosevelt has generously acknowledged the beneficial consequences of our Indian Empire, which he has publicly described as "the most colossal example which history affords of the successful administration by men of European blood of a thickly populated region in another continent."

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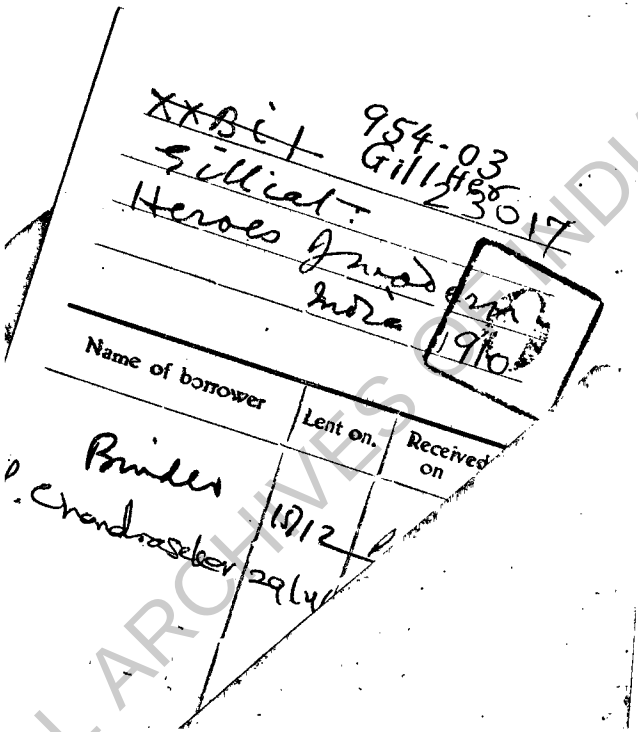


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